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THE
LIFE OF NAPOLEON,

WITH THE
HISTORY OF FRANCE,

FROM
THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

TO



THE YEAR 1821.

BY WILLIAM GRIMSHAW,
Author of a History of the United States, &c.

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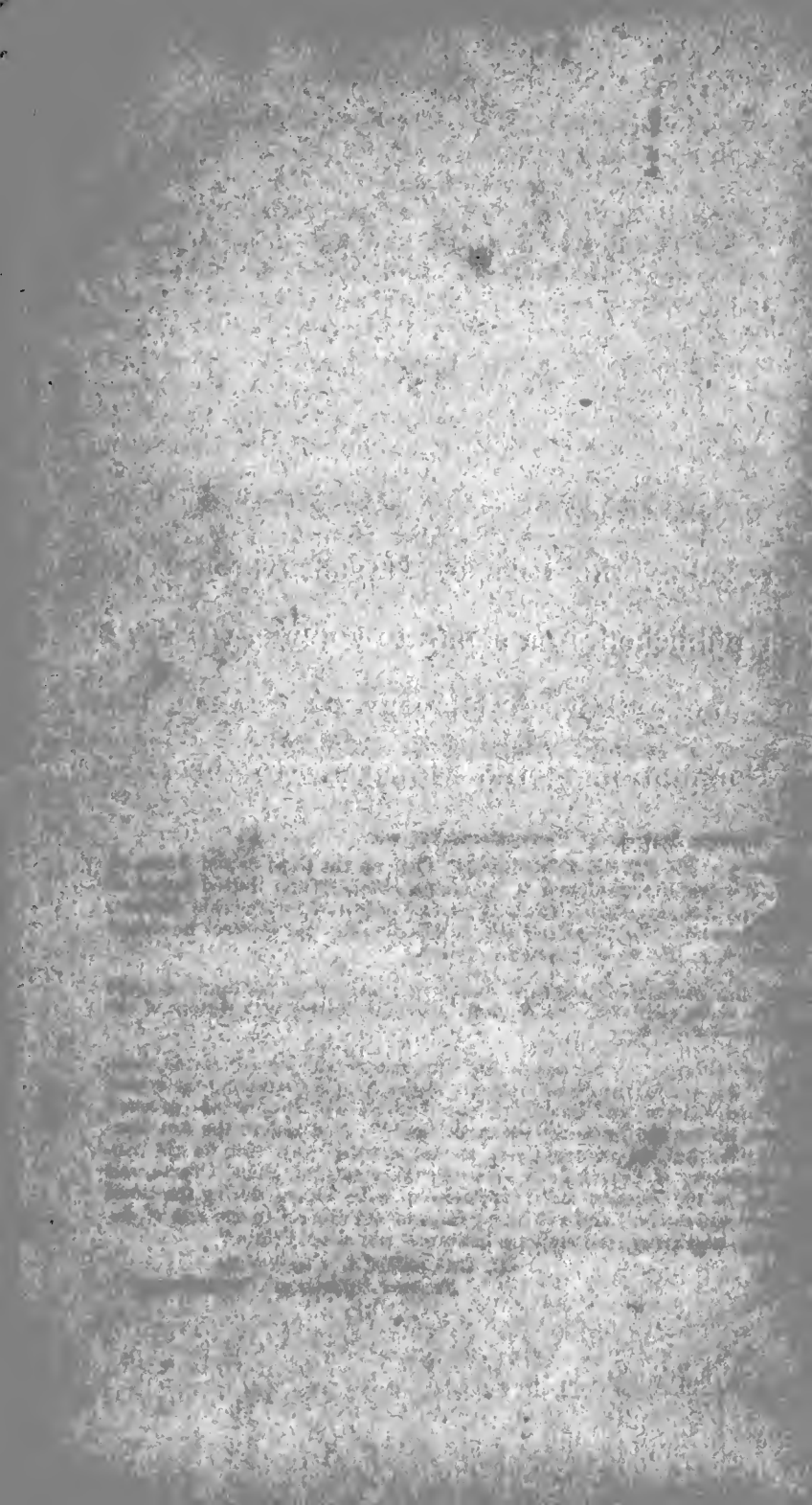
***** BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the third day of June, in
* L. S. * the fifty-third year of the independence of the United States of
* * * * * America, A. D. 1829, WILLIAM GRIMSHAW, of the said district,
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"The Life of Napoleon, with the History of France, from the death of Louis
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D. CALDWELL, Clerk of the
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Preceding the LIFE OF NAPOLEON, there has been published, in a separate volume, written by the same author, A HISTORY OF FRANCE, from the Foundation of the Monarchy, to the Death of Louis XVI.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the fame of whose exploits seems doomed to reach the last inhabitants of the sublunary creation, was born on the fifteenth day of August, 1769, at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica. His family were noble, though, during their residence in Corsica, rather reduced in fortune. The Buonapartes, however, were a family of some distinction, in the middle ages. Their names are inscribed in the archives of Treviso; and their armorial bearings are to be seen, on several houses, in Florence. But, attached, during the civil war, to the party of the Ghibellines, they were, of course, persecuted by the Guelphs; and, being exiled from Tuscany, one of the family took refuge in Corsica; where he enjoyed all the privileges of noble blood.

Of these exiles, the father of Napoleon, Charles Buonaparte, was the principal descendant. He was educated at Pisa, for the profession of law; and is stated to have possessed a very handsome person, a talent for eloquence, and a vivacity of intellect, which he transmitted to his son. He was a patriot also, and a soldier, and aided in the gallant resistance, made by Paoli, in the reign of Louis XV., to the French.

It was in the midst of civil discord, that Charles Buonaparte married Letitia Ramolini; one of the most beautiful and accomplished young women of the island. Though deprived of her husband, in the prime of life, she had already become the mother of thirteen children; of whom, five sons and three daughters survived him:—Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome; Maria Anne, afterwards grand-duchess of Tuscany; Maria Paulina, who became princess Borghese; and Caroline, wife of Murat, and queen of Naples.

Charles Buonaparte, the father of Napoleon, after enjoying, for some time, the profits of a judicial situation, under the

French government, in Corsica, died, at Montpellier, at the age of about forty, of an ulcer in the stomach, in the year 1783.

The count de Marbœuf, governor of Corsica, obtained, for young Napoleon, at the age of ten years, an appointment to the military school, at Brienne, one of the thirteen schools which were supported, at the royal expense, in order to train youths for the engineer and artillery service. Nothing could be more suitable to young Buonaparte's genius, than the line of study thus fortunately placed before him. His ardour for the mathematical sciences, was combined with a singular aptitude for applying them to the purposes of war; while his attention was stimulated by a natural ambition of being recorded in the book of fame.

Even at the early age of ten, he discovered a peculiar temper of mind. He avoided the juvenile amusements of the other pupils, and courted solitude and gloom:—withdrawing himself from their mirth, he devoted his attention to sedentary, rather than to active employment, and appeared entirely engaged in his own individual and retired pursuits.

His thirst for aggrandizement was evinced while yet in his boyish days. A large plot of ground, adjoining the school, had been divided into a number of portions, and these the boys were allowed to cultivate, or appropriate to such other purposes as they pleased. One of these parcels was allotted to young Buonaparte, and two other lads; but he succeeded in prevailing upon his partners to relinquish their right to participate in the amusements which would have been afforded by their ground; and proceeded to lay it out into a garden, which he took much pains to improve—his attention to it being the chief part of his recreation. He expended the money which the count Marbœuf had sent to him, for his pocket, in constructing a strong palisade around his garden, by which he rendered it difficult of access. The shrubs, also, planted by him, some of which were formed into impenetrable arbours, contributed to seclude it from the grounds of the other boys, and to increase the difficulties of their intrusion.

It does not appear, that, on his first entrance at school, any extraordinary acquirements of learning marked an inordinate desire of instruction, or intenseness of application; and he seems to have neglected, if not altogether rejected, in his early years, the attainment of the Latin language. He soon, however, applied, with earnestness, to mathematics, the rudiments of which he was taught by M. Pichegru, afterwards so distinguished as a soldier, and by Father Patrault, one of the infe-

rior professors at Brienne. Fortification, and all the other branches of military science and tactics, he studied, with increasing ardour ; and these, with the reading of history, principally of ancient Rome and Greece, were his most delightful occupations.

The hours of vacation, during which his attendance was not required before the preceptors, were spent in his garden ; which he cultivated so assiduously, as to preserve it in a state of cleanliness and order. Its boundaries became impervious, and inclosed a retreat that might have been coveted by a religious recluse. When his horticultural labours were ended, he retired to its arbours, with his mathematical and scientific works, and, surrounded by these and other books, chiefly on historical subjects, he meditated the reduction of the principles which he had imbibed, to practice. He planned the attack and defence of fortified places ; the arrangements of hostile corps in order of battle ; calculated the chances of success on the one part, and of defeat on the other ; altered their position, and formed, on paper, and on the ground, charges and victories, which he afterwards realized, with so extraordinary success.

The belles lettres were not, at this period, any source of his entertainment. His sole attention was given to military acquirements, and a proficiency in the studies which form the habits of a warrior. He scorned the arts of a courtier, nor did he employ them even when it might be supposed that no other would succeed. All other means, which power and the ingenuity of an uncultivated mind would have devised, he used, without hesitation. His comrades called him the Spartan, and he retained the name until he quitted Brienne.

His attachment to Corsica was almost proverbial, at the school. It was usual for the boys to receive the communion, and be confirmed, on the same day ; the ceremony being performed by the archbishop. When he came to Buonaparte, he asked him, as he had inquired of the rest, his christian name :—this, Napoleon gave aloud. The name of *Napoleon* being uncommon, at first escaped the bishop's observation, and he desired him to repeat it ; which Buonaparte did, with some appearance of impatience. The minister who assisted remarked to the prelate—"Napoleon !—Napoleon !—I do not know that saint."—"Indeed, I believe it," observed Buonaparte—"the saint is a Corsican ; and besides, there are a great many saints, and only three hundred and sixty-five days to divide amongst them."

He had, in fact, been christened Napoleon, after an obscure

saint, whose name had fallen altogether out of the calendar. The politeness of the pope, however, at a future day, promoted the patron, in order to compliment the god-child; and Saint Napoleon des Ursins was accommodated with a festival, at the expense of another saint, of still minor importance, whose name was erased; and, to render the compliment more flattering, the feast of St. Napoleon was fixed for the 15th of August; the birth-day of Buonaparte, and the day on which he signed the Concordat, which restored the French people to the bosom of the Roman church.

Buonaparte was always desirous of hearing accounts of the public transactions in Corsica. He revered his country, and never mentioned its resistance to France, without enthusiasm. He listened, with most lively interest, to the relation of the various successes of the Corsican patriots, in arms. Several of the French officers, who had served in Corsica, often visited the school at Brienne, and the subject of conversation was frequently the Corsican war. They would sometimes exaggerate their advantages over the Corsicans, and he allowed them quietly to proceed; occasionally, however, asking a shrewd question; but, when he was certain that they had falsified a fact, he would eagerly exclaim, "Are you not ashamed, for a momentary gratification of vanity, to slander a whole nation!"—At one time, an officer was describing a victory, which he said had been obtained by six-hundred of the French, when Buonaparte exclaimed, "You say that there were six-hundred of you, in the engagement:—I know that you were six-thousand, and were opposed only by a handful of wretched Corsican peasants."

His manners were remarkable: his conduct was severe, and the prominent feature of his character was pride. His severity never forgave the offences of his companions. His resolutions were immoveable, and his firmness in trifles tinctured his behaviour with obstinacy and eccentricity. Frequently engaged in quarrels, he was often the greatest sufferer, as he generally contended on the weakest side; and, though he was mostly singled out as an object of revenge, he never complained, to his superiors, of ill-treatment.

The boys of the school were, however, gradually familiarized to his temper:—he would not bend to them, and they were contented to concede to him. The insurrections of the scholars, against their masters, were frequent; and young Buonaparte was either at the head of each rebellion, or was selected to advocate their complaints. He was therefore generally chosen as the leader, and suffered severe chastisement. He often vin-

icated his conduct, but never entreated pardon : he listened to reproach and to reproof, to promises and to threats, without emotion of fear, or indication of surprise.

The meetings of the boys were on the plan of a military establishment. They formed themselves into companies, each under the command of a captain and other officers, and the whole composed a battalion, with a colonel at its head. The officers were chosen by the boys, and decorated with the ornaments usually attached to the French uniform. Buonaparte was unanimously chosen a captain. He, however, by no means courted their approbation :—soon after his election, he was summoned before a court-martial, and declared unworthy to command those comrades whose good-will he despised.

The younger boys, however, were partial to Buonaparte's manners ; for he sometimes encouraged them in their sports, and they voted him, by acclamation, the “director of their diversions.” Without being restricted to observe the rules which are essential to modern military duty, he could now bring his forces into the field, and direct all their operations ; and, having at length extended his authority over the whole school, he availed himself of this new command, and disciplined his comrades to a new mode of warfare. He divided them into two parties : they were alternately the Romans and the Carthaginians, the Greeks and the Persians. To represent the mode of fighting practised by the ancients, in the open field, was more easy, for these lads, than to imitate the movements of a modern army. Buonaparte therefore instituted and encouraged the practice of ancient war : he excited the enthusiasm of his youthful soldiery, by his speeches and his actions : he led on one party against another, and the victory was often disputed with an obstinacy, that would have honoured a more important struggle. At length, the games, which commenced in sport, seldom closed, until the wounds of the combatants proved the earnestness with which they contended ; and the superiors of the college having interfered, they reprimanded the young general Buonaparte, and prohibited a renewal of these battles.

His activity now repressed in the only exercise to which he was attached, he retired to his favourite garden, resumed his former occupations, and, for a considerable time, appeared no more amongst his comrades. The severity of the weather had driven him from his retreat, the snow lay thick upon the ground, and there had set in a hard frost. Ever fertile in expedients, Buonaparte determined to open a winter campaign, on a new

plan. The modern art of war succeeded to the ancient. Having been deeply engaged in the study of fortification, it was natural that he should desire to reduce its theory to practice. He called his fellow-pupils around him, and, having collected their gardening implements, and put himself at their head, he proceeded to procure large quantities of snow, which were brought to particular spots, as he directed, in the great court of the school. While they were thus occupied, he was tracing the boundaries of extensive fortifications: they soon formed entrenchments, and afterwards eagerly engaged in erecting forts, bastions, and redoubts of snow.

The whole of these works were soon completed, according to the exact rules of war. The curiosity of the people of Brienne, and even of strangers, was excited, by the reports of their extent and scientific construction; and they went, in crowds, during the winter, to admire them. Buonaparte alternately headed the assailants and their opponents; uniting address with courage, and directing the operations with great applause. The weapons of the contending parties were snow-balls; and he continually excited interest by some military manœuvre, which always surprised, if it did not astonish. The superiors now encouraged the games of the boys, by praising those who were distinguished, and it was not until the sun of March had liquefied the fortress, that it was declared no longer tenable.

Another instance is recorded, of his juvenile enterprise and address. There was a fair, held, annually, in the neighbourhood of Brienne, at which the pupils of the military school used to find a day's amusement; but, on account of a quarrel between them and the country people, at a former time, the students were interdicted, by the professors of the institution, from going beyond their own precincts, which were surrounded by a wall. Under the direction of the young Corsican, however, the scholars had already matured a scheme, for enjoying their usual diversion. They had undermined the wall, which encompassed their exercising ground, with so much skill and secrecy, that their operations remained entirely unknown, until the morning of the fair; when a part of the boundary unexpectedly fell, and gave, to the imprisoned students, an easy passage; of which, they immediately took the advantage, by hurrying to the prohibited scene of amusement.

The pupils of the military school, were permitted, every year, on the day of St. Louis, (the twenty-fifth of August,) to devote themselves to pleasure, and the most noisy demonstrations of joy, almost without restraint. All punishment was suspended, all

subordination ceased, and generally some accident occurred, before the day concluded. Those pupils who had attained fourteen years of age, an old custom of the college had allowed the privilege of buying a certain quantity of gunpowder; and, for a long time before the day arrived, these youths would assemble, to prepare their fire-works. They were also permitted to discharge small cannon, muskets, and other fire-arms, as often as they thought proper. It was on St. Louis's day, in 1783, the last year of Buonaparte's remaining at the school, that he affected an entire indifference to the means used by his comrades for its celebration. They were all animation and hilarity, activity and spirit. He was all gloom and taciturnity, thought and reflection. Retired the whole day, in his garden, he not only did not participate in the general rejoicing, but pretended to continue his usual study and occupations, without being disturbed by the noise. His comrades were too much engaged in their amusements, to think of interrupting him, and would only have laughed at his strange behaviour, if an uncommon circumstance had not drawn upon him their general attention and resentment. Towards nine o'clock, in the evening, about twenty of the young people were assembled in the garden adjoining his, in which the proprietor had promised to entertain them with a show. It consisted of a pyramid, composed of various fire-works: a light was applied, but unfortunately a box, containing several pounds of gunpowder, had been forgotten to be removed. While the youths were admiring the effects of the fire-works, a spark entered the box, which hastily exploded; some legs and arms were broken, two or three faces miserably burned, and several paces of the wall thrown down. The confusion was very great, and some of the lads, in their alarm, endeavoured to escape through the adjoining fence: they broke the palisades, and Buonaparte was seen stationed on the other side, armed with a pick-axe, repelling the invasion of his little fortified dominion, and pushing back, into the fire, those who had burst the fence.

In the month of October, in the same year, the young islander, then only fourteen years old, and under the usual age, was sent, to have his education completed, to the principal school of Paris. This dispensing with a general rule of the institution, was a compliment paid to his extraordinary mathematical talent, and the severity of his application. While at Paris, he attracted the same notice as at Brienne; and, amongst other society, he frequented the literary parties of the celebrated abbé Raynal.

In his seventeenth year, Napoleon Buonaparte received his first commission, as a lieutenant, in a regiment of artillery, quartered in Valence. He now indulged himself more than formerly, by mingling in society; and rendered himself a distinguished favourite, by the exhibition of his uncommon powers of pleasing. His handsome and intelligent features, with his active and neat, though slight figure, gave him additional advantages. His manners could scarcely be called elegant; but he compensated, by vivacity and variety of expression, and often by great energy and spirit, for any little deficiency in grace and polish.

In 1792, Buonaparte became a captain in the artillery, by seniority; and in the same year, being at Paris, he witnessed the two insurrections of the twenty-first of June and tenth of August.

It was a remarkable incident, in the revolution, that it brought out, from his retirement, the celebrated general Paoli; who, long banished from Corsica, the freedom and independence of which he had so valiantly defended, returned, from exile, with the flattering hope of still witnessing the progress of liberty, in his native land. He was received, at Paris, with enthusiastic veneration, and created president of the department, and commander of the national guard of his beloved island; powers which he exercised with great patriotism and wisdom. But Paoli's ideas of liberty were dissimilar to those which unhappily began, then, to prevail in France. He was desirous of establishing that species of freedom, which is the guardian, not the destroyer of property; and which confers practical happiness, instead of aiming at imaginary perfection: he was therefore denounced in the national assembly, and summoned, for the purpose of making his defence.

A large number of the inhabitants, embraced the principles of the aged champion; and an expedition was accordingly despatched, to reduce the islanders to obedience.

Buonaparte was in Corsica, on leave of absence from his regiment, during the occurrence of these events; and, although he himself and Paoli, had hitherto been on the most friendly terms, and that celebrated patriot had acted as god-father to the young artillerist, he did not hesitate, as to which side he would espouse. He embraced that of the convention; and his first military exploit was in the civil war of his native land.

The strength of Paoli increasing, and the English preparing to assist him, Corsica became no longer a safe residence for the family of the Buonapartes. Lucien, who had distinguished

himself as a partisan of the convention, was subjected to a decree of banishment, from the island; and Madame Buonaparte, with her three daughters, and Jerome, who was yet a child, sailed under the protection of Lucien and Napoleon, and settled, for a short period, first at Nice, and afterwards at Marseilles; where the family is supposed to have undergone considerable distress, until the happy fortunes of Napoleon enabled him to assist them.

The high character, gained, by the genius and application of Napoleon, when at the military schools, now operated, with full effect, in advancing him in the army. To the notes, always preserved, by the professors, concerning their scholars, he owed his promotion, when just entering on his twenty-fifth year, to the rank of brigadier general, with the command of the artillery, during the siege of Toulon; the first opportunity presented to him of displaying his transcendent genius.

The people of this city, and the French vice-admiral, Turgot, had entered into a negotiation with the English admiral, lord Hood; who, on the twenty-eighth of August, took possession of the town and shipping, in the name of Louis XVI; under the express stipulation, that the admiral should assist in restoring the constitution of '89.

When general Buonaparte had reached the scene of action, and visited the posts of the besieging army, before the arrival of Dugomier, he found so many marks of incapacity, that he could not conceal his astonishment. Batteries had been erected, for destroying the English shipping, but they were three gun-shot's distance from the points which they were intended to command: red-hot balls were preparing; not heated in furnaces, beside the guns, but in the country houses, in the neighbourhood, at the most incredible distance, as if they had been articles of the most ordinary transportation.

After the arrival of Dugomier, having the full concurrence of that able officer, in all his plans, the young general of artillery entertained no doubt of complete success. But, to ensure it, he used the utmost diligence and exertion, and exposed his person to every risk. In a skirmish, he received a bayonet wound, in the thigh, by which, however, he was not disabled. On another occasion, he incurred a danger of a singular character. An artillery-man being shot, at a gun which he was serving, while Napoleon was visiting a battery, he took up the dead man's rammer, and, to give encouragement to the soldiers, charged the gun, repeatedly, with his own hands.

At another time, when overlooking the erection of a battery,

which the enemy endeavoured to interrupt, by their fire, he called for some person that could write, that he might dictate an order. A young soldier having stepped out of the ranks, began, accordingly, to write. A shot, from the enemy's battery, covered the letter with earth, the moment it was finished.—"Thank you," said the military secretary; "we shall have no occasion for sand, this time."—The gayety and courage of the remark, drew Buonaparte's attention upon the young man; who was Junot, afterwards so celebrated, and created duke of Abrantes.

The war on the frontiers of Spain, produced nothing except petty skirmishes, unworthy of detail; and the king of Savoy made only slow progress, in recovering his possessions, which the British ministry were so generous as to guarantee to him, at an immense expense.

CHAPTER II.

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

1793—1802.

ON the twenty-fourth of January, three days after the death of Louis, the French ambassador at London received orders to quit the kingdom; and, on the first day of February, the national convention, on the motion of Brissot, declared war against the king of England, and also, the Stadtholder of the United Provinces.

By an article of a treaty, concluded in the year 1786, between France and England, the dismissal of an ambassador, from either country, was agreed to be considered as a declaration of war; yet, the British ministry might now insist, that the treaty referred to, was concluded with the *king* of France, not with the *republic*; and it is difficult to ascertain which party was, in the present contest, the first aggressor.

The English cabinet immediately embarked a considerable body of troops, under the command of the duke of York, to support the Dutch.

It is not our design to narrate, minutely, the military operations that succeeded. The war was spread over an immense frontier, and conducted with various success. Maestricht was

invested, early in February, by general Miranda ; and defended with resolution, by the prince of Hesse. The head-quarters of general Valence were at Liege, while his outposts extended to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the banks of the Roer. On the first of March, general Clairfait, having passed that river, in the night, compelled the French to retreat, as far as Alderhaven, with the loss of two-thousand men : on the following day, the archduke Charles attacked several French batteries, and took nine pieces of cannon ; and, on the third, the prince of Saxe-Cobourg obtained a signal victory over the republican troops, and drove them from Aix-la-Chapelle, to the vicinity of Liege.

On the sixteenth, a general engagement took place, at Neerwinden. The action continued, with great obstinacy, on both sides, from seven in the morning, until sunset ; when Dumourier was obliged to retreat, and the Austrian cavalry coming up, put his army entirely to flight. The month, however, had not ended, before the French commander in a great measure repaired the disaster of the sixteenth. On the twenty-first, having been attacked, by the imperialists, near Louvain, he compelled them to retreat, with a heavy loss.

This was the last achievement of Dumourier. In the evening, he concluded an armistice, with the imperial commander ; and, in a few days afterwards, declared his intention of marching to Paris, against the Jacobins, and re-establishing a constitutional monarchy, in France. "They will ruin France," said he, "but I will save it, though they should call me a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Monk."—Commissioners were sent, by the convention, to arrest the general, at St. Amand ; but, having given the signal for a body of soldiers, who were in waiting, he immediately ordered them into confinement, and delivered them to the Austrians, as hostages for the safety of the royal family.

But, notwithstanding his splendid talents, Dumourier appears to have been widely mistaken, with regard to the disposition of his army. When he proposed to them the restoration of monarchy, in the person of the dauphin, and to turn their arms against their country, the patriotism of Frenchmen resumed its accustomed influence, and they considered it their duty to disobey. On the fourth of April, conceiving himself in the utmost danger, he mounted a horse, belonging to a servant of the young Egalité, and escaped, from his indignant soldiers, through a dreadful discharge of musquetry, which the whole column poured upon him and his associates ; then, proceeding along the Scheldt, he passed the ferry, near the village of Wick, in

the imperial dominions; from which place, he continued his route, on foot, to Bury; where, in the evening, he had an interview with an Austrian officer, colonel Mack.

All that this able and ambitious man saved, in his retreat, was merely his life; of which, he spent some years afterwards in Germany, concluding it, in England, at a very advanced age,* without again making any figure in the political horizon; although he occasionally afforded the British ministers his opinion, upon matters relating to the invasion of the continent.

Possessed, by the defection of Dumourier, of all the Netherlands, with the same rapidity with which they had, by that general, been previously conquered, the allies again resolved to attack the frontiers of France. The navies of England, Holland, and Spain, were to act in concert, and form a chain of cruisers around the coast; all trade was to be intercepted, the nation to be blocked up and starved, and succours to be afforded the royalists, wherever they should appear.

But the efforts of the French, in repelling these attacks, were commensurate with the endeavours with which they were prepared. Commissioners were sent to the army, who omitted no means of restoring order, and invigorating the spirit of the troops. General Dampierre, who had evinced his patriotism, by resisting the order of Dumourier, was appointed to the chief command; and was enabled to lead his troops to frequent victory, until, by a too great exposure of his person, he was killed, by a cannon ball, leaving the command in the hands of general La Marche.

The danger, to which the republic was exposed, from foreign and domestic enemies, could not appease the factious members of the convention. Three-hundred of the Gironde party, were denounced, as accomplices of Dumourier, by the turbulent Marat, supported by his colleague, Robespierre; in consequence of which, a violent tumult ensued, and the deputies, on each side of the hall, advanced, to assault each other, with drawn swords, but were, by the authority of the president, at length restrained. The Girondists recriminated, and Gaudet presented a direct accusation against Marat, for his attempts against the convention; but the jury by whom he was tried, were either afraid to condemn him, or were themselves of his party, and he was acquitted.

The victory over the Gironde, was not suffered to pass unimproved. On the second of June, Marat and his atrocious

* In 1823, in his eighty-fifth year.

colleagues, excited an insurrection; the Tuileries, in which the convention now held their meetings, were surrounded, by twenty-thousand soldiers, and a furious mob; and, on the motion of Couthon, more than thirty of the most distinguished of the moderate republicans, were proscribed, as traitors, and ordered under arrest, and the remainder consulted their safety by retiring.

The insurrection of the second of June, was dignified with the name of a revolution; and a new constitution, of still more democratic features, than the preceding, was accordingly framed; the concluding article of which, declares, that, "when the government violates the law, insurrection becomes the duty of the people." It established the pure government of the multitude. But this constitution was no sooner made, than suspended; and the revolutionary government, while they were amending it, was maintained until the peace.

Marat was suffered, only for short period, to enjoy his triumph. The enthusiasm of a young woman, a native of St. Saturnin, in Normandy, named Charlotte Corday, relieved her country from the sanguinary machinations of this horrid monster. She was now in her twenty-fifth year, and was brought up at Caën, where her beauty and accomplishments were seen and admired, by Belsunce, the major of a regiment, then quartered in the town. The death of this worthy favourite, who was murdered by some assassins, excited the vengeance of the youthful heroine; and, when she saw her lover branded with the name of conspirator, in the journal published by Marat, she hastened to Paris; determined to sacrifice, to her resentment, the man who had so shamefully abused the object of her affections, and proscribed all the deputies of merit and virtue in the convention. She was, at first, refused admittance, at the house of Marat; but she obtained access to him by writing a letter, in which she informed him, that she wished to disclose some secret of importance; and, on the fourteenth of July, while the tyrant was engaged in conversation with her, she stabbed him to the heart, and he fell lifeless at her feet. She was immediately apprehended, and, glorying in the deed, was condemned, and carried to the scaffold. When the executioner took off her neck-handkerchief, the moment before she bent under the fatal axe, she blushed deeply; and her head, which was held up to the multitude, the instant after, exhibited that last impression of offended modesty.

That the Girondists would not submit passively to their defeat, and that an insurrection would be the consequence of the

events of the second of June, were to be expected. Brissot and some others of the proscribed members, fled precipitately to the departments, and spread the alarm against their opponents. But the southern departments, only, remained attached to the fallen party. The city of Lyons, in particular, which had, from the first dawn of the revolution, declared for monarchy and aristocracy, embraced this new convulsion, as a moment favourable to her wishes. Engaged chiefly in the manufacture of silk, the costly habits of a court and the nobility suited the commerce of the Lyonese, better than the simple costume of a republic; and thus, were they interested in upholding the ancient regime. The cities of Marseilles and Toulon, together with the whole department of the Gironde, followed the example of Lyons, and entered into a league for dissolving the convention.

Of all the Girondists, who took refuge in their own peculiar province, Louvert alone escaped. Gaudet, Salles, and Barbaroux, were executed, at Bourdeaux; but not until the last had twice attempted suicide, with his pistols. Buzot and Petion put an end to their existence, and were found dead in a field of corn. Condorcet was arrested, and escaped the guillotine, by poison. Valezé, in a transport of indignation, stabbed himself, before the court. Vergniaud, having a presage of his impending fate, had early provided himself with poison; but, finding that his young friends, Fronfrede and Ducos, who he had some hopes would be spared, were companions of his misfortune, he gave the phial to the officer of the guard, resolved to await the appointed moment, and to perish with them. Roland was found dead, on the high road; accomplishing a prophecy of his wife, whom the Jacobins had condemned to death, and who had declared her conviction that her husband would not long survive her. That remarkable woman made, before the revolutionary tribunal, a defence, in a bolder strain, than the most eloquent of the Girondists. She met her death with unusual firmness; exclaiming, as she passed the statue of Liberty, on her road to execution, "Ah, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Brissot, Sillery, Fauchet, Carra, the generals Custine and Luckner, with about twenty other illustrious victims of the blood-thirsty Robespierre, the prime mover of these judicial massacres, met their fate with all the calmness of innocence, and the dignity of heroic virtue. Claviere, the co-minister of Roland, snatched himself from the hands of the tyrant, by a voluntary death.

Lavoisier, the celebrated chemist, was another of the proscribed. He had long been employed in an important philosophical experiment, and requested only the short respite of a fortnight, to complete it; but his prayer was not granted.

Not the least remarkable of the sufferers, during the reign of terror, was the duke of Orleans. He had become an object of suspicion and jealousy, with every party; and the charge upon which his condemnation rested, was his aspiring to the throne.

While the vitals of France were thus rent asunder, by contending factions, she was surrounded by a combination of foreign enemies, unparalleled, for their strength and number, in the annals of mankind. Nearly every state of Europe was under arms, for the prostration of the republic. Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, and Turkey, were the only powers that remained neutral.

The advantage gained, by the British and Hanoverian troops, in the battle of Famars, enabled them to lay siege to Valenciennes; which highly important place was surrendered, on the twenty-sixth of July, to the duke of York: about the same time, the Austrian general, Wurmser, gained possession of Mentz; and soon afterwards the French were driven from a strong post, occupied by them, on the Scheldt, known by the name of Cæsar's Camp.

These were the last victories, of which the allies had, at this period, to boast. The protraction of the sieges, had enabled the French to recover from the disorganization caused by the defection of Dumourier, and other deserters; and that energy, which thinking men, from the first, foresaw would defeat the unjust projects of the allied powers, began, once more, to be displayed.

After the fall of Valenciennes, the duke of York proceeded to the reduction of Dunkirk. Unsupported, however, in this enterprise, from the neglect of the naval department of England, to despatch a sufficient fleet, to co-operate against this celebrated fortress, the British commander was compelled, on the sixth of September, to retire precipitately from before its walls. The duke was obliged to swim his horse across a rivulet; and might have been taken prisoner, but for the negligence of general Houchard; for which breach of duty, this officer suffered death.

Jourdan, who had been a general of division, under Houchard, now succeeded to the command. This officer had been trained to the artillery service; and, with Hoche and Pichegru, and

others who have since distinguished themselves, at the head of French armies, in the most splendid operations, had reached, before the revolution, the highest rank for which merit alone could hope, under the royal government—that of sergeant.

In the middle of October, Jourdan attacked the allies, with so much skill and decision, as to compel the prince of Cobourg, after suffering immense loss, to abandon a position which he had fortified with the utmost care. Following up his success, he penetrated into maritime Flanders; took Werwick, and obliged general Erbach to evacuate Menin, and retreat to Courtray; nor did he halt, in his rapid career of victory, before he arrived opposite the walls of Ostend.

The republican forces were still more successful, in repelling the attempts of the insurgents, in La Vendee. The country which was the scene of this insurrection, is situated between the Loire and the Charente; forming part of the territory which had been called, under the ancient government, the province of Poictou. It had little intercourse with the rest of the republic, except what arose from the export of its superfluous cattle. In this insulated district, the feudal system had been maintained, in all its rigour: there was neither education nor civilization, because there was no middle class; and there was no middle class, because there were few or no towns. From its geographical situation, it had received only a few feeble rays of the light of that liberty which had burst forth in France; and, as already the seeds of discord had been scattered by the clergy, and by foreign intrigues, it was fitted to become the retreat of all who were averse to the new order of public affairs. In the hope of restoring monarchy, a vast project of insurrection was formed; which comprised not only La Vendee, and the adjoining departments, but extended itself through a great part of Brittany. Before the end of March, the royalists had organized an army of forty-thousand men, at the head of whom they placed general Wimpfen; and had begun their march to the capital, before the convention was apprized of the insurrection. In two pitched battles, they defeated the republicans: they gained possession of a country fifty leagues in extent; and of the Loire, almost as far as Paris. Nor did they rely solely upon domestic aid. An expedition had been planned, by the English ministers, for the purpose of co-operation with the insurgent forces; and the earl of Moira, who had distinguished himself in the war with the American colonies, was selected, to lead the troops destined to this service, and to land upon the coast of Brittany. The scheme, however, partook

of the imbecility which characterized nearly all the measures of William Pitt's administration. The expedition was delayed, until the royalists were subdued; and, when the transports appeared off the coast, they found the republican army so well prepared for their reception, that they returned to England.

It would be tedious, to enter into a more particular detail of the Vendean war. The insurgents made a most vigorous resistance, against every effort of the convention, until the middle of October; when, after fighting more than two-hundred battles, they were completely routed, by general Hoche.

The formidable union, which had been organized, under the name of "federate republicanism," between the cities of Marseilles, Lyons, and Toulon, still, however, continued. On the twenty-fourth of August, Marseilles submitted, to general Cartaux; and, in the following month, Lyons was forced to surrender, to general Doppet. But the arms of the convention were not equally fortunate, at Toulon. Of the siege of this important depot and harbour for the marine of France, we have already spoken, in a preceding chapter, though rather out of the regular order of time, when introducing the military exploits of general Buonaparte.

A considerable part of the great city of Lyons, was levelled with the ground, and its streets were crimsoned with human blood. The guillotine was found to be too slow a mode of execution: and Collot d'Herbois devised a more summary kind of slaughter. Harboursing in his breast a determination of revenge against the inhabitants of the devoted city, who, when a player, had hissed him, for his wretched acting, he ordered several hundred victims, at once, to be dragged, from prison, to one of the largest squares of Lyons, and there subjected to a fire of grape-shot.

The number of arrests which were made through France, again filled the prisons, which had been so fearfully emptied on the second and third of September; and it is said that the number now immured, was at least three-hundred-thousand; one-third of whom were women. The quantity of blood at this time shed, was unequalled, even during the proscriptions of the Roman empire: one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand persons are computed to have suffered death.

Amidst the multifarious and perplexing concerns of legislation, war, and judicial prosecution, the convention found leisure to amend, or at least to alter, the existing mode of computing time, in Europe. The new French era commenced from the

foundation of the republic, on the twenty-second of September, 1792. The year was divided into twelve equal months, of thirty days; each month, into three decades, of ten days each; five supplementary days were added, not belonging to any particular month; and one intercalary day, at the end of every fourth year. The natural day was divided into ten parts, each part into ten subdivisions, and so on, to the least measurable portion of time. The sabbatical week, was, by this new arrangement, abolished, and with it, the Christian observation of the seventh day; the tenth being ordained as the future day of rest.*

We must not wonder at the mere abrogation of the ancient, and the establishment of the decadal sunday. There was, at this time, no public worship of the Deity, observed in France: the churches were all either closed, or demolished; the Jacobinical doctrine denied the existence of a God, and declared death to be the commencement of an everlasting sleep.

Vigorous measures were taken, to invest Toulon. On the eighth of September, the siege was opened, by general Cartaux: but this officer having, for his inactivity, been removed, was succeeded by the veteran, Dugomier; to whom, aided by many other able tacticians, particularly La Borde, Duroc, and Napoleon Buonaparte, the city was abandoned, on the eighteenth, after a most obstinate defence, by a mixed garrison, of about eleven-thousand men. Ten days had been consumed, in reducing the formidable outworks. The bombardment was continued until ten at night; the scaling ladders were already applied, to the walls, and four-thousand shells ready to be thrown, to cover the escalade, when it was found that the enemy had fled.

The conflagration, caused by the flying enemy, was no less terrific, than destructive. The city, the great arsenal of France, was, in many places, on fire; and the flames, scattered under the direction of Sir Sydney Smith, a captain in the English navy, were devouring the arsenals, rope-houses, magazines of

* The new names of the months, were; for Autumn, *Vendemaire*, *Brumaire*, and *Frimaire*—or vintage, fog, and sleet months: for Winter, *Nivose*, *Pluviose*, and *Ventose*,—snow, rain, and wind months; for Spring, *Germinal*, *Floreal*, and *Prairial*—sprouts, flowers, and pasture months; for Summer, *Messidor*, *Thermidor*, and *Fructidor*—harvest, hot, and fruit months.

The days of the week were named, *Primodi*, *Duodi*, *Tridi*, *Quartidi*, *Quintidi*, *Sextidi*, *Septidi*, *Octidi*, *Nonidi*, *Decadi*.

timber, and the fleet. Nine ships of the line, and three frigates, were burned; and ten vessels of war were carried off, by the British and Spanish fleets.

CHAPTER III.

END OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

1794. In the convention, the incidents that occurred, during the year into which we are now entering, were as various and as interesting, as at any other period of the revolution. In the beginning of February, three deputies from the island of St. Domingo, were admitted, and took their seats. One of these representatives, was a negro; the other two were mulattoes. On the following day, one of their number gave an account of the disturbances in that island; and delivered a panegyric upon the oppressed race of which he was a member.—“Who are these men,” said he, “represented as so worthless, and so wicked? Who can say they are not good fathers, affectionate husbands, and obedient sons; that they are not friends to the poor, protectors of the helpless, the guardians, alike, of infancy and age? Is it matter of wonder, that six-hundred-thousand men of colour, shaking off their chains, should be so terrible, to those who would wish to enslave them, contrary to the example and wishes of the country by which they have been adopted? *They demand only liberty to work, and wages for their labour!*”

The deputy had no sooner concluded, than Lacroix moved that slavery should be totally abolished, in the French colonies; and that all persons of colour, residing in them, should be considered as citizens of France. The convention arose, by a spontaneous emotion, and passed the decree. The hall then exhibited a most affecting scene: the members, individually, embraced the deputies; tears of joy trickled down their cheeks; and a female negro, who had assiduously attended the meetings of the convention, fainted, with delight.

The progress of the several factions, in France, affords very ample materials for the historian. The fall of the Girondists, was a signal for contest, between the Jacobins and Cordeliers; who, having both composed that division of the convention,

called the Mountain,* and concurred in the overthrow of their formidable rival, began, now, to struggle for power, amongst themselves; and, by their mutual jealousies, and alternate proscriptions, so far to extract the venom out of both, as to change the convention, from a den of furious assassins, to a body of patriotic legislators, assembled to consult for the public good.

The leader, at this time, of the Cordeliers, was Hebert. To conciliate the poor and ignorant, the wildest theories, and anti-religious doctrines, were promulgated, by this factious club; and even an agrarian law, or an equal division of all the lands amongst the people, was held forth, as the summit of perfect government, and equal rights. With these doctrines, the fanatics had assumed a consistent garb. The term, *sans culotte*, which, from its origin, had become a term of pride, and had been adopted, with much effect, by the victorious legions of the republic, was now the only appellation tolerated by them: their habiliments were long trowsers or pantaloons, short jackets, black wigs, or red caps; their hair was cut short behind, and worn without powder; and their linen was always soiled.

This species of attire was a very singular contrast to that of Robespierre; who always appeared dressed with studied neatness, and powdered hair; a circumstance that did not pass unobserved, in the journal of Hebert, called *Pere Duchesne*.

In the beginning of March, the table of the rights of man, in the hall of the Cordeliers, was covered with black crape; and Hebert, from the tribune of the society, asserted, that "Tyranny existed in the republic."

This charge, designed to implicate the dictator of the convention, did not long pass unnoticed. While he caused the cities of the republic to be deluged with the blood of his daily victims, Robespierre professed, like other hypocrites, to be strongly under the influence of religion; and, to widen the sources from which he might obtain his future victims, he had renounced the profession of atheism, and obtained a solemn decree, in the convention, recognising the existence of a God. Hebert, Anacharsis Cloots, and seventeen others, charged with atheism, and various crimes against the republic, were therefore brought to trial, and executed, amidst the applauses of the fickle multitude.

* The party of the Mountain, were so named from the elevated seats, which they occupied, in that part of the chamber, farthest from the president's chair: the Cordeliers received their appellation, like the Jacobins, from a monastery in which they used to meet, formerly inhabited by a fraternity of monks, of that name.

The death of Hebert was the signal for throwing off the hideous masquerade of sans-culotism; in which, nearly the whole of France had been arrayed, during the preceding winter. Black wigs, red caps, and short jackets, were now laid aside; and the eye was once more cheered, with the appearance of clean linen and powdered locks.

The success and popularity of Robespierre, in this last proscription, were so great, as to ensure him unlimited control over the lives of all who stood in the way of his ambition. The Gironde had fallen before him; the Cordeliers had been severed and destroyed:—his coadjutors on the Mountain, were now to partake of his unquenchable ire. Pretended conspiracies were again hatched, in his prolific brain; and a new brood of imaginary traitors brought forth, to be immolated on his bloody altar. Danton, his powerful associate in the clubs; Camille Desmoulins, his school-fellow and early friend; Fabre d'Eglantine, Herault, Philippaux, and Lacroix; were, on the second of April, carried before the revolutionary tribunal, found guilty of a conspiracy against the republic, and consigned to the scaffold of the guillotine.

Danton, who was beheaded in his thirty-fifth year, was a native of Arcy-sur-Aube, in the department of Calais, and had been educated for the bar. His talents, so much abased, were superior to his education. He perplexed his judges by the keenest sallies of wit, and pointed invective; and showed his contempt for the tribunal, by throwing, into their faces, little balls of paste.

Desmoulins was born at Guise, in Picardy. He displayed his republican zeal at the taking of the Bastile, and in the destruction of the monarchical power; and, as the friend of Danton, he was one of the founders of the Jacobin club, and had a share in the atrocities of the twentieth of June and the tenth of August '92. When seized in the night, he opened his windows, and called in vain for help, against the satellites of tyranny; and with Young's Night Thoughts, and Hervey's Meditations, in his hand, he was dragged to prison, and immediately afterwards to the scaffold; and his wife, who wished to share his fate, was permitted, ten days afterwards, to lay her head upon the same block.

D'Eglantine, a native of Carcassone, in the department of Aude, was now in the fortieth year of his age; and, with a restless spirit, became, successively, an actor, a comic writer, and a statesman. Though originally poor, he soon became very

rich. He wrote some plays which possess merit, and is particularly known as the person who recommended and introduced into France, that puerile calendar, which was opposed to the habits, the opinions, and the prejudices of the rest of Europe.

Before the end of summer, many other distinguished persons, were added to the gloomy catalogue, for decapitation. Amongst these, were Malesherbes, formerly associated in the administration with Turgot, and afterwards the generous defender of Louis, upon his trial; also, (in the seventieth year of his age,) the eccentric baron Trenck, a nobleman of Prussia; whose life had been an uninterrupted course of suffering, from the ingenious cruelty of despotism, in his native land. Thomas Paine, too, was marked down for death, by the sanguinary tyrant; but a fever had seized this latter victim; and his execution was suspended, until he should be restored to health.

In the mean time, the tyrant's own fate was decided. Persons of the most dastardly spirit, could submit, no longer, to be subjected to proscription, by so contemptible a monster. The fate of Danton had excited horror, in the convention; and it was clearly seen, that the design of Robespierre was to remove every member of sufficient influence to raise, in his timid mind, either jealousy or fear. Tallien, Barras, Bourdon, Legendre, Lecointre, Merlin de Thionville, and Billaud de Varrennes, being amongst those who were the most sensible of their danger, resolved to prevent their own death, by the destruction of the tyrant. Having artfully prepared the public mind, and taken the most judicious measures for diminishing the influence of the demagogue, over the Parisian mob, on the ninth Thermidor (twenty-seventh of July) they impeached Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Henriot, and their adherents, of a conspiracy against the convention. They were, accordingly, arrested; but, having been rescued from confinement, were led, in triumph, by a body of Jacobins, to the Hotel de Ville; where they formed themselves into a separate convention, and set the arm of justice at defiance. But Robespierre soon discovered that his reliance on the mob was fallacious. Convinced that his tyrannical career was ended, he shot himself, in the mouth, with a pistol. The ball did not produce the desired effect; but carried away his tongue, and part of his under-jaw; and, at the same time, he received a sabre wound, from a soldier, who attempted to cut down his pistol-arm. His brother leaped out of a window, and broke one of his legs, and an arm; his brother-in-law, Le Bas, shot himself dead, on the

spot; Couthon attempted suicide, by stabbing himself with a knife; and Henriot, while haranguing the soldiers, below, was thrown out of the window, and, by the fall, his arm was broken, but he was not killed. At length, the survivors were all seized, and dragged before the revolutionary committee; by which horrid tribunal, so often the instrument of his own insatiable tyranny, Robespierre, and the other two triumvirs, together with twenty-three more of his associates in crime, were sentenced to death; and, on the twenty-eighth of July, expiated their crimes, by that punishment which they had inflicted upon so many thousand others, amidst a loud burst of public execration.

Thus fell, by the hands of men scarcely less criminal than himself, a monster, who, in cruelty, surpassed all the tyrants, both of ancient and modern times; and whose death put an end to what is so emphatically denominated "the reign of terror."

In an epitaph; of which the following couplet may serve as a translation, his life was represented as incompatible with the existence of the human race:—

"Here lies Robespierre—let no tear be shed:
Reader, if he had lived, thou hadst been dead."

Maximilian Robespierre was beheaded at the age of thirty-five. He was born of poor parents, at Arras, and left an orphan, at an early age. The bishop of that diocese, took him under his protection, bestowed upon him a liberal education, and designed him for the profession of the law. He gained several literary prizes; but his legal studies were not attended with equal success. Yet, not the less confident in his own abilities, he already imagined himself disputing the palm of eloquence with the first speakers of the age. His patron removed him to Paris; but, after a long and fruitless trial, he was under the necessity of recalling him to his native city; where, instead of practising as a barrister, he was reduced to act as an obscure attorney; a branch of the profession, better suited to the mediocrity of his talents.* After his return to Paris, his mind brooded, in abhorrence, on his disappointment; and he thenceforth became the implacable persecutor of genius. His petulance and acerbity were visible, in all his legal undertakings. His habit of body gradually obtained a character corresponding with his mind. In his person, he was of low

* In the United States, the two branches of lawyer or barrister, and attorney, are united, in the same person: in Europe, the attorney institutes the action, and the lawyer conducts the arguments in court.

stature, not more than five feet and a half; in his early years, he was ruddy and round; in his manhood, he became meagre, his features harsh and forbidding; his eye scowled, and his complexion was cadaverous and livid. The revolution forced him from his desk; and he was elected a deputy in '89. In the constituent assembly, he was scarcely known; and, had he died then, his character would have gone down along with him, into the grave. He was elected, to the convention, by the city of Paris, together with his younger brother; but, even at this advanced stage of the revolution, he was the advocate of kings, and defended royalty, against Brissot. His politics, however, soon afterwards, changed; and, with the death of the king, he became as violent a defender of republicanism; and exchanged the cant of ancestry and divine right, for the more fashionable jargon of the *sans culottes*.

In the following summer, Carriere, Foquiere de Tinville, the public accuser, together with fourteen of their atrocious colleagues, were taken to the scaffold; and Barrere, Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud de Varennes, were exiled to Guiana.

John Baptist Carriere, now in his thirty-ninth year, was born near Aurillac. He was educated for the law, and, having been chosen a deputy to the national convention, was sent, as an able missionary, to La Vendee, with a number of assassins. In this office, he became known for his refined cruelty. At Nantes, the scene of his barbarities, he often, in one day, caused more than twenty persons to be put to death, though young and innocent; and, by a new mode of torment, placed them male and female together, in barges, on the Loire, and then sunk the vessels in the middle of the river.

Notwithstanding those internal scenes of horror, the exertions of the republic, were, at this period, prodigious, and almost incredible. France now displayed a political and military picture, to which no parallel can be found, in the history of any other country, whether barbarous or civilized. Her councils were directed by committees, her armies by officers just emerged from the lowest ranks. The number of troops which she had actually in the field, amounted to seven-hundred-and-eighty-thousand. Placed between the scaffolds of Paris, and the cannon of their enemies, sure of the guillotine, if defeated, having no alternative between death and victory, her generals immortalized their names, by the boldness of their enterprises, and the splendour of their success. Pichegru, Jourdan, and Moreau, have raised for themselves, monuments, not less durable than time itself.

Pichegru was appointed to command the army in Flanders. Operations commenced, with extraordinary vigour, on both sides. The emperor Francis II. took the field, at the head of the confederation; and, being joined by the duke of York, and seconded by the ablest commanders of the north, a most active scene of hostilities was opened. Many obstinate and bloody engagements ensued, with various success; but, at length, Pichegru and Jourdan pouring a tremendous force against the allies, the French once more became masters of all the Austrian Netherlands, the seven United Provinces of the Dutch, and a considerable part of Germany, on the western side of the Rhine.

No obstacle was sufficient to arrest the republican soldiers, in their career of conquest. If the rivers were too deep to admit of being forded, they were crossed by swimming; if frozen, the ice served the purpose of a bridge. In the latter end of December, the cold increased, to so great a degree, that the Waal, above Nimeguen, was so severely frozen, as to carry any weight; and exhibited a grand spectacle, that of the republican army—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—manœuvring on the ice, with the same facility as on solid ground.

The battles of Arlon and Fleurus were the most conspicuous. In the former, the Austrian general, Beaulieu, was defeated, with immense loss, by Jourdan, after an action which lasted for two successive days. The battle of Fleurus, fought on the twenty-sixth of June, was one of the most severely contested engagements, that history records; having continued from day-break, till the close of night. Though defeated, the valour of the allies was signal. The victory, however, was so decisive, that the enemy never ceased from their flight, until they had reached Halle, thirty miles from the field of battle; having lost thirty-eight standards, and nearly fifteen-thousand men.

Aeronauts were now trained, at Paris, for the several divisions of the army. A balloon having been prepared at Fleurus, was attached by cords, which, being held below, enabled it to be elevated or depressed, as occasion might require. In the car, were seated an adjutant and a general, together with a skilful engineer, who, by means of their elevation, and good telescopes, were enabled to discover the movements of the enemy, and communicate them, from time to time, to Jourdan, by a note attached to a ring and bullet, gliding down one of the cords. They remained, at two several periods, four hours in the air. The experiment, however, had nearly proved fatal. Their intended ascent had been known to the enemy; who, at

the moment the balloon began to take its flight, opened the fire of a battery against it. The first volley was directed too low; but one ball afterwards passed between the balloon and the car.

This memorable campaign was not only glorious, but permanently advantageous to France. Harassed by repeated disappointments, the king of Prussia, on the thirteenth of March, announced his secession from the grand alliance; and, before the summer had far advanced, the emperor withdrew from the army, in utter despair of success; to seek, in the amusements of Vienna, some compensation for that pleasure which he had vainly expected to enjoy in the field, in destroying, with his high-trained veterans, the plebeian generals of France, and their undisciplined bands of *sans culottes*.

The duke of York, also, despaired of gaining the expected laurels from the furious soldiers of the republic, and, on the sixth of December, embarked for England; leaving the remains of his army under the command of general Dundas.

The republican armies in the south, were not less active than their compatriots in the north, and were equally successful. In the beginning of February, a battle was fought near St. Jean de Luz; in which, the Spaniards were defeated: three of their regiments were taken prisoners, or dispersed; and the Irish regiment of Ultona, in the service of Spain, infuriated by the priests, who preached, in the ranks, against the French, maintained a conflict, so desperate, that every man was cut to pieces. In April, the Spaniards were compelled to evacuate Boulon; the city of Urgel soon afterwards surrendered, to general Dagobert; two-thousand prisoners, with two-hundred pieces of cannon, were taken, at Ceret; Port Vendries capitulated, to Dugomier; and, in Italy, the arms of the republic were equally triumphant, under Dumas and Bagdelune.

But, in Corsica, the intrigues of England had obtained a degree of success, which served to dissipate the recollection of her disgrace at Toulon. After admiral Hood had left the latter place, he cruised, for some time, in Hieyres Bay; and, having detached a small squadron to Corsica, repaired thither himself, in the middle of February, and found the island in a general state of revolt. The garrison of Montella surrendered to him, on the tenth; Bastia, made a gallant defence, until the nineteenth of May; when it obtained honourable terms of capitulation, and the whole island surrendered to the admiral, and was united to the British crown.

Though, on land, the forces of the republic had been so brilliantly triumphant, they were almost invariably defeated on the

ocean. On land, mere physical strength, when combined with enthusiasm, will often be sufficient, like an overwhelming torrent, to bear down every opposition, and gain the victory, from the most experienced troops. On the ocean, and especially when combating with a numerous fleet, the requisites to ensure success, are very different. On this element, did every man, of any particular nation, possess the strength of an Ajax, and the courage of a Hector, yet, without the skill and discipline peculiar to the navy, and officers long practised in the management of a single ship, and the manœuvring of a numerous fleet, the side on which he combats, will, assuredly, be overcome. Thus, was it, at the era we are now commencing, with the navy of France. The nobles, to whom commissions in the navy, had, under the royal government, been almost exclusively intrusted, had been displaced, by republican officers; equally brave, indeed, but much less acquainted with naval tactics, and little inclined to continue that severity of discipline, so requisite to ensure the efficiency of a ship of war, but so little consonant with the prevailing ideas of licentious freedom, and with the relaxed system of military subordination, then existing in the army. The naval officers of France wanted competent knowledge and experience, their men wanted due obedience; and their fleets experienced the inevitable result—disaster and defeat.

At first, the convention had endeavoured to oppose the English, at sea, by detaching small squadrons, and single vessels, of a light construction, to annoy their commerce, and had met with very great success. In the month of May, alone, they had taken more than a hundred British merchant-vessels, and a packet-ship, laden with an immense sum, in dollars; while the English had captured, in the same time, only one frigate of thirty-eight guns. This system of naval operations, was best suited to the existing condition of the French marine, and the most destructive to the enemy, that could, under any circumstances, have been adopted: but a scarcity of provisions compelled the convention to equip a fleet, in order to protect a large convoy, which was to sail, at a fixed period, from the United States of America, laden with the much wanted supplies.

The English ministers had obtained the most minute information, concerning this fleet, and the expected convoy; and admiral lord Howe, with twenty-five sail of the line, proceeded to sea, early in the month of May, to give battle to the one, and intercept the other.

The French fleet, consisting of twenty-six sail, was commanded by M. Villaret; a young officer, lately elevated from the rank of lieutenant, and the command of a single frigate, to the post of rear-admiral, and the command of a numerous fleet.

On the first of June, the French fleet was overtaken, by lord Howe. Both fleets immediately prepared for action: the engagement continued, with unremitting fury, from nine in the morning, until three in the afternoon; when six ships of the line were captured, by the English fleet, and one, of the same class, sunk; but the victors were themselves so much crippled, in their rigging, as to be unable to pursue the vanquished.

In the six ships that were taken, six-hundred-and-ninety men were killed, and five-hundred-and-eighty wounded. In the six English ships that suffered most, one-hundred-and-twenty-five were killed, and three-hundred-and-thirty-five wounded.

Never was more bravery shown, in any action, than was displayed, by both nations, on the first of June; and the skill of admiral Villaret, in manœuvring his fleet, drew forth the applause even of his enemy. The heroism displayed on board the French ship, *La Revolutionaire*, was most conspicuous. After her lower deck guns were under water, and destruction inevitable, she continued to fire her upper tier; and, at the moment the ship went to the bottom, the air resounded with the cry of "*Vive la Republique! Vive la Liberte, et la France!*"

Though defeated in this celebrated action, the blood of the republicans was not unprofitably shed. By engaging the British fleet, the convoy from the United States, consisting of one-hundred-and-sixty vessels, laden with the necessaries of life, was saved from capture, and arrived, in the port of L'Orient, a few days after the battle; having passed through the wreck of masts and rigging, caused by the tremendous conflict.

After the fall of Robespierre, moderation, with little exception, characterized the measures of the convention: the surviving members of the Gironde party, were allowed to resume their seats; and this happy change, from the previous decrees of sanguinary prosecution, gradually promoted the respect of foreign nations. On the fifteenth of August, James Monroe, ambassador from the United States of America, was introduced, to the legislative body; in the ensuing month, citizen Reybuz was received, in the same character, from the republic of Geneva; and, some months afterwards, the baron de Staël (subsequently the husband of the daughter of M. Necker) presented his diplomatic credentials, as ambassador from the king of Sweden.

The invention and use of the balloon, have been already noticed. The telegraph, also the invention of a citizen of France, was, soon afterwards, used, with equal effect: the intelligence of the capture of Quesnoy, the first instance in which this machine was brought into practical operation, having been conveyed, to Paris, in one hour after it had been entered by the French.

1795. After the surrender of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague, the stadtholder saved himself from capture, by a precipitate flight. Accompanied by his eldest son, he embarked, at Scheveling, on the nineteenth of January, in an open boat, rowed by only three men; and, on the following day, reached England. Nor did the remains of the British army, continue long in Holland, after his departure. The gallant defence made by them, at the isle of Bommel, did not prevent the army of Pichegru, greatly superior in numbers, from taking possession of that important place; and they were accordingly forced to commence a retreat; during which, until their arrival at Bremen, where they embarked for England, their sufferings exceeded almost any thing to be found in the annals of disastrous war.

The Dutch provinces, under the name of Batavia, were now declared independent, by the French; but the new republic could be viewed in no other character, than that of a vassal of its conquerors; and the inhabitants were compelled to pay, to their victors, the expense incurred in their subjugation.

The number of conquests made, up to this period, by the armies of France, is amazing. By a detail, presented to the convention, by Carnot, in the capacity of minister of war, and major-general of the forces, by whose genius their victories were organized, it appears, that, in the period of only seventeen months, besides the seven united provinces of Holland, and the nine provinces forming the Austrian Netherlands, there had yielded, to the republican forces, two principalities, two bishoprics, three dutchies, five electorates, and also the greater part of the rich Spanish provinces of Biscay and Catalonia. The victories, including eight pitched battles, were twenty-seven; actions of less note, one-hundred-and-twenty; eighty-four-thousand of the enemy were killed, and ninety-one-thousand made prisoners; the strong places and cities taken, numbered one-hundred-and-sixteen; forts and redoubts two-hundred-and-thirty; standards sixty, cannon three-thousand-eight-hundred, muskets seventy-thousand.

Defeat, however, still continued to pursue the flag of the

republic, on the ocean. On the thirteenth of March, off Genoa, the French admiral, Martin, with fifteen ships of the line, surrendered two of their number, to the British admiral, Hotham, commanding fourteen vessels, of the same class; and, on the twenty-third of June, a French fleet, consisting of twelve ships of the line, and nine frigates, were encountered, off L'Orient, by lord Bridport, having fourteen of the former, and eight of the latter description of vessels, and defeated, with the loss of three ships of the larger class.

For these naval disasters, and the preceding capture of the islands of Martinico, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe, the republic received some consolation, from her subsequent good fortune, near home. After the reduction, by general Moncey, of Fontarabia, which opens an easy passage into Spain, and also of the strong fortress of St. Sebastian, the inhabitants of Madrid trembling for its safety, the Spanish monarch entered into a negotiation, with the French commissioners, at Basle; which, on the twenty-second of July, terminated in a treaty of peace, and an acknowledgment of the French republic. France relinquished to Spain all the conquests made by her, in that kingdom; in consideration of which, the latter ceded, to the republic, all the Spanish portion of the island of St. Domingo.

This act of pacification was followed by a treaty, at the same place, with the king of Prussia; and also with the prince of Hesse-Cassel, the elector of Saxony, and the king of England, as elector of Hanover; the latter of whom still refused, in his regal character, to acknowledge the government of the republic.

CHAPTER IV.

DIRECTORIAL GOVERNMENT.

THE billows, raised by the tempest of the revolution, had not yet wholly subsided. The breath of busy faction, or of popular discontent, easily renewed the agitation, and raised them again to an alarming height. On the first of April, the sanctuary of the convention was invaded, by a savage multitude, with the cry of "Bread, and the constitution of '93;" but the insurgents were dispersed, by the promptness and resolution of general Pichegru; and, on the twentieth of May, another insurrection was quelled, by general Hoche. Six

members of the Mountain, were, for their concern in the latter outrage, condemned to suffer death: they all stabbed themselves, with one knife, which they passed to each other, exclaiming, "*Vive la republique;*" three succeeded in despatching themselves; the three others, in a dying state, were conducted to the scaffold.

The substitution of a mild administration of justice, for the reign of terror, instead of attaching the royalists to the existing government, served only to encourage them in the hopes of overthrowing it. The Vendéans were exhausted, by their numerous defeats, but not finally reduced. Their losses, however, and the disagreement of their leaders, rendered them but feeble enemies; and they even agreed to sign articles of pacification, with the convention. The marquis of Puissaye, an enterprising, but fickle man, formed a plan of substituting an insurrection in Brittany, for the almost extinguished war of La Vendee. He therefore applied to the English government, and induced the ministers to believe, that, if a small army, well supplied with ammunition and muskets, were landed, a general rising would be excited, in the latter province; and thence would probably spread over the rest of France. In consequence of this representation, they prepared an expedition, which was joined by the most enterprising emigrants, almost all the officers of the old marine, and all those, who, weary of exile and an unsettled life, were desirous of trying their fortune, for the last time. Fifteen-hundred emigrants, and six-thousand republican prisoners, who had enlisted themselves in this expedition, that they might return to France, were landed, from an English fleet, upon the peninsula of Quiberon; together with sixty-thousand muskets, and a complete equipment for forty-thousand men. But the enterprise was signally disastrous. They were soon afterwards attacked, by general Hoche, who succeeded in repulsing them; the enrolled prisoners deserted; and, after a most spirited resistance, the emigrants were forced to yield.

Thus disappointed, the royalists next endeavoured to accomplish their object, by the aid of the discontented sections of Paris. Their present design was to effect a counter-revolution, through the medium of the new constitution, although it was the production of the moderate republican party; but, as it re-established the influence of the middle orders, they expected to gain an easy admission into the legislative assembly, and the government. This constitution, formed since the prostration of the terrorists, was the best and wisest, the soundest and

most liberal form of republican government, that had ever been projected, in any country, except that of the United States. The legislative power was lodged in two councils, called the Council of Five Hundred, and the Council of Elders, the latter consisting of two-hundred-and-fifty members. The directorial or executive power consisted of five. Moderate qualifications, as to the property required to be possessed by the electors, were introduced, which again gave political importance to the middle order; whose influence it was highly necessary to re-establish, after the licentious reign of the multitude, and the abandonment of the constitution of '93.

The Council of Five Hundred, the members of which were required to be thirty years of age, had the sole right of proposing laws; the Council of Elders, composed of members who had completed their fortieth year, the power of adopting or rejecting them. Every two years, one-half of the members were to vacate their seats, in order to avoid the evil of filling them entirely with new members; who, inexperienced in the details of their office, and, animated with a zeal for novelty, would serve rather to perplex, than aid in the important business of legislation.

The five members of the Directory, were to be selected by the Council of Elders, from a list, made by the Council of Five Hundred. They were to exercise the office of president, each in succession, for the space of three months; and one of their number, was, every year, to vacate his seat, and another to be elected, in his place. To these executive officers, were assigned a guard, a national palace (the Luxembourg) for their residence, and a species of civil list, for their support.

To avoid the error, into which the constituent assembly had fallen, by excluding itself from the immediately succeeding legislative assembly, the convention passed a decree, (afterwards ratified by the greater number of the primary assemblies, throughout France) that two-thirds of its members might be re-elected. By this means, it secured a majority, in the councils and the nomination of the directory, and was enabled to act as a pilot to its own constitution, and to consolidate it, without any violent commotion.

This precaution was a surprise upon the royalists. They had hoped to gain admission into the Councils, by means of the elections; and, when thus in the possession of power, to effect a change in the system of government. An alliance was formed, between the royal committee, at Paris, the journals, the leaders of the sections, and the national guards. The

usual preparations were made, for a great commotion. The emigrants flocked to the capital, in crowds; and the conspirators, scarcely thinking it necessary to disguise their schemes, adopted a uniform, by which they might be distinguished.

Perceiving the storm to be gathering, the convention sought assistance and support from the army. The military force was placed under the direction of Barras; and, at his request, general Buonaparte, with whom he had become acquainted at the siege of Toulon, was appointed his second in command. The latter sent, in haste, for the artillery of the camp of Sablons; which, with five-thousand men of the conventional army, he disposed at all those points where he apprehended an assault. On the fifth of October, about noon, the insurgents made an attack upon the convention, with forty-thousand men. A dreadful engagement ensued, with both musketry and cannon: the contest was maintained, with great spirit, until seven at night, when the troops of the convention, under the command of the young general, were every where victorious, and the next day the insurgents were disarmed, and reduced to submission.

The convention were not forgetful of their brave protectors. Berruyer and other general officers, employed in quelling this formidable insurrection, were loaded with praises and preferment. But a more distinguished honour was conferred upon general Buonaparte, as the leading actor of the day. Shortly after the engagement, Barras obtained the appointment of the young officer as second in command of the army of the interior; he himself still remaining commander-in-chief; and, soon afterwards, Barras having found his duties, as director, incompatible with military command, the new general was appointed his successor.

As the dearth of bread, and other causes of disaffection, continued to produce commotions in Paris, the general was sometimes obliged to oppose them with the military force. On one occasion, when earnestly admonishing the multitude to disperse, a very bulky woman exhorted them to keep their ground.—“Never mind these coxcombs, with the epaulettes,” she said; “they do not care if we are all starved, so that they themselves feed and get fat.”—“Look at me, good woman,” said Buonaparte, who was then as thin as a shadow, “and tell me which is the fatter of the two;” a repartee, which turned the laugh against the Amazon, and the mob dispersed, in good humour.

The convention now proceeded to fill up the councils and the directory. The members chosen, for the latter, were Lareveillere Lepaux, Siéyes, Rewbell, Letourneur, and Barras; but, on Siéyes declining to accept the office, the vacancy was supplied by Carnot.

On the twenty-sixth of October, (fourth Brumaire) the convention passed an act of oblivion, as a commencement of the government of the law, and declared its session at an end. It had sat three years; during which long and frightful period, the violence of the different factions, converted the revolution into a civil war, and the house of assembly into a field of battle.

The wisdom and enlarged views of the new executive, were displayed in the formation of central schools, for the superior branches of education, in each department; and also in the founding of the National Institute; an establishment which revived and included all the former celebrated academies of polite literature and science. Amongst the members, were found the name of Volney, author of the *Ruins of Empires*; Raynal, the historian; the astronomer, La Place; Bertholet and Fourcroy, the distinguished chemists; Marmontel, the celebrated dramatic writer, and author of the *Contes Moraux*, or *Moral Tales*—a work which has been translated into every European language;—also, the abbé de St. Pierre, to whom juvenile readers are indebted for the affecting story of Paul and Virginia, and other interesting tales.

Having reached this ameliorated stage of the revolution, it becomes our painful duty, again to conduct the reader to the scene of war. The armies of the republic, were not inactive. Not satisfied with having driven their enemies from the adjacent territories of the United Provinces and the Netherlands, they continued to roll back the ebbing tide of unwarrantable invasion, to so great a distance from the soil of France, that there would be little danger of its return. Jourdan, Pichegru, and Moreau, opened the campaign, on the Rhine, with their accustomed energy and success. The important fortress of Luxembourg, surrendered, by capitulation, on the seventh of June. The possession of this place, the garrison of which consisted of ten-thousand men, commanded by the celebrated marshal Bender, gave the French a control over the whole left bank of the Rhine, except Mentz; which had been blockaded some months, but was still maintained against them, by the Austrians. Jourdan commenced his operations, by taking Dusseldorf; the surrender of which, left the passage of the

river entirely at his command; the enemy retreated, Jourdan pursued his success, attacked them on the Lhan, crossed the Mein, and completed the investment of Mentz.

So far, the republican generals had been victorious. The capital of Germany seemed almost within their grasp, and their labours at an end. The Austrians were retiring before them, wearied and dejected; when, from a misunderstanding between Pichegru and Jourdan, and a consequent failure in giving the latter general the required support, a sudden change was wrought, in favour of the beaten army, which totally altered the aspect of the campaign. After various skirmishes, Jourdan effected a most able retreat, to Dusseldorf, where he had originally passed the Rhine; but, the garrison of Mentz, having been strongly reinforced, two Austrian divisions crossed the river, at different points, attacked the remainder of the French intrenched before that place, drove them, after an obstinate resistance, from all their posts, took their artillery, and destroyed their works. The palatinate now became the theatre of war. All that part of the country, lying within a line drawn from the Rhine, between Landau and Deuxponts, and thence to the country along the Moselle, as far as Treves, was occupied by the Austrians; and the campaign was concluded, by the hostile generals, by a suspension of arms, for three months; which was afterwards ratified by their respective governments.

Desirous of giving repose to France, the directory conceived this an opportune conjuncture, for the re-establishment of peace. An overture was accordingly made, to Austria; but that power would not negotiate alone; and England would not listen to any proposition, in which was not included the abandonment of Belgium, by the French.

Some reverses, experienced, by England, in the West Indies, were counterbalanced by an acquisition of no ordinary importance. On the sixteenth of September, the Dutch colony of the Cape of Good Hope, the key of oriental navigation, was captured, by general Craig and admiral sir George Keith Elphinstone; its governor having rejected a proposition, that it should be assigned to the protection of Great Britain.

CHAPTER V.

CONQUEST OF ITALY, BY BUONAPARTE—PEACE OF CAMPO-FORMIO.

1796. THE campaign opened in the beginning of April. The conquest of Italy was the great object now sought to be attained; a stupendous project, designed to weaken the efforts of the Austrians on the Rhine, by drawing, from that quarter, a portion of their troops; and also to intimidate, or annihilate and dethrone the pope; who was charged with having fomented the war in La Vendee, and caused the general disaffection of the catholics, in the south of France. The execution of this conquest was intrusted to general Buonaparte. This command, which led to his future grandeur, and rendered this celebrated warrior henceforth the hero of the revolution, was conferred upon him, though he had not yet completed his twenty-sixth year, through the influence exercised over Barras, by Josephine, the widow of general Beauharnois, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments; whom the young soldier had married on the ninth of March; a few days previous to his leaving the capital, to place himself at the head of the Italian army.

The forces assigned to the command of Buonaparte, were about thirty-thousand men. Augereau and Massena; Serurier, Joubert, and Lasnes; Murat, Berthier, and Andreossi; all generals of high reputation, accompanied him, in this campaign. The Austro-Sardinian army, which Buonaparte was about to encounter, was much superior in numbers, and commanded by Beaulieu; an Austrian general of great experience, but not less than seventy-five years old; accustomed, all his life, to the ancient tactics, and unlikely to suspect, anticipate, or frustrate, the plans formed by the fertile genius of his young opponent.

Buonaparte's plan for entering Italy, differed from that of Hannibal, and other invaders, who had approached that country, by penetrating or surmounting her Alpine barriers. He resolved to attain the same object, by turning round the southern extremity of those cloud-capped mountains, by the lowest level that the surface of the country presented; keeping as close as possible to the Mediterranean, and passing through the Genoese territory, by the narrow pass, called the Bocchetta,

leading around the extremity of the mountains, and between the latter and the sea.

But, in the passage of the Alps, there was more than rugged nature to oppose. The bristly bayonets and thundering cannon were ready to destroy the invaders, while struggling amongst the rocks. The Austrian and Sardinian armies had apparently taken the most effectual measures to arrest the progress of the adventurous legions. The first action occurred at Monte-Notte; where the enemy were beaten, by a division commanded by Massena; with the loss of three-thousand men: the defiles of Malesimo were next forced, by Augereau; who reduced the Austrian army eight-thousand men, and compelled general Provera, with his garrison, to surrender prisoners of war. The check suffered, by the French, at Dego, was only of short duration. The victorious army descended, like a torrent, into the fertile plains of Italy; forced the Sardinian general, on the twenty-third of April, to ask for a suspension of arms; and, in the following month, his sovereign, Victor Amadeus, (father-in-law of the two brothers of the late king of France) concluded a humiliating treaty, at Paris.

Thus, within the short period of a month, the French commander had surmounted the tremendous passes of the Alps; gained three battles, over forces far superior to his own; inflicted, on the enemy, a loss of twenty-five-thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners; taken eighty pieces of cannon and twenty-one stand of colours; reduced to inaction the Austrian army; almost destroyed that of Sardinia; and now stood in full communication with France, on the eastern side of the mountains, with Italy lying before him, as if to invite his invasion.

The ardent disposition of Buonaparte, did not permit him to rest long, after the advantages he had secured. On the seventh of May, having deceived the Austrian commander, by the ingenuity and rapidity of his movements, he crossed the Po, with his whole army, at Placentia, without the loss of a single man, and repulsed the enemy from Fombio and Codogno; having to lament the fall, at the latter place, of the gallant general Laharpe. The manner in which this favourite officer met his death, was particularly affecting. Hearing the alarm given by the outposts, Laharpe rode out, to ascertain the character and strength of the attacking party; and, on his return, to his own troops, they mistook him and his attendants for the enemy, fired upon him, and killed him.

The dukes of Parma and Modena, upon whose territories

the French had entered, were compelled, like the king of Sardinia, to request a suspension of arms. This was granted, on condition of their paying ten-millions of livres; of contributing, to the national museum of France, a certain number of the most celebrated paintings; and finally sending ambassadors, to Paris, to sue for peace.

The duke of Modena (who was married to a sister of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette) must have severely felt the payment of this heavy contribution. His business was hoarding money; and his pleasure consisted in nailing up, with his own hands, the tapestry which ornamented churches, on high holidays; from which employment, he obtained the degrading title of the royal upholsterer.

In a despatch, to the directory, Buonaparte says, "I will send you, as soon as possible, the finest pictures of Corregio; amongst others, a St. Jerome, which is said to be his masterpiece. I must own, that the saint takes an unlucky time to visit Paris; but I hope you will grant him the honours of the museum."

So highly was this picture valued, by the duke of Modena, that he offered the conqueror, for its redemption, two-millions of livres; a sum equal to three-hundred-and-sixty-thousand dollars.

The Austrians, defeated at Fombio, effected their retreat to Lodi, where Beaulieu had concentrated his forces. This is a large town, containing about twelve-thousand inhabitants. It has old Gothic walls, but its principal defence consists in the river Adda, which flows through it, and is crossed by a wooden bridge, about five-hundred feet in length. The bridge was defended by thirty pieces of artillery, and the imperial troops were drawn up, in line of battle, to prevent the passage. On the tenth of May, a severe cannonade took place, for some hours; but the show of resistance appeared so formidable, on the part of the Austrians, that the French generals were, for some time, undecided, as to the manner of attack. The majority were of opinion, that the passage should be attempted at some distance both above and below the town. Buonaparte, however, full of confidence in his army, gave orders that the attack should be made by the bridge. Before break of day, on the eleventh, the army prepared for the enterprise; and two battalions passed the bridge, half-way, before they were perceived. A general discharge from the Austrians, destroyed nearly seven-hundred men; the advanced body of the French column was struck with a sudden panic, and stopped short:

but, animated by the cries of *Vive la republique!* from their generals, who advanced, at their head, they soon rallied. The resistance was terrible, and the republicans were several times shaken, notwithstanding their generals carried the tricoloured flag in front, and called upon them to follow. It was in a critical moment, when all these incentives had failed in producing the desired effect, that Buonaparte seized a standard, and, rushing to the head of the column, by his voice, gesture, and example, animated them to the highest enthusiasm. They dashed forward, with impetuosity, seized the Austrian artillery, broke through the lines, and threw the enemy into so great consternation, that they fled, in the utmost disorder. The victory was at once splendid and decisive. Buonaparte despatched one division in pursuit of the fugitives; while, with another, he entered Milan, which surrendered, without resistance, on the eighteenth of May; and all Lombardy became subject to the victors, by this single battle.

It was at this time, that Buonaparte had some conversation with an old Hungarian officer, made prisoner, in one of the actions, whom he met in the bivouac, one evening, by chance. The veteran's language was a curious commentary upon the whole campaign, and even upon Buonaparte's system of warfare; which appeared most extraordinary, to the soldiers of the old school.—“Things are going on as ill and as irregularly as possible,” said the old martinet. “The French have got a young general, who knows nothing of the regular rules of war: he is sometimes on our front, sometimes on the flank, sometimes on the rear:—there is no tolerating such a gross violation of rules.”

Every thing relating to this extraordinary man, is interesting. The French soldiers had a mode, at that time, of amusing themselves, by conferring an imaginary rank upon their generals, when they had performed any remarkable exploit. They showed their sense of the bravery displayed, by Buonaparte, in the battle of Lodi, by creating him a corporal; and, by this title, of the Little Corporal, he was ever afterwards known, by the followers of his military fortune.

These several actions, in Italy, had nearly destroyed the Austrian army. Now routed and dispersed, a part of their number took refuge in Mantua, and the rest, pursued by the victors, fled into the barren defiles of the Tyrol. On the twenty-eighth of June, a French detachment took possession of Leghorn, alleging that this city had shown favour to the British fleets; and, about the same time, the main army entered the

territory of the pope, and took Bologna, Ferrara, and Urbino. The French had now gained complete command of the papal dominions ; and so much alarmed the king of Sicily and Naples, that he requested an armistice ; which was granted, under particular stipulations.

The conditions imposed upon the Neapolitans, were, chiefly, that they should withdraw their troops from the coalition, and their ships from the English squadron in the Mediterranean. Those to which the pope was compelled to accede, were more circumstantial and rigorous. Amongst other stipulations, he was required to renounce his connexion with the allied powers, and shut his ports against them ; to pay twenty-one-millions of livres, independent of the contributions to be levied upon the cities ; and to deliver a hundred pictures, busts, or statues, at the option of commissioners, to be sent to Rome, for their selection.

The destruction of the army under Beaulieu, had excited the utmost consternation, at Vienna. It was determined, therefore, to risk the fate of the imperial arms, in Germany, by a reliance upon new levies ; while the flower of the army of the Rhine, was detached to Italy, under Wurmser, a hoary veteran, now in his eightieth year ; who, though eminently brave, yet, trained as he had been, in the slow and formal tactics of the old masters, was less likely, even than Beaulieu, five years younger than himself, to contend, successfully, against the rapid movements of the greatest military genius that had ever trodden the field of Mars. His first operations promised to realize the hopes of his imperial master. But the successes gained by him, over the French divisions, posted at Salo, Corono, and Brescia, which compelled them to raise the siege of Mantua, with the loss of a great quantity of artillery and stores, yielded no permanent advantage. Wherever Buonaparte appeared against him, in person, he was defeated. The able conduct of the French commander, soon retook all that had been lost. The Austrian leader was weakened, at Castiglione, by the death, wounds, or capture, of twenty-thousand men ; was defeated at Primocalo, at Covolo, at Cismone, at Bassano ; and compelled to seek refuge in the city of Mantua, again blockaded, by the conquering general ; by whom three armies had been destroyed, in one campaign.

An incident which occurred at this time, had nearly deprived the republican army of their leader. A French division had passed through Valegio, without halting, in pursuit of Beaulieu ; by whom, the village had just been abandoned. Buonaparte,

with a small retinue, remained in the place ; and Massena's division was still on the right bank of the Mincio, preparing their dinner. At this moment, an advanced guard of the enemy's hussars, pushed into the village. There was barely time to cry to arms, and, shutting the gates of the inn, to employ the general's slender escort, in its defence, while Buonaparte, escaping by the garden, mounted his horse, and galloped towards the division of Massena.

After the battle of Cismone, the French halted, at that village, exhausted with fatigue ; and no sentinel in his army endured more privations, there, than Buonaparte himself ; who took up his quarters, for the night, without either staff-officers or baggage ; and, like the American general, Greene, after the hard contested battle of Guilford, was glad to accept a share of a private soldier's ration of bread ; of which incident, the poor fellow lived to remind his general, after he had placed upon his head the imperial crown.

The victories, of which we have given only a hasty and imperfect sketch, operated an extensive injury to the British arms, in the Mediterranean, especially in the island of Corsica ; which, on the fifth of October, was evacuated, by the English.

Meanwhile, the armistice granted to the pope, had expired, as no definitive treaty had been signed. The inhabitants of the countries south of the Po, had, therefore, under the protection of the French commander, laid the foundation of a new republic, by a congress of deputies, from the cities of Bologna, Reggio, Modena, and Ferrara ; a measure adopted also by the people of Milan, and the surrounding districts ; who formed another republic ; assuming the respective titles of Transpadane and Cispadane, from their situation in relation to the rivers Po and Rhone ; the centre of the former, being Milan. Both, however, were subsequently modified into one republic, under the name of the Cisalpine, in relation to its situation with regard to the Alps and Rome.

The fourth Austrian army, under field-marshal Alvinzi, had now entered Italy, in order to release general Wurmser, still shut up within the walls of Mantua. But, though an accomplished soldier, Alvinzi was not more fortunate than his predecessors. Like them, he had to encounter the master spirit of the sword, and like them he was defeated. The ambition of Alexander, the acuteness and resolution of Hannibal, the rapidity of Africanus, the skill and bravery of Cæsar, were all arrayed against him. The battles of Arcola and Rivoli, were so fatal to Alvinzi, that he was constrained to retire beyond

the Brenta, to await the arrival of another army, and leave Mantua once more open to the assaults of his victorious enemy.

The victory of Arcola, gained after a contest of three days, from the sixteenth to the eighteenth of November, is one of the proudest achievements in the escutcheon of the French commander. The enemy's fire was most tremendous. To animate his soldiers to a final exertion, Buonaparte caught a stand of colours, as at Lodi, rushed upon the bridge, and planted them there, with his own hand. A fresh body of Austrians arrived, at that moment, and the fire, on his flank, blazed more destructively than ever. The rear of the French column, fell back; the leading files, seeing themselves unsupported, gave way; but, still careful of their general, bore him from the scene of peril, in their arms, through the dead and dying, the fire and the smoke. In the confusion, he was, at length, pushed into the marsh. The Austrians were already between him and his own troops; and he must have perished, or been taken prisoner, had not the grenadiers perceived his danger. The cry instantly arose,—“Forward—forward—save the general!” Their love of Buonaparte's person, effected more, than had been accomplished by his commands and his example. They renewed the attack, and succours, at that moment, joining those devoted heroes, they drove the Austrians from Arcola.

The battle of Rivoli, in which the horse on which Buonaparte rode, was repeatedly wounded, was one of the most desperate that this great military captain ever won.

After the battle of Arcola, he was particularly desirous to secure the elevated and commanding position of Rivoli, before the enemy had time to receive their cavalry and cannon; as he hoped to bring on an engagement, before the several divisions of their army were united. By forced marches, he arrived at Rivoli at two in the morning of the fourteenth of January; and, from that elevated situation, by the assistance of a clear moon-light, he discovered that the bivouac of the enemy was divided into five distinct and separate bodies; from which, he inferred that their attack, the next day, would be made in the same number of columns.

The distance at which the bivouacs were stationed from the position of Joubert, made it evident to the French commander, that they did not intend to make their attack before ten in the morning. Joubert was, at this time, in the act of evacuating the position which he occupied only with a rear-guard; but Buonaparte ordered him instantly to countermarch, and resume possession of the important eminence of Rivoli.

A few Croats had already advanced so near the French line, as to discover that Joubert's light troops had evacuated the chapel of St. Marc ; of which, they took possession. It was, however, retaken by the French ; but the struggle to maintain it brought on a severe action ; first, with the regiment to which the detachment of Croats belonged, and afterwards with the whole Austrian column which lay nearest to that point, and was commanded by Ocskay. The latter was repulsed, but the column of Kobler pressed forward to support them ; and, having gained the summit, attacked two regiments of the French which were stationed there, each protected by a battery of cannon. Notwithstanding these advantages, one of the regiments gave way, and Buonaparte himself galloped to another part of the field, to bring up reinforcements. The nearest French were those of Massena's division, which, tired with the preceding night's march, had lain down, to rest. They started up, however, at the command of their general, and suddenly arriving on the field, in half an hour the column of Kobler was beaten and driven back. While the Austrians scaled, on one side, the hill on which the chapel is situated, three battalions of French infantry, who had been countermarched by Joubert, struggled up the steep ascent, on another point. The activity of the French brought them first to the summit ; and, having then the advantage of the ground, it was not difficult for them to force the advancing Austrians headlong down the hill which they were endeavouring to climb. Meantime, the French batteries thundered upon the broken columns of the enemy ; their cavalry made repeated charges ; and, the whole of the Austrians who had advanced, were irretrievably defeated ; while those who remained were in such a condition, that to attack would have been a futile expenditure of blood.

An intelligent agent had been sent from Viennan to communicate, if possible, with the commander of the Mantuan garrison. This messenger was intercepted, by the besiegers. It was in vain, that he swallowed his despatches, enclosed in a ball of wax : an emetic soon forced the stomach to render up its trust ; and the document, which the wax enclosed, was found to be an important letter, signed by the emperor himself.

Scarcely had the French commander-in-chief, gained the decisive victory, at Rivoli, before his presence was required at a distance from the conquered field. On the very day of the battle, general Provera threw a bridge of pontoons over the Lower Adige, and proceeded rapidly to Mantua ; the relief of which fortress, he had, by stratagem, nearly achieved. A regi-

ment of his cavalry, wearing white cloaks, and resembling, in that particular, the first regiment of French hussars, presented themselves before the suburb of St. George. The gates were about to be opened, without suspicion, when it occurred, to a sagacious old republican sergeant, who was then beyond the walls, that the cloaks of this regiment were fresher than those of the French corps, for whom they were mistaken. He communicated his observation to a drummer, who was near him: they gained the suburb, and, having cried to arms, the guns of the circumvallation were opened upon the hostile cavalry, whom they had been on the point of admitting, in the disguise of friends.

Mantua, the birth-place of the poet Virgil, is situated on an island, formed by three lakes, communicating with the Mincio and the Po. It is accessible from the main-land, by five causeways; the most important of which was then defended by a regular citadel, called La Favorita. The garrison was numerous, amounting to more than twenty-thousand men; and the place could not be taken by assault, by reason of its natural strength. Yet, of the five causeways, Buonaparte made himself master of four; and was thus enabled to blockade the city, with a body of men inferior in number to the garrison.

The armistice concluded by the French and Austrian commanders, on the Rhine, terminated on the thirty-first of May. The fidelity of Pichegru having been suspected, the command of the armies, in that quarter, was conferred upon Jourdan and Moreau. Jourdan, after gaining considerable advantages over his antagonists, advanced, in the beginning of June, into the very heart of the German empire. About the same time, Moreau passed the Rhine, at Strasbourg, took the fort of Khel, an important post on the right bank of the river, and penetrated, through Suabia and Bavaria, almost to Ratisbon, with a view of forming a junction with Jourdan. The attempt, however, did not succeed. Both armies were obliged to retreat, until they repassed the Rhine. The situation of Moreau, was extremely critical; and the retreat of this celebrated general, through the mountainous and rocky defiles of the Black Forest, before the archduke Charles, the most active and fortunate of the Austrian commanders, (a brother of the emperor of Germany,) has ever since been regarded as one of the most masterly exhibitions of military skill, that occurred during the revolutionary war.

The return of the French armies, to the Rhine, was succeeded by the resignation of Jourdan; and the northern cam-

paign terminated, in December, by the surrender of Khel, to the archduke Charles.

Treaties of pacification had now been concluded, with nearly all the states that had entered into the war against France. An overture was, in December, made, to the republic, by Great Britain; but, the ambassador of that country, lord Malmsbury, not appearing to be vested with the requisite powers for negotiating; and the directory suspecting that the proposal was not made with a sincere desire of obtaining peace, but only to enable the English ministers to borrow, on more advantageous terms, the money required to continue the war; lord Malmsbury was ordered to leave Paris, in eight-and-forty hours; and accordingly departed, in the time prescribed.

A rebellion being, at this time, on the eve of bursting forth, in Ireland, the directory, in conformity with an understanding, entered into with a deputation from the revolutionary leaders, in that island, prepared a formidable expedition, for the purpose of acting in concert with the disaffected. Three-fourths of the people of Ireland—all the Roman Catholics, nearly the whole of the Presbyterians, and a great number of the members of the church of England—were desirous of separating from Great Britain, and forming a republic. Half a million of Irishmen were ready to rise in arms. The government of France would willingly have sent over a force, sufficient, of itself, without the aid of the Irish patriots, to annihilate, in that island, the British power; but the deputies rejected this insidious offer, and refused to accept of a greater number of troops, than would serve merely to inspire the undisciplined peasants, and enable the nation to conquer Ireland for themselves. They rightly judged, that, should they invite an overwhelming force, they would share the fate of Italy and Holland; and, instead of gaining independence, would only exchange the domination of England, for that of France. On the fifteenth of December, admiral Villaret sailed, from Brest, with eighteen sail of the line, besides frigates and transports; having on board fifteen-thousand troops, under the command of general Hoche. But the expedition was signally unfortunate. Scarcely had the admiral left the harbour, when a storm arose, which dispersed the fleet, and, separating the frigate which carried Hoche, compelled him to seek shelter at Rochelle. Of the whole fleet, only eight sail of the line reached the coast of Ireland, under admiral Bouvet; who anchored in Bantry Bay; but was forced from that station, by tempestuous weather, without having effected a landing; and three sail of the line, together with three

frigates, were destroyed, by the adverse elements, before the fleet regained the coast of France.

A very different fortune continued to accompany the navy of Great Britain. The remaining commerce of France, had, during the course of this year, been almost annihilated, by the English cruisers. The proud mistress of the ocean, had not lost a ship, of any force; while, on the contrary, more than seventy sail of armed vessels had been taken, by her, from the French.

The greater part of the Dutch colonies, both in the eastern and the western hemisphere, having been seized, by England, the Batavian Republic had, in consequence, declared war against that country; and, in the month of October, Spain, also, was induced, by France, to join the latter, in hostilities against the British crown.*

Although every power in Europe had felt the force of the Gallic arms, or the diplomatic influence of the republic, England had hitherto, except in the increase of taxes, and the accumulation of her national debt, suffered, comparatively, little inconvenience from the war. At length, it was suggested, that the most effectual mode of opposing that country, with advantage, was, to attack her commerce, by excluding her manufactures from every port in Europe, subject to French influence or control. This new species of hostility, was carried into execution, with as much despatch, as the jarring interests of the continental powers, would allow; and articles of British manufacture, soon found no legal entrance, into any port, on the continent, from the Elbe to the Adriatic sea, with the exception only of those of the Hanse-Towns, and of Portugal.

Towards the close of the present year, the confederation against France, was deprived of another of its members, in the person of Catherine II., of Russia; who, on the sixth day of November, in the sixty-eighth year of her age, was numbered amongst the dead.

In the routine of belligerent events, it now becomes
1797. necessary to recur to the siege of Mantua. When last we spoke of this great object of contention, it was blockaded by general Buonaparte; to whom, notwithstanding the valour and resolution of its veteran commander, Wurmser, who had killed, to sustain his soldiers, the last horse within its walls, it

* For an account of the insults, offered, at this period, by the Directory, to the American ambassadors and government, and the consequent capture of two French frigates, by Commodore Truxtun, the reader is referred to the author's History of the United States.

surrendered, on the second of February, after a siege of six months, with a garrison of twenty-thousand men; the French having lost, in its reduction, fifteen thousand, and the Austrians, in its defence, twenty-four-thousand.

The labours of the youthful general, in Italy, were now almost concluded. He had far surpassed, in these achievements, the *veni, vidi, vici*, of Julius Cæsar. All the warriors, both of ancient and modern times, were eclipsed. In the short period of less than ten months, Buonaparte had proved victorious in fourteen pitched battles, and fifty-six minor engagements; had taken more than a hundred-thousand prisoners, five hundred field-pieces, and two-thousand cannon, of a larger size; he had supported his army, by contributions levied upon the conquered countries, during the whole campaign; and sent thirty millions of livres, to France, for the increase of the public treasure.

Three Austrian commanders had been beaten, and five armies destroyed, in Italy, in one campaign. A fourth commander, and a sixth army, were quickly sent, by the emperor, with the hope of stripping the wreath of laurel from the victor's brow. The recent and brilliant success of the archduke Charles, against the conqueror of Fleurus, had justly impressed all Germany with the most favourable opinion of his genius and valour; and the court of Vienna already imagined, that this young hero was destined to restore their usual superiority to the imperial arms, in Lombardy. The archduke was nearly of the same age, as the French commander; and both testified a similar passion for glory, and an equal contempt of danger.

On his arrival in Italy, the Austrian commander stationed his army between the Tagliamento and the Piava; while the French, who occupied the right bank of the latter river, and the left border of the Arisco, were prepared to oppose their progress. The superior genius, and good fortune of Buonaparte, again prevailed. Notwithstanding the skill and bravery of the archduke Charles, he was forced, after a series of sanguinary battles, to retire before his impetuous rival. The capture of Gradisca, rendered the French masters of all the Austrian possessions, from the Alps to the Adriatic sea; and they soon afterwards displayed their banners on the walls of Fiume and Trieste, the only sea-ports now appertaining to the emperor, in any part of his dominions.

Results so unprecedented, could not have been effected, without some extraordinary cause. Buonaparte, to use the language of one of his biographers, "had infused into the armies which he commanded, the firmest reliance on his genius,

and the greatest love for his person. He had even inspired his soldiers with a portion of his own intelligence. The maxim which he inculcated upon them, when practising one of those long and severe marches, was—‘I would rather gain victory at the expense of your legs, than at the price of your blood.’—In a letter to the directory, he says ‘were I to name all those who have been distinguished by acts of personal bravery I must send the muster-roll of my advanced guard. They jest with danger, and laugh at death; and, if any thing can equal their intrepidity, it is the gayety, with which, singing, alternately, songs of love and patriotism, they accomplish the most severe forced marches. When they arrive at their bivouac, it is not to take their repose, as might be expected, but to tell each his story of the battle of the day, and produce his plan for that of to-morrow; and many of them think, with great correctness, on military subjects. The other day, I was inspecting a demi-brigade, and, as it filed past me, a common chasseur approached my horse, and said, ‘General, you ought to do so and so.’—‘Hold your peace, you rogue,’ I replied. He disappeared, immediately, nor have I since been able to find him out. But the manœuvre which he had recommended, was the very same that I had privately resolved to carry into execution.’”

Yet, notwithstanding that Buonaparte had beaten the archduke in six different engagements, and destroyed one-half of his army, during a campaign of only twenty-one days, his situation was critical and alarming. The natives of the mountainous districts, into which he had now entered, were attached, by habit, to the house of Austria: they were shielded, by their poverty, from the miseries of fiscal oppression; and the offer of liberty, by which the inhabitants of the valleys had been so charmed, excited, in their contented bosoms, neither enthusiasm nor hope. The numerous defiles of these dreary regions; the difficulties of obtaining supplies; the danger of being surrounded, like Moreau, or nearly cut off, like Jourdan;—all these considerations operated, powerfully, upon the mind of Buonaparte; and he found it necessary, for the preservation of his army, to relinquish the high-toned language of a victor, and affect the conciliating terms of moderation. He accordingly addressed a letter to his antagonist—still high in spirit, though depressed in fortune—in which, he desired to know, whether he would accept overtures of peace. The answer was of a character very different from what the proposer had been accustomed to receive. The archduke replied, that “he

was not intrusted with any power, on the part of his imperial majesty, to treat." The French general again put his army in motion. On the second of April, the advanced posts of the enemy were attacked, and, after a severe engagement, the archduke retired before the assailants; resolved to make a last stand before the walls of the imperial city, for the preservation of his brother's throne.

The alarm, at Vienna, was general, beginning with the court itself. The royal family resolved on flight. Amongst the fugitives of the imperial house, was the arch-dutchess, Maria Louisa, then about six years old; whom, we may conceive agitated by every species of childish terror, by the approach of the all-conquering leader, with whom she was, at a future and similar crisis, destined to be united by the connubial tie, if not in the bands of love.

Having now traversed the southern chain of the Alps, and arrived within thirty-five leagues of Vienna, Buonaparte threatened to cross the northern range, and plant the tricoloured standard on the walls of Vienna. But this humiliation of the house of Austria, was averted. Listening, at length, to the voice of his people, the emperor resolved to open a treaty of peace; and Buonaparte, who now learned that the Venetian senate was exciting an insurrection, in his rear; that the inhabitants of the Tyrol had risen, against him, in a mass; and that Moreau and Hoche had not yet passed the Rhine, for the purpose of coming to his assistance, readily complied with the invitation. A suspension of arms, for a few days, immediately followed; and, on the eighteenth of April, preliminary articles of pacification were signed, near Leoben, which served as the foundation of a definitive treaty, concluded, at Campo-Formio, on the seventeenth of October. The emperor renounced, in favour of the French republic, all his right and title to the Austrian Netherlands, and acknowledged the Cisalpine Republic, as an independent power; and the storm of war, which had begun to rage in the month of May, '92, and had desolated continental Europe, for more than five successive years, subsided into a temporary calm.

Having thus, to use his own phraseology, "conquered a continental peace," Buonaparte returned to Paris, on the twentieth of November; where, he was received, by the government, with every mark of consideration; and by the people, with the most rapturous applause.

CHAPTER VI.

INVASION OF EGYPT—SIEGE OF ACRE.

1797. By the treaty of Campo-Formio, the continental enemies of the Republic, lay prostrate at her feet. She had yet to contend with a belligerent, of more obstinate resolution, than any other state of Europe, and furnished with the means of distressing her, more amply than all the rest of the world combined. Great Britain still continued to wield the sword; and, though baffled in her hostilities by land, growing daily more powerful, on her proper element—the sea.

The frequent victories, however, of the British navy, had not deprived its antagonists of hope. Though they might esteem themselves much inferior to the English seamen, in point of science, they showed that they were little surpassed by them in natural courage. Having now at their disposal the navy of Spain, as well as of Holland, the French republic proposed, to their confederates, that the greater part of the Spanish navy, should sail, in the early part of the present year, to Brest; where, being joined by the French ships of war, in that port, they should afterwards form a junction with the fleet of Holland; that this armada, now increased to more than seventy sail of the line, should bear down upon England; and, having humbled the lofty pretensions of her naval power, lay the foundation of her future conquest. But the British ministry soon became informed of this design. To frustrate its execution, a fleet, under sir John Jervis, was appointed to blockade the port of Cadiz; while admiral Duncan was stationed off the coast of Holland, to observe the movements of the Dutch fleet, in the Texel. Both these officers were successful, in their respective duties. On the fourteenth day of February, admiral Jervis, with fifteen sail of the line, carrying twelve-hundred-and-thirty-two guns, encountered the Spanish fleet, off St. Vincent, consisting of twenty-seven sail, mounting two-thousand-three-hundred-and-eight guns, commanded by Don Joseph de Cordova; and, after an action, which continued about five hours and a half, defeated his opponents with a loss, on their side, of four ships of the line, and twelve-hundred men, killed and wounded; the British loss, in men, being about three-hundred. On the eleventh of October, admiral Duncan, with sixteen sail of the line, and two frigates, carrying eleven-hundred-and-thirty-

four guns, engaged the Dutch fleet, off Camperdown, under admiral De Winter, consisting of an equal number of ships of the line, but of much inferior size, accompanied by ten smaller vessels, mounting altogether twelve-hundred-and-sixty-six guns; having on board a body of French troops, for the invasion of Ireland; and, after a most sanguinary conflict, of about three hours duration, in which the Dutch seemed emulous of rivalling the heroic days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp, the British were again victorious; having captured twelve vessels, ten of which were of the line. Amongst the prisoners, were De Winter, and his second in command. The loss of the British, in killed and wounded, was seven-hundred-and-fifty; that of their opponents, at least fifteen-hundred.

After the battle of St. Vincent, the discomfited vessels of the Spanish fleet, sought refuge in the port of Cadiz; and the remains of the Dutch fleet, after its signal overthrow, off Camperdown, found safety in the Texel.

But the naval flag of Britain, was not equally fortunate, in its attempt against Teneriffe. An attack made upon that island, by a squadron of seven ships of the line, under admiral Nelson, from which were landed a thousand marines, commanded by captain Trowbridge, ended in the repulse of the latter; after a considerable destruction of men, and the loss of an arm, by the gallant admiral himself.

The pacific attitude of the continental enemies of France, was rather injurious, than favourable, to the maintenance of tranquillity at home. It required the heavy pressure of foreign interposition, to prevent the new constitution from exploding. The executive and legislative bodies, were now in a state of open hostility; owing to a charge, made by the former, against the latter, of conspiring to overturn the government, and place Louis XVIII. upon the throne. The discontent and suspicion, excited by the measures of the two councils, in having passed laws in favour of the emigrants and non-juring priests, had reached the armies; and the troops in Italy, under Buonaparte, as if in imitation of the pretorian bands of the Roman, and the Janissaries of the Turkish empire, having led the way, in addressing the directory, their example was speedily followed, by all the other armies of the republic. The address from the division of Massena, concluded in these intelligible words:—"Does the road to Paris present more obstacles than the road to Vienna? No! it will be opened to us, by the republicans who have remained faithful to liberty."—Thus, supported by the armies, and having appointed Talleyrand minister for foreign

affairs, the directory determined upon the complete destruction of their opponents. The execution of this duty, was confided to general Augereau; a bold and active officer, lately despatched from Italy, by Buonaparte, under the pretext of conveying, to Paris, the standards taken at Mantua. On the morning of the eighteenth Fructidor, (fourth of September,) the alarm-gun was fired, by order of a majority of the directory—Barras, Reubel, and La Revelliere—for Barthelemi refused to concur in these violent measures, and was put under arrest, and Carnot effected his escape. Accompanied by a body of soldiers, Augereau, having entered the hall of the council of five-hundred, with his own hand seized upon general Pichegru, the president of the council; and, after ordering that officer, and eighteen others of the conspirators, as they were called, to be imprisoned in the Temple, like Cromwell, he dissolved the assembly, and sealed the doors of the hall.

The council of five-hundred was summoned to meet at one of the public theatres. A committee of public safety was nominated, by the directory; under whose dictation, the late elections, in not fewer than forty-nine departments, were declared void; the vacancies, occasioned by the expulsion of the obnoxious members, were filled, by the directory; the decree in favour of the emigrants, was revoked; and fifty-three members of the councils, amongst whom was Pichegru, and the two directors, Carnot and Barthelemi, were ordered, without either trial or examination, to be transported to Cayenne.

But these measures, alone, were not thought sufficient, by the directorial tyrants, to ensure their despotic power. They restrained the free liberty of speech in the councils, and subjected the press to the surveillance of the police.

Francis de Neufchateau and Antoine Merlin, were elected, by the council of elders, to fill the vacancies in the directory, occasioned by the expulsion of Carnot and Barthelemi.

Illegal and tyrannical as was the conduct of the directory, towards the individuals charged with treason, yet their suspicions, as regarded the designs of a majority of the council of five-hundred, and a large number of the elders, were not unfounded. They desired the restoration of the Bourbons. That Pichegru purposely allowed his army to be defeated, by the Austrians, circumstances afforded no slender proof; and that he afterwards corresponded with the agents of the royal family, convincing evidence was obtained, by the seizure of some documents, at Venice.

In the month of November, Frederick William II., king of

Prussia, was removed, by the hand of death, after a reign of eleven years, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William III.

1798. In the beginning of this year, a new revolution occurred, in Italy. A tumult having happened, at Rome, in which the residence of the French ambassador, Joseph Buonaparte, was invaded, and a republican general killed, an army, commanded by Berthier, entered that capital; and, on the fifteenth of February, having abolished the papal government, established a commonwealth, under the designation of the Roman Republic. The Pope, Pius VI., was made prisoner, and carried to Valence, in France; where he died, in the following year, at the patriarchal age of eighty-one.

Rome was not the only quarter, where the repose of nations was disturbed. Hostilities were suddenly declared, by the French, against Switzerland; the thirteen cantons of which, after a peace which had endured for ages, were now condemned to experience all the horrors of a most rancorous war. Attached, from habit and interest, to monarchical, the Swiss were decidedly averse to republican France; and some of the cantons, particularly Berne, had not only refused, for a considerable period, to recognise the French republic, but had countenanced the assembling of the emigrant army, within their borders; and the latter had compelled the French ambassador to quit Soleure. The management of the war, was confided, on the part of France, to general Brune. The conflict was most sanguinary, and many thousands of the republican army, were slain; but, after a terrible battle, near the town of Standz, all Switzerland submitted, and accepted a new constitution, imposed by the victors; Lucerne was chosen, as the seat of government, and an alliance entered into, between the French and the Helvetic Republic.

As the subjugation of Great Britain, seemed too arduous a task, for the "French army of England," which had long been stationed at Boulogne and on the adjacent shores, threatening daily invasion of the Albion coast, general Buonaparte, who, after his return from Italy, had been appointed its commander, averting his eyes from the west, directed all his attention to the east. Smitten with the love of glory, and imbued with lofty notions, from his early youth, this young general had formed plans of gigantic magnitude; which, confiding in his talents and his good fortune, he thought himself destined to accomplish. The conquest of Egypt now filled his ambitious mind. He considered that country as a stepping-stone, from

which, when in the possession of France, he might proceed, with sure and rapid strides, to overturn the British empire in Hindostan.

Eager to find employment for armies, whose cupidity had been rather sharpened, than satisfied, by the plunder of the Italian states; and desirous to remove a general, in whose presence their power seemed not only eclipsed, but endangered; the directory consented to this romantic enterprise. Although the project was founded on the spoliation of an ancient ally, its gross injustice was overlooked, in the splendid advantages which it promised to bestow. Such are the fascinations of ambition. An armament was prepared; to deprive the Turkish emperor, Selim III., of his sovereignty over Egypt; which yielded an annual income to his treasury, and supplied his capital with corn.

The English fleet, under admiral Nelson, having been blown off, from the blockade of Toulon, Buonaparte sailed from that port, on the twentieth of May, with an army of twenty-five-thousand men. His subordinate generals were scarcely less accomplished than himself, in the art of war,—Kleber, Dessaix, and Berthier; Regnier, Davoust, and Lasnes; Andreossi, and Murat. Accompanying him, were artists of every kind, men of science, in all its various departments, (amongst whom was Berthollet, the chemist, Monge, and Denon,) with every thing requisite for the establishment of an extensive colony. The vessels numbered three-hundred sail. The line-of-battle ships extended over a league; and the crescent, formed by the transports, covered not less than six leagues. After a passage of eighteen days, the fleet arrived in view of Malta; and, on the second morning afterwards, being the twelfth of June, having met very little resistance, a body of French troops entered the city of Valetta, and became masters of the whole island; and thus, the ancient military order of St. John of Jerusalem, or knights of Malta—formerly the chaste and devoted guardians of Christendom, against the Turks, but now become luxurious and sensual debauchees—were bereaved of their territory, after possessing it nearly three-hundred years.

The fortress of Valetta, almost impregnable, if defended with sufficient firmness, now yielded, with so little opposition, that one of Buonaparte's officers said to him, as they passed through its most formidable defences,—“It is well, general, that there was some one within, to open the gates to us: we should have had more trouble in entering, if the place had been altogether empty.”

The ardent temperament of Buonaparte, did not allow him to remain long at Malta. Having appointed a provisional government, and confided to general Vaubois, the care of his new acquisition, designed as an intermediate station between France and Egypt, on the nineteenth of June, he again proceeded to sea; and in the evening of the thirtieth, the fleet anchored in the harbour of Alexandria.

Egypt was then governed by a pacha or viceroy, sent from Constantinople; and twenty-four beys, who, being at the head of provinces and armies, possessed, in reality, all the power. The pacha retained his office no longer than while he was subservient to their designs. The inhabitants numbered about four-millions. The real natives are a timid and unwarlike sect of Christians, named Copts. Besides these, are the Arabs, the Mamelukes, and the Turks. The Arabs are of two classes—the Fellahs and the Bedouins: the former cultivate the earth; the latter rove through the desert, and subsist by plunder, or by means of their flocks and herds. The Mamelukes hold both Copts and Arabs in subjection: they are (or, we should rather say, *were*) a corps of professed soldiers, having no vocation but that of war. Their corps was recruited only by the adoption of foreign slaves, brought chiefly from Georgia and Circassia. These were purchased, when children, by the several Beys, or Mameluke leaders; who, twenty-four in number, occupied, each, one of the departments, into which they had divided Egypt. At this period, they amounted to eight-thousand; and constituted the principal military force. Individually considered, they were the finest cavalry in the world. They are armed with a sabre, which they use with inimitable dexterity; two pistols, and also a carbine resembling a common blunderbuss, which will discharge a dozen balls at once: they are mounted on the finest Arabian horses; and, from the bow of their saddle, hangs a heavy mace.

Alexandria was summoned to surrender, on the fifth of July. The summons, however, being disregarded, the invaders immediately commenced an attack; and, in a few hours, carried, by assault, with the loss of only seventy-one soldiers, killed and wounded, this once famous city; which, in the seventh century, sustained a siege, against the Saracens, of fourteen months, and beheld the death, before its walls, of twenty-three-thousand men. Alexandria, founded by the Macedonian conqueror, was the residence of Cleopatra. It had now wholly fallen from its ancient greatness. Though it once contained a population of three-hundred thousand, and boasted of four thousand baths, it

now presented, to the invaders, only wretched and confused huts, rather than houses; the streets narrow, unpaved, and filthy, and the inhabitants, in number only twelve-thousand, stupid, ignorant, and barbarous.

"It would be impossible for me," says an eminent savant,* who accompanied this expedition, "to describe what I felt on entering Alexandria, where there was neither any one to receive us, or to prevent our going on shore. We could scarcely prevail upon a group of beggars, leaning on their crutches, to point out to us the head-quarters. All the houses were shut: those who had not dared to fight, had fled; and those who had not been killed in the combat, had concealed themselves, for fear of being put to death, according to the oriental custom. Every thing was new to our sensations—the soil, the form of the buildings, the persons, customs, and language of the inhabitants. The first prospect that presented itself to our view, was an extensive burying-ground, covered with innumerable tomb-stones, of white marble, on a white soil. Amongst those monuments, were seen wandering, several meagre women, with long tattered garments, resembling so many ghosts. The silence was interrupted only by the screeching of the kites, which hovered over this sanctuary of death."

Buonaparte had no sooner taken Alexandria, than he announced his purpose. He issued a proclamation; in which, he professed his respect for God, the Prophet, and the Koran; his friendship for the Grand Seignior, of whom he affirmed the French to be faithful allies; and announced his determination to make war upon the Mamelukes. He commanded that the prayers should be continued in the mosques, as usual, with some slight alterations; and that all true Moslems should exclaim, "Glory to the Sultan, and to the French army, his allies!—Accursed be the Mamelukes, and good fortune to the land of Egypt!"

Of this proclamation—the subject of so many critical remarks—we shall here present a literal translation:—

"Too long, have the beys, who govern Egypt, insulted the French nation, and loaded her merchants with vexations:—the hour of their chastisement is arrived. Too long, has this horde of slaves, purchased from Caucasus and Georgia, tyrannized over the fairest portion of the world. But God, upon whom every thing depends, has ordered its empire to end. People of Egypt! you will be told that I come to destroy your religion:

—believe it not: reply, that I am come to restore your rights, and punish the usurper, and, that I venerate, more than the Mamelukes, God, his Prophet, and the Koran. Tell them, that all men are equal, before God: wisdom, talents, virtues, make all the difference between them. Now, what virtues, what talents, what wisdom, distinguish the Mamelukes, that they, exclusively, should possess all that is lovely and sweet in life? Is there a beautiful estate?—it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there a beautiful slave, a beautiful horse, a beautiful house?—they belong to the Mamelukes. If Egypt be their farm, let them show the lease granted to them by God. But God is just and bountiful, to all mankind:—all the Egyptians are called to fill all posts: let the most wise, the most informed, the most virtuous, govern, and the people will be happy. There were formerly amongst you, great cities, great canals, great commerce. By what, has all been destroyed, if not by the avarice, the injustice, and the tyranny of the Mamelukes?—Cadis! Sheiks! Imans! Ishorbadjies! tell the people that we are the friends of true Moslems. Is it not we, that have destroyed the pope, who said that war must be made on Moslems? Is it not we, that destroyed the knights of Malta, because those madmen believed God willed them to make war on Moslems? Is it not we, that have been the friends of the Grand Seignior (whose designs may God accomplish!) and the enemies of his enemies? Are not the Mamelukes, on the other hand, in continual rebellion against the Grand Seignior, whom they still refuse to acknowledge?—They execute only their own schemes. Thrice happy, those that are for us!—they shall prosper, in their rank and fortune. Happy those that are neuter!—they will have time to become acquainted with us, and they will come over to our side. But wretched, thrice wretched, those that shall arm for the Mamelukes, and fight against us!—there shall be no hope for these; they shall all perish!—Every one shall thank God, for the destruction of the Mamelukes; and cry, Glory to the Sultan, glory to the French army, his allies!—accursed be the Mamelukes, and good fortune to the land of Egypt!”

General Dessaix was immediately despatched against Cairo; Rosetta was subdued by general Kleber; on the seventh of July, the main body of the army entered the desert, and, after experiencing the most distressing privations, from heat and thirst, arrived at Demenhur. Buonaparte here found himself in a situation, similar to that of Columbus, when first crossing the unknown extent of the Atlantic Ocean. The army of Italy,

accustomed to the enjoyments of that luxurious country, were amazed at the desolation they saw around them. "Is this," they said, "the country, in which we are to receive our farms of seven acres each? The general might have allowed us to take as much as we chose—no one would have abused the privilege."

The French were obliged to march with the utmost caution. The plain was covered with Mamelukes, dashing over the sands, on their swift Arabian chargers; now, pursuing a straggler, in one direction—then wheeling, at full gallop, in another—brandishing their highly polished sabres—their plumed turbans waving in the air, and their rich dresses and arms glittering in the sun. Dessaix had nearly been made prisoner, by his having remained only fifty paces in the rear of the column. Another officer, of distinguished reputation, was slain within a hundred paces of the advanced guard. General Galois was killed when carrying an order to the commander-in-chief; and an adjutant, a remarkably fine young officer, was made prisoner, at a very small distance from the army, when crossing a ditch. A price being demanded for his ransom, the Arabs disputed about the booty, amongst themselves, and, to terminate the quarrel, blew out his brains.

Four-thousand Mamelukes were concentrated, near the village of Chebreissa, situated on the left bank of the Nile. Here, were fought two separate actions; one on the water, the other on the land. Buonaparte formed his army into five squares, with the carriages and baggage in the centre. Impelled by their natural impetuosity, and holding a body of mere infantry in contempt, the Mamelukes began the attack, and were suffered to approach within the reach of grape-shot; when the cannon suddenly opened, and forced the main body of the assailants to retreat: but some, bolder than the rest, continued to advance, and met their fate, either at the muzzle of the muskets, or the bayonet's point. Chebreissa was carried by assault, and the flotilla, belonging to the beys, retired, after a desperate action; in which, six-hundred men were killed, on the side of the vanquished, and only seventy on that of the victors.

We here take an opportunity of citing a trait of the hospitality of the Bedouin Arabs. A French officer had been several months a prisoner to one of their chiefs, whose camp being afterwards surprised, in the night, by the French dragoons, he had barely time to escape; his tents, cattle, and provisions, having fallen into his enemies' hands. On the following day, a fugitive, solitary, and without any resources, he drew from his

pocket, a cake, and, presenting one-half of it to his prisoner, said to him: "I do not know when we shall have any more food; but I shall not be charged with having refused to share my last morsel with one whom I may esteem as my friend."

Certain, however, of an easy victory, notwithstanding their many defeats, the Mamelukes at length forebore to harass the French army, on its march; which was rendered sufficiently painful by its length, by the heat of the climate, and by the sufferings of hunger and thirst; to which, may be added, the torments of a hope, constantly cheated, and constantly renewed. In the midst of corn, the French soldiers were in want of bread; while they were a prey to thirst, with the image of a vast lake before their eyes. This punishment results from an illusion, peculiar to that country. It is produced by the reflexion of salient objects on the oblique rays of the sun, refracted by the heat of the burning soil; and this phenomenon has so truly the appearance of water, that the observer is continually deceived by it; while it provokes a thirst which is the more importunate, as the instant when it presents itself to the view, is the hottest time of the day.

Neither heat nor thirst impeded the progress of the French commander. Pursuing his victorious career, he advanced, through deserted villages, to Embabey; whence, on the twentieth of July, he beheld, towards the left, the stupendous pyramids, and in front, a splendid line of six-thousand Mamelukes, commanded by Murad Bey. Nothing, in war, was ever seen more desperate, than their exertions. They disordered one of the French squares of infantry; which would have been quickly sabred, only that the mass of those fiery cavaliers, was a little behind the advanced guard. The French used a favourable moment, to restore order. Failing to force their horses through the squares, in the usual manner, individual Mamelukes were seen to wheel them round, and rein them back against the ranks, that they might disorder them by kicking. They hurled at these human walls, which they could not break, their pistols, their poniards, their maces, and their carbines. Those who fell wounded, to the ground, dragged themselves on, to cut at the legs of the French, with their sabres. These were the last efforts of desperation. But they were all in vain. They were again defeated. One body, of fifteen-hundred Mamelukes, defended themselves, until not a single man of their number remained alive. Murad being forced to quit the field, left behind four-hundred camels, his artillery, baggage, and

provisions; and the victors, found all the purses of the vanquished Mamelukes, well stored with gold.

With what ardency of purpose, man will, in some situations, seek the destruction of his fellow-being, an instance may be shown, which occurred in this bloody fight. A French soldier, mortally wounded, having seized an expiring Mameluke, and being in the act of strangling him, with his hands, an officer said to him,—“How can you, in your desperate situation, do such an act?”—“You speak at your ease,” the man replied, “you who are unhurt; but I, who have not long to live, must have some enjoyment, while I may.”

But, though sanguinary in the heat of battle, a soldier is tender-hearted when not engaged in the murderous strife. On another occasion, a grenadier was observed approaching a village, just entered by the French, holding, in his arms, a child, whose mother had been compelled to desert it, in her flight; yet, this brave fellow, notwithstanding the weight of his musket, his cartridges, and his knapsack, and the fatigue of four days of forced marches, had picked up this little forsaken creature, and carried it carefully, for two leagues, in his arms; but, not knowing what to do with it, in this deserted village, seeing one inhabitant left behind, with two children, he gently laid down his little charge beside them, and departed, with the delightful expression of one who has just performed a benevolent action.

The destruction of the Mamelukes, a body, hitherto regarded as invincible, impressed the eastern world with terror; and the continuous fire of small-arms, by which the victory was achieved, procured for Buonaparte the appellation of Sultan Rebir, or king of fire.

Neither fatigue nor danger could restrain the French inclination for the ludicrous. The *savans*, or men of science, had been supplied with asses, the beasts of burthen easiest procured, in Egypt, to carry themselves and their apparatus. The commander-in-chief had given especial orders to attend to their personal safety. But, as this corps of research was little respected, by the common soldiers, loud bursts of laughter used to issue, from the ranks, while forming to receive the Mamelukes, as the general of division called out, in a formal, military tone,—“Let the asses and the savans enter within the square.”

The victory of the Pyramids, obtained with a trifling loss, opened the gates of Cairo, to the invaders. The chief inhabitants hastened to the camp of Buonaparte, to solicit his protection; while the fortunate leader of the French troops, seized this opportunity, to visit the pyramids, and there prophesied,

that his exploits would not be forgotten, at the end of four-thousand years.

On entering the chamber in the pyramid of Cheops, "Glory be to Allah," said the politic commander; "there is no God, but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!"—"Thou hast spoken like the most learned of the prophets," said the Mufti, who accompanied him.—"I can command a car of fire to descend from heaven," rejoined the French general; "and I can guide and direct its course on earth."

The army concluded its operations, at this time, by making a circuit through the country. In all the villages through which they passed, they were received by the leading personage of the country, who levied a contribution from the inhabitants, for their maintenance. They established an ordinary post, at a village called Almie. Here, a house of entertainment which had belonged to the Mamelukes, was furnished, in a moment, according to the fashion of the country, with mats, carpets, and cushions. A number of attendants first brought in perfumed water, pipes, and coffee. Half an hour afterwards, a carpet was spread; near the margin of which, three or four different kinds of bread were laid, in heaps, the centre being covered with small dishes of fruits, sweetmeats, creams, and other dainties, the greater part of them pretty good, and highly perfumed. This was considered but as a slight repast, which was over in a few minutes. In the course of two hours, the same carpet was covered again, with large loaves, immense dishes of rice, boiled either in milk, or in rich gravy soup; halves of sheep, badly roasted; large quarters of veal; boiled heads of different animals, and fifty or sixty other dishes, all crowded together, consisting of highly seasoned ragouts, vegetables, jellies, sweetmeats, and honey in the comb. There were neither chairs nor plates, spoons nor forks, drinking-glasses nor napkins: each of the guests squatted on the ground, took up the rice in his fingers, tore the meat into pieces with his nails, dipped the bread into the ragouts, and wiped his hands and lips with a slice of bread. The water was served in a pot; and he who did the honours of the table, took the first draught. In the same way, he was the first to taste the different dishes; as well to prevent the guests from harbouring any suspicions of him, as to show them how strong an interest he took in their safety, and how high a value he set on their persons. The napkins were not produced, until after dinner; when, each of the guests, having washed his hands, was sprinkled with rose-water, and the attendants brought in pipes and coffee.

When the repast was ended, the places of the French were occupied by natives of the second class, who were very soon succeeded by others. From a motive of religion, a poor beggar was admitted; next came, the attendants; and lastly, all those who chose to partake, until nothing was left.

Having organized a provisional government, at Cairo, then the capital of Egypt, and also an Institute, in imitation of the National Institute of France, Buonaparte followed Murad, and compelled him to seek refuge in Upper Egypt; while Ibrahim Bey, taking a contrary direction, fled towards Syria.

Lower Egypt was now completely overcome; and thus far, the expedition of Buonaparte had been successful. But information was soon conveyed to him of a severe reverse. Fortune seemed to combat, for the aspiring general, only when he had her within his own control. What is commonly ascribed to fate, and destiny, and fortune, is due rather to art, and experience, and good conduct. On his return to Cairo, he received information, that the French fleet, under admiral Brueyes, had been destroyed, in Aboukir Bay.—The place of action had been already celebrated, in history, as the scene of a famous combat, between Augustus Cæsar and Mark Antony, nearly nineteen-hundred years before, which decided the empire of the world.—The British admiral, Nelson, the daring and accomplished seaman—not less great, on the watery element, than Buonaparte had rendered himself on land—reached the coast of Egypt, on the first of August, in pursuit of admiral Brueyes; and discovered his fleet, moored, in a compact line, in the bay of Aboukir; in such a position, that he supposed no ship of war could anchor between his vessels and the shore. But, in this, he was in error. His enterprising assailant ventured within the forbidden space; and attacked him, upon that side which was the least prepared for action. The French had thirteen ships of the line, and four frigates: three of the former carried eighty guns, and one of them, the *Orient*, a hundred-and-twenty; in all, eleven-hundred-and-ninety guns, manned by ten-thousand-eight-hundred men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, all seventy-fours, and one fifty gun ship; carrying altogether one-thousand-and-twelve guns, and eight-thousand-and-sixty men. The advantage, in favour of the French, was, therefore, one-hundred-and-seventy-eight guns, and two-thousand-seven-hundred-and-forty men. The engagement commenced at six in the evening; and never was a battle fought, in any age, more awful and destructive. The British admiral received a wound, in the head, which,

cutting a large flap of skin from the bone, and falling over his only remaining eye, (for he had lost the other, in a former battle,) left him in total darkness. Admiral Brueyes, whose flag was hoisted on board the *Orient*, had been three times wounded, in the present engagement, without quitting his station; at length, he received a wound, which almost cut him in two: still, he remained on deck, but survived his last wound only a quarter of an hour. Soon after nine o'clock, the *Orient* struck her colours, and appeared in flames; at ten, she blew up, with a tremendous explosion: after a lapse of about ten minutes, during which, the combatants, paralyzed by the awful scene, as if by one consent, had ceased to fire, the battle was resumed, with undiminished fury; and continued, with little intermission, until day-light, the next morning; when, out of thirteen sail of the line, and four frigates, which had formed the fleet of Brueyes, eleven of the former, and two of the latter, were either captured, or destroyed.

The British loss, in killed and wounded, was nine-hundred. Of the French, more than three-thousand, including the wounded, went on shore, by cartel, and five thousand were slain or drowned.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew, were saved, by the English boats. Amongst the nine-hundred, who perished, were the commodore Bianca, and his son, a brave and intelligent boy, of about ten years of age; who were, for a time, seen in the water, on the wreck of the *Orient's* mast, seeking for each other, when the ship blew up, and ended both their hopes and fears.

From the crimsoned waters of Aboukir. we now turn, to a scene, which arouses a still greater abhorrence, in the human breast. Since the abortive attempt to debark a body of troops, at Bantry, under the command of general Hoche, the growing insurrection of the people of Ireland, had been matured; and, on the twenty-third of May, a rebellion burst forth, with all the rancorous fury of civil contest. The cruel severity of lord Camden, the viceroy of that unhappy country, served but to heighten, instead of abate, the raging tempest; and it required a change of government, in the person of lord Cornwallis, to allay the storm. This gallant veteran (much as was his conduct censured, by Americans, in the southern war) effected, by his humanity, what his predecessor had failed to accomplish, by a reign of terror. The peasantry returned to their homes. The leaders were pardoned, on the terms of expatriation. The courts of justice were re-opened; and thus, after a continuation of three months, the rebellion ended; thirty-thousand men hav-

ing been slain, in battle, and property worth two-millions sterling, destroyed, by fire.

The directory of France seemed eager to renew these scenes of blood. Eleven-hundred infantry, under the command of general Humbert, were landed, on the twenty-second of August, in Killala Bay, in the county of Mayo; and, such was the gallantry of this little band, that, accompanied by fifteen-hundred of the rude inhabitants of Connaught, they marched one-hundred-and-fifty miles, through the interior; routed an army of six-thousand men, under the veteran Lake; and maintained their superiority, until, being surrounded by twenty-thousand, under lord Cornwallis, and having lost nearly three-hundred in killed and wounded, they surrendered, after an obstinate resistance, at Ballinamuck.

The troops of Humbert, it appears, were designed only as the vanguard, to a more formidable invasion. On the twelfth of October, sir John Borlase Warren, then cruising off Lough Swilly, in the county of Donegal, encountered a squadron of French vessels, consisting of one sail of the line and eight frigates, filled with troops and every species of warlike stores; when, after a long and obstinate resistance, on the part of his enemy, he captured the vessel of the line, and three of the frigates; and three more of the latter were afterwards intercepted, on their return to France. Amongst the prisoners, was the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone; long considered as the most active of the negotiators, at Paris; who, having been conveyed to Dublin, and sentenced to be hanged, inflicted upon himself, in prison, a mortal wound.

Even had the French army succeeded, in landing at Lough Swilly, their situation must shortly have become most embarrassed. It soon became evident, that no reinforcement could have been afforded them, from home.

1799. In the beginning of the ensuing year, the continent became a theatre of gigantic warfare; and more combatants were set in motion, than had ever been engaged, at one time, since Xerxes led his countless millions against Greece. The treaty of Campo-Formio had not definitely fixed the boundaries between the emperor of Germany and France; nor had it finally adjusted the conflicting interests of the German powers. Nor had the congress of Radstadt, assembled in the beginning of the preceding year, wholly accomplished those desirable objects, but was employed rather in vain forms of discussion; when several incidents occurred, of a diplomatic character, which tended to open the wounds, that had not yet

been completely closed; and the defeat of the republican fleet, at Aboukir, encouraged the emperor Francis, entirely to draw the sword, already more than half unsheathed, by the pressing interposition of the Russian Paul; who, on his accession to the throne of Catherine, resolved to enforce, by the presence of an army, what his mother had only proclaimed, by threats.

To give only a brief summary of the numerous and sanguinary battles, that occurred, in the first campaign, would require more pages, than have been devoted to the whole of this imperfect sketch. We have already exhibited a heart-rending specimen of the revolutionary wars. Only the most remarkable battles, shall henceforth be recorded.—Jourdan was placed at the head of the French army of the Danube; to Massena, was confided that of Switzerland; to Joubert, the defence of Italy, aided by Moreau, as a volunteer. To these consummate generals, were opposed, the archduke Charles, Melas, and Suwarrow. But the French armies were, at this time, much neglected, by the department of war. The government of France was subject to the severest animadversions. The directory had suffered themselves to be surprised, by the sudden appearance of the Russians; both energy and patriotism, were alike wanting, in their councils; and they appear to have been influenced by a spirit of rapacity and corruption. Under these circumstances, the armies of the rival powers had entered the field. Never had France appeared in a more critical situation. Neither the skill, nor the valour, nor the constancy of her commanders, was able to withstand the disadvantages under which they fought. Her armies were every where inferior, every where dispirited, every where overcome. Her troops were expelled from Germany and Switzerland; of all her Italian conquests, only the barren rocks of Liguria remained in her possession; and the English threatened Holland with invasion.

General Joubert was killed, in the battle of Pozzolo. Eager to animate his troops, in advancing, at the head of his staff, he was struck with a ball, which pierced his heart:—still, he continued, in the agonies of death, to exhort to deeds of heroism; and fell, exclaiming, “March! March! and fight for the republic!”

Such, is the fate of the soldier—such, the uncertainty of war. But, in this extremity, the existence of the republic was prolonged, by the revolution of the eighteenth of June. No sooner were Treillard, Larevelliere, and Merlin, succeeded in the directorial office, by Roger Ducos, Gonier, and Moulin, than the most energetic measures were adopted, to reinforce the

armies, and enable them to act, once more, on the offensive. The indefatigable Massena, having received a fresh supply of troops, carried Zürich, by assault; slew an immense number of the Austro-Russian army; took five-thousand prisoners, one-hundred pieces of cannon, fifteen standards, together with nearly all the baggage of the Russians, and compelled the allies to repass the Rhine. The scale of fortune once more preponderated in favour of the republic. Her generals again became masters of Helvetia, penetrated into Germany, seized upon Frankfort, Manheim, and Heidelberg, and threatened to lay all that portion of the empire under contribution. Of one-hundred-thousand men, who, eight months before, had joined the army of Suwarrow, scarcely one-half reached the banks of the river Lech. Overwhelmed with grief and disappointment, this veteran warrior, the most successful of the Russian generals, who had never before been beaten, retired to his native country, where he soon afterwards died, in the seventieth year of his age, of a broken heart.

In Italy, however, the arms of the republic were not equally successful. But the campaign did not conclude, in that country, so auspiciously, for the allies, as it had commenced: the defection of the emperor of Russia, damped the expectations of the court of Vienna, and laid the foundation of those disasters, which afterwards constrained all the sovereigns of continental Europe, to become the vassals of a single chief.

During these transactions, an army of thirty-thousand English troops, landed, in Holland, in two divisions; the first, commanded by sir Ralph Abercrombie; the second, by the duke of York. Having been joined by seventeen-thousand Russians, the first operations of the duke, who had assumed the chief command, were crowned with success; and, after being victorious, in a hard-fought action, on the second of October, he took possession of Alkmaar. But, after these advantages, he was disappointed in the expected co-operation of the Dutch; a combination of insurmountable difficulties, rendered all further progress impossible; and the duke, after having obtained the surrender of twelve Dutch ships of war, and thirteen large vessels, intended for the trade of India, concluded an armistice, with the French general, Brune, and evacuated Holland.

While a new coalition was formed, against France, in Europe, her army in the east, excluded, by the disaster at Aboukir, from all communication with the native country, was employed in the reduction of Egypt. From Cairo, now the centre

of his operations, Buonaparte despatched general Dessaix, in pursuit of Murad Bey, into Upper Egypt; while the army under his own immediate command, chased Ibrahim into the desert. After sailing, a considerable distance, up the Nile, Dessaix, on the sixteenth of October, (1798,) overtook the main body of Murad's forces, at Sedimen, consisting of about three-thousand Mamelukes and eight-thousand Arabs; and, after a most desperate engagement, defeated his adversaries; who left three beys and several thousand of their army, stretched on the field of battle. Upper Egypt was now subdued. The French being indefatigable in the pursuit, Murad, Hassan, Soliman, and eight other beys, perceiving that their Mamelukes were slain, and that the Arabs deserted daily, were under the necessity of withdrawing beyond the cataracts.

In the mean time, Achmet pacha, surnamed D'jezzar, or the butcher, who, at this period, governed Syria, under a nominal subjection to the Ottoman Porte, encouraged by the Turks, seized on the fort of El Arish, and made preparations to invade Lower Egypt; Alexandria was also blockaded, by the English; in consequence of which, Buonaparte determined to avert the dangers which threatened his new conquests; and, by carrying the war into Syria, to render the enemy's country the scene of war. He resolved to march against the pacha, in person. General Regnier, who commanded the advanced guard, arrived on the eighth of February, (1799,) at the grove of palm-trees, near the sea, in front of El Arish; and, notwithstanding the strong situation of the place, he carried the village, with the bayonet: on the arrival of the commander-in-chief, he ordered one of the towers of the castle to be cannonaded; and, a breach having been nearly effected, the garrison, consisting of fifteen-hundred men, surrendered, on condition of being allowed to retire to Bagdad. After traversing many leagues of an arid desert, during which they were exposed to all the horrors of extreme thirst, the French army arrived, on the twenty-eighth, at Gaza; of which, without any opposition, they obtained possession; and, proceeding in their bloody conquests, on the fifth of March, they reached Jaffa; (the Joppa of ancient days;) the garrison of which place, after fighting from street to street, and from roof to roof, and losing several thousand men, were at length overpowered.

At Jaffa, as at all other places of importance, Buonaparte organized a divan, of the principal inhabitants, in the French interest; and, after appointing general Gressier to the command of the place, he proceeded, at the head of his troops, for

Acre. Continuing his march, by the way of Cæsarea, he arrived, on the seventeenth of March, within two-thousand yards of its lofty towers; but, on ascending the heights, on the following morning, he beheld the town prepared for a siege; and was no less astonished, than chagrined, on beholding the colours of Great Britain flying in the harbour.

St. Jean d'Acre, so celebrated during the crusades, is built on a peninsula, advancing into the sea, and so conveniently situated, that vessels can lie near the shore, and annoy, with their fire, whatever approaches to assault its fortifications. At this moment, it contained, within its walls, two singular men; who, to the romantic heroism of the days of chivalry, united all the knowledge appertaining to the art of war—Sir Sydney Smith, a British naval officer, already mentioned, as having superintended the destruction of the French arsenals and vessels, in the port of Toulon; and Colonel Philippeaux, an emigrant officer of engineers, a school-fellow and early companion of the French commander-in-chief. Having rescued his friend, Sir Sydney Smith, from bondage, in the Temple, at the hazard of his life, the colonel, after cruising with Sir Sydney, in the Levant, had embarked for Syria, to employ his talents as an engineer, and afford assistance to the pacha.

The fortress having been reconnoitred, it was determined to attack the front of the salient angle, towards the east. On the thirtieth of March, the trenches were opened, at the distance of a hundred-and-fifty fathoms from the wall; when the garrison made a spirited sortie, but were repulsed, and forced to retire, with precipitation, within the walls. As the tower, against which the principal attack was directed, appeared, on the first of April, to be pierced, and the counterscarp was supposed to have been destroyed, by a mine that had been sprung, the troops demanded and obtained leave, to advance, and storm the fortress. It soon, however, became evident, that little pains had been taken, to ascertain the nature of the works; for, on rushing forward, it was discovered, that a ditch of fifteen feet was to be passed, while the counterscarp was almost untouched, and the breach, which was not large, had been effected more than six feet above the surface of the ground. Notwithstanding these obstacles, a body of grenadiers, descended into the ditch, and attempted to scale the wall; but their leader was shot, and, it being discovered, that the only effect produced by the late explosion, was a small opening in the glacis, nothing could be achieved. The garrison was, at first, seized with terror, and many of the Turkish soldiers ran towards the harbour; but, no

sooner did they perceive that the opening in the wall was several feet above the rubbish, than they returned to the charge, and, showering down stones, grenades, and combustibles, upon the assailants, obliged them to retire, after sustaining considerable loss.

But, it was not alone with Acre, that Buonaparte had to contend. All the neighbouring districts were in arms; and the Samaritan Arabs made incursions, into his very camp. Under these circumstances, he despatched generals Junot and Kleber, against the enemy, whom he was determined to drive beyond the Jordan; and, finding that the troops, sent under these commanders, were unable to repel the native force, he left two divisions, to guard the trenches before Acre, and proceeded against the enemy, in person. On the sixteenth, he perceived general Kleber's division, numbering only two-thousand, fighting, at the foot of Mount Tabor, and nearly surrounded, by twenty-five-thousand horse; but, no sooner had Kleber received information, by the discharge of a twelve-pounder, that succour was approaching, than he attacked and carried the town of Fouli, with the bayonet; charged the cavalry, already thrown into confusion, by the French horse, under general Rampon, and compelled them to retire beyond the Mount; where a great number was drowned, in the river Jordan. The result of the battle of Mount Tabor, was, the defeat of twenty-five-thousand cavalry and ten-thousand infantry, by four-thousand French troops; and the flight of the enemy, to Damascus, after a loss of five-thousand men.

Having, in this summary manner, driven off those troublesome neighbours, Buonaparte returned to the walls of Acre. The siege was now prosecuted with increased vigour. Up to the ninth of May, the French had made nine several attempts to storm, but, had as often been repulsed, with immense slaughter. Eleven sorties had also been made, by the garrison. Reinforcements, for the relief of the besieged, having appeared in the harbour, the fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased, ten-fold, and they succeeded in making a lodgment in the second story of the north-east tower. Day-light, on the following morning, showed the French standard waving on the outer angle of the tower, and the troops had covered themselves in the lodgment; having constructed two passages across the ditch, composed of sand-bags, and the bodies of their dead. At this most critical point of the contest, Hassan Bey's troops, though they had advanced half-way towards the shore, were still in their boats. Colonel Philippeaux had, before this time,

died of fever. Sir Sydney Smith, whose energy gave effect to every operation, landed them, with the utmost speed, and, placing himself at the head of the British seamen, armed with pikes, marched them to the breach. A heap of ruins, between the besieged and the assailants, served as a breast-work, for both; the muzzles of the guns touched, the spear-heads of the standards locked. The flanking fire of the besieged, at length dislodged the besiegers, from the tower. The group of French generals, which the shells from the sixty-eight-pounders had frequently dispersed, had now re-assembled, on an eminence, rendered famous by the exploits of an English prince; and Buonaparte was distinguished, by Sir Sydney Smith, on Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount, burning with rage, and intimating, by his gesticulations, that the attack was to be renewed.—A little before sunset, a massive column was seen advancing to the breach. The pacha, opposed, to the assault, on this occasion, a singular kind of tactics. At his suggestion, the breach was not defended; but a certain number of the enemy were admitted, and then closed upon, according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach, unmolested, and descended, from the rampart, into the pacha's garden, where, in a few minutes, the bravest and most advanced amongst them, lay, without their heads; the sabre in one hand, and the dagger in the other, proving more than a match for the bayonets. Finding the assault desperate, the survivors hastened to sound a retreat; general Lasnes was carried off, severely wounded; generals Rombaud and Bon were killed; and thus ended an attempt to storm, continued, with little intermission, for five-and-twenty hours.

The plague had, by this time, found its way into the French camp, and carried off seven-hundred men. It was determined, on the eleventh of May, to make a final effort; and general Kleber's corps was recalled, from the fords of Jordan. But, the assaults made, even by these fresh troops, were as ineffectual as the former. The attack of the morning failed, and colonel Veneaux renewed it, in the afternoon. "Be assured," said he, to Buonaparte, "Acre will be yours, to-night, or Veneaux will die in the breach."—He was true to his word: he lost his life, but Acre was not subdued. The grenadiers at length refused to mount the breach, over the putrid bodies of their unburied companions. Buonaparte, for the first time in his life, perceiving himself foiled—and that too, by a handful of sailors, behind the walls of a town, scarcely defensible according to the rules of art—now declared the place not worth

the sacrifice even of a few days: during the night of the seventeenth, the French army began to remove the sick and wounded; on the twentieth, at nine o'clock, at night, the *generale* was beaten, and the siege raised; after having continued sixty days, and caused a loss, to the assailants, of nearly five-thousand men.

Amongst the generals killed, in the siege of Acre, was Caffarelli; who died of the amputation of an arm. He had before lost a leg, in France; which induced the French soldiers, who disliked him, as one of the principal contrivers of the Egyptian expedition, to say, when they saw him pass before them, "*He*, at least, need care little about the matter—he is sure to have *one* foot in France."

After blowing up the fortifications of Jaffa and Gaza, and inflicting terrible vengeance upon those who had dared to defend their country, against the invaders, the French retraced their steps over the desert, and, on the fourteenth of June, re-entered Cairo; where they were received, by the inhabitants, ignorant of the repulse from Acre, as victors.

A French historian, Miot, gives a melancholy picture of the indifference with which soldiers, on a retreat, regard the sufferings of those whose strength does not enable them to keep pace with the march. He describes a man, affected by the dread of being left to the cruel retaliation of the Turks, snatching up his knapsack, and staggering after his division; while his glazed eye, uncertain motion, and stumbling gait, excited the fear of some, and the ridicule of others.—“ ‘His account is made up,’ said one of his companions, as he reeled about amongst them. ‘He will not make a long march of it,’ said another: and when, after several falls, he at length became unable to rise, the observation that ‘he had taken up his quarters,’ was all the sympathy that it was thought necessary to express.”

The spirits of the French army soon recovered from the dejection, caused by the late reverse. They marched against a body of Turks, who had landed, under Mustapha Bey, on the peninsula of Aboukir; and, after a campaign of fifteen days, destroyed nearly the whole of an army of eighteen-thousand men.

Mustapha Bey was taken, and carried, in triumph, to the tent of Buonaparte.—The Turkish chieftain had not lost his spirit, with his fortunes—“I will take care to inform the sultan,” said the victor, meaning to be courteous, “of the courage you displayed in this battle; though it has been your mishap to lose

it.”—“Thou may’st save thyself the trouble,” answered the prisoner, in a haughty tone: “my master knows me better than thou canst.”

This last series of victories terminated the exploits of Buonaparte, in Egypt; for whom, fortune was preparing a more exalted destiny, in another quarter of the globe. Astonished, at receiving intelligence of a new war, which had broken out, in Europe, as well as of the numerous disasters by which it had been attended, he conceived the romantic project of returning to France, to enable her, once more, to triumph over her enemies, by healing the distractions of her councils, and elevating himself to empire. Having assigned the command of his army to general Kleber, he embarked, suddenly, on the twenty-fourth of August, accompanied by generals Berthier, Lasnes, and Marmont; Bessieres, Andreossi, and Murat; and attended by several Mamelukes, the future guards of his person; and, by that singular good fortune, to which he had been so frequently indebted, he escaped, repeatedly, from the vigilance of the hostile cruisers, passed unsuspected through an English squadron; and having landed near Frejus, on the sixteenth of October he entered Paris.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSULATE—PEACE OF AMIENS.

1799—1804.

THE directorial government had been rapidly approaching its dissolution. Intrigue and corruption had impressed the infant constitution of the republic, with all the decrepitude of age. The vengeance of the Opposition, of which the abbé Sieyes was considered as the head, appeared to be levelled against the three directors, Merlin, Depaux, and Treilhard. Barras, though equally corrupt, had sheltered himself from the coming storm, by seconding the project of Sieyes; and, in place of the obnoxious members, there had been elected, Gohier, Roger Ducos, and Moulin. About the end of August, an insurrection had broken out, in the department of Mayenne; and, so rapidly did the spirit of insurrection spread, in a short time, no less than nineteen other departments, had raised the standard of revolt.

Amid these complicated disorders, general Buonaparte arrived from Egypt, and was received, at Paris, with every demonstration of public favour. Various secret conferences were promptly held ; at which, were present, Sieyes and Ducos—two of the directors—together with Talleyrand, Volney, and Buonaparte, and also his brothers, Lucien and Joseph.

In the mean time, Napoleon seemed to devote his attention exclusively to literature ; and, having exchanged the usual visits of form with the ministers of the republic, he was more frequently to be found at the Institute, or discussing with Volney and other men of letters, the information acquired by him, in Egypt, on science and antiquities, than in the haunts of politicians, or the society of the leaders of either party in the state. Nor was he to be seen at the places of popular resort : he went into no general company, seldom attended the theatres, and, when he did visit any of them, he took his seat in a private box.

To the military, his conduct seemed equally reserved : he held no levees, attended no reviews, and, while all ranks strove who could honour him the most, he turned, in silence, from their applause. In all this, there was deep policy evinced. Under this reserved, and apparently indifferent demeanour, Napoleon was secretly employed in collecting all the information necessary, concerning the designs and the powers of the various parties in the state ; and, as each was eager to gain his countenance and support, he experienced no difficulty in obtaining information upon every essential point.

The plot was at length matured, the drama was prepared for exhibition, and the curtain raised. At eight o'clock, on the morning of the ninth of November, one-hundred-and-fifty of the council of elders, selected by the revolutionists, and containing none of the violent Jacobin party, assembled, at the Tuileries. Buonaparte, having been appointed, by an almost unanimous vote, commander of all the forces, entered the hall, and, taking his station at the bar,—“ Citizen Representatives,” said he, “ the republic was perishing, but your decree has rescued it from destruction. Wo be to those men, who wish for anarchy ! Aided by my brave companions in arms, I will arrest their course. Let us not seek, in the past, for examples to retard your progress. Nothing, in history, resembles the conclusion of the eighteenth century ; and nothing, in the eighteenth century, resembles the decisions of the present moment. Your wisdom has issued this decree ; our arms shall execute it. We demand a republic, founded on a just basis—

on true liberty—and we will have it. We will have it! I swear it, in my own name, and in the name of my brave comrades.”

The instant the president had concluded a short reply, Buonaparte surrounded the Tuileries, with ten-thousand troops.

Barras, who had, for some time, refused to resign his office, was exiled to his country-seat. Before his departure, he sent in his resignation, to Buonaparte, by his secretary, Botot; who, on handing the paper to the general, inquired, in a low tone, what Barras had to expect from him.—“Tell that man,” said Buonaparte, “that I desire to hear no more from him; and that I will cause the authority, with which I am intrusted, to be respected.”—Then, raising his voice, loud enough to be heard, even in the ante-chamber, he continued thus to address the astonished secretary:—“What have you done,” said he, “with the country which I left so flourishing? I left you at peace—I have found you at war: I left you victory—I have found defeat: I left you conquest—the enemy are passing our frontiers: I left you the treasures of Italy, and I find nothing but oppression and poverty. Where are the hundred-thousand heroes, my companions in arms, whom I left covered with glory? What is become of them? Alas, they are no more! This state of things cannot continue:—in three years, it would end in despotism; but, we will have a republic, founded on the basis of equality, civil liberty, and toleration.”

The manner of this sententious philippic, invites our observation. It is evident, that, even then, in the very dawn of his elevation, when his enterprise was only commenced, Buonaparte had assumed that tone, which seemed to account every one answerable to him alone, for delinquencies in the public service, and himself responsible to no one.

The following day gave birth to events of no less importance, than the preceding. The castle of St. Cloud—distant about fifteen miles from Paris, to which the legislative sittings were now removed—was surrounded by troops, in the morning, before day-break; and the council of five-hundred, as well as the council of ancients, assembled there, at two o’clock in the afternoon. In the former body, the proceedings were opened by Gaudin; who proposed that a committee of seven members should be appointed, to consider the best means of providing for the public safety. This motion was vehemently opposed, by several members of the Jacobin party, who, darting forward into the tribune, exclaimed,—“Down with the dictators”—“The constitution, or death!”—These exclamations were followed by a motion, that every member should renew his oath

to preserve the constitution of the third year; which was carried by acclamation. No sooner had the ceremony of renewing the oath been performed, than another violent debate arose, upon the motion that the assembly should proceed to the election of a new director, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Barras.

Informed of this tumultuous discussion, Buonaparte repaired, with great agitation, to the council of elders, and thus addressed them:—

“REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE!

“You are placed in no common circumstances: you are on the mouth of a volcano, which is ready to devour you. Permit me to speak to you, with the frankness of a soldier, and the ardour of a citizen, zealous for the welfare of his country.

“I was living peaceably at Paris, when I received your decree; but, when I was informed of your dangers, I hastened to your assistance, with my brethren in arms. Is not the blood that we have shed, a sufficient guarantee for our attachment to the republic, and for the purity and disinterestedness of our motives? Have they, who dare to lift their voices against us, given stronger pledges? As a reward for our services, they load us with calumnies, and talk of a modern Cæsar, and a second Cromwell. They speak of a military government, and exclaim against conspiracies. Alas! the most dangerous of all conspiracies, is that which every where surrounds us,—that of continually increasing the public misery. Have not ignorance, folly, and treason, reigned long enough in our country? Have they not committed sufficient ravages? Have they not, in succession, inflicted misery upon every class of the community? Have not Frenchmen been divided long enough into parties, eager and desirous to oppress each other? The time is at length arrived, to put an end to these disasters. You have charged me to present you with the means, and I will not disappoint you. I wish to serve the French people. Let us not then be divided. Unite your wisdom and firmness to the force with which I am surrounded, and I will devote myself to the safety of the republic.”

“And to the safety of the constitution,” exclaimed Moreau de l’Yonne.

“The constitution!” replied Buonaparte, with indignant warmth:—“do not name it. What is the constitution, but a heap of ruins? Has it not been successively the sport of every party? The constitution!—has not every kind of tyranny been exercised in its name? Who has, or who can be safe, under its

delusive protection? Is not its insufficiency manifested, by the numerous crimes which have been committed, in its name, even by those who are swearing to it a contemptuous fidelity? All the rights of the people have been violated. To re-establish those rights on a firm foundation, we must labour to consolidate the republic, and to secure the liberty of France. As soon as these objects have been attained, and the dangers of the country have subsided, I will abdicate the command which has been committed to me, and will become the supporting arm of whatever magistracy you may think proper to appoint."

Cornudet here confirmed the assertions of Buonaparte, and said, "I am acquainted with some criminal opinions entertained of the general, which can be developed and discussed only in the absence of strangers." On this intimation, the auditors were ordered to withdraw, and, as soon as the hall was cleared, Buonaparte continued:—"Criminal opinions!" he exclaimed, "I could reveal to you circumstances which would confound my calumniators. But it is enough to tell you, that two of your late magistrates, Barras and Moulin, themselves, advised me to overturn the government, and to put myself at the head of affairs. I repulsed their overtures, because liberty is dearer to me than life. Several factions have tendered to me their services; but I have rejected all their advances, as unworthy the ear of a republican. I speak with the frankness of a soldier. I am a stranger to the art of eloquence; I have always followed the god of war; and fortune and the god of war are with me. Be not afraid, representatives of the people, of criminal plots. I and my brave comrades shall ever be ready to defend you, and to support the republic. (*Then, glancing his eyes towards the soldiers who were on duty within the walls, he cried*)—I appeal to you, fellow-soldiers—you, before whom the Jacobins desire to make me appear the enemy of liberty—you, who have so often been employed under me, in laying the foundation of republics; and, should you ever behold me abandon the cause of liberty, I intreat you to turn those dreadful bayonets, which have been so often directed to the shame and confusion of our enemies, against my own breast.—Representatives! I conjure you to adopt the most prompt and energetic measures to save the country."

Having retired from the council of elders, Buonaparte suddenly entered the hall of the council of five-hundred, accompanied by four grenadiers, without arms. The members were instantly in motion.—"A general here!" they exclaimed: "Down with the tyrant! Outlaw the dictator! Kill him, kill

him!"—Several of the members, rushing towards him, seized him by the collar; and one of them aimed a blow at him, with a dagger, which Thomé, a grenadier, parried, with his arm. The general, with all his heroism, stood, for a moment, astonished, and speechless: he had expected opposition, but was not prepared for a scene of so frantic violence. He had never, before, been exposed to so immediate peril. General Lefebvre, at length, rushed into the hall, followed by a body of grenadiers, with drawn swords; who, having extricated Buonaparte from the grasp of the deputies, bore him off, breathless, in their arms.—The assembly had now become a mob. The president, Lucien Buonaparte, was assailed, on every side. His authority being no longer regarded, and his life subjected to the most imminent danger, he threw himself from his chair; and, having placed his toga and scarf upon the bench, rushed towards the tribune; tears of agony and indignation starting from his eyes. Pistols and poniards were aimed at his breast, to compel him to resume his office, and pronounce a decree of outlawry against his brother; but, he remained inflexible; and Lefebvre, being, at that moment, deputed by Napoleon, entered the hall, with a party of soldiers, and conducted him, in safety, to the palace-court. Here, Lucien addressed the military, in glowing language, condemning the desperate conduct of the council; and, at the conclusion of his harangue, was greeted with the approving shouts of "Long live the republic—long live Buonaparte!"

The general now ordered Murat to enter the hall of the council of five-hundred, with some troops. The voices of the speakers were overpowered, by the beat of drums; the grenadiers brought their muskets to the charge; a dreadful scene of alarm, arose; some members rushed out through the doors, some leaped from the windows; and the hall was cleared, as speedily as Cromwell had dispersed the long-parliament of England.

This was the last democratical assembly, in France. The directorial government was now defunct. The revolution proceeded rapidly, towards its consummation. A consular committee was appointed; consisting of the ex-directors, Sieyes and Ducos, and Buonaparte himself; who, though his name appears the last, in order, was certainly not the least, in power.

Astonished to hear his young military colleague, on the very first conference, discussing questions relative to finance, administrations, the army, law, and politics, Sieyes left him quite disconcerted, and ran to his friends, saying,—“Gentlemen, you

have got a master ! This man knows every thing, wants every thing, and can do every thing."

At length, the new constitution was completed ; and, on the twenty-ninth day of December, was proclaimed at Paris. It had been submitted to the citizens of the French republic ; and approved by more than three-millions ; while the votes against its acceptance, amounted only to about fifteen-hundred. A more complicated, utopian, and impracticable form of government, was never, in our opinion, constructed, in any age. It consisted of a conservative senate, of eighty members ; thirty-one of whom were chosen by four commissioners, named in the constitution ; the remainder being appointed by itself ; all holding their offices for life :—a tribunate, of one-hundred members, elected by the senate ; a legislative body, of three-hundred, indirectly chosen by the people ; and finally, three consuls, elected, by the senate, for ten years, from a national list, transmitted by the several departments. General Buonaparte was appointed first consul ; Cambaceres, the second ; Le Brun, the third. The whole executive authority was vested in the first ; the other two being allowed only to advise, without having the power of a controlling vote.

The duty of the legislative body, was, to take into consideration, such laws as had been approved by the tribunate ; and pass, or reject them, by a silent vote, without any debate, or any expression of opinion. The tribunate, on the contrary, was permitted the use of speech, and were to discuss such laws as were committed to them, by the consuls ; to whom, alone, belonged the privilege of originating every subject of legislation.

But the people were eased of the constitutional burthen of election. Without waiting for the lists of eligible persons, or following any other rule than his own pleasure, Buonaparte named sixty senators ; the senate named a hundred tribunes, and three-hundred legislators ; and thus, the whole metaphysical engine—the fabric chiefly of the abbé Sieyes—was set in motion, by a choice emanating from the executive government, instead of receiving its primary impulse from the nation.

At this critical period, these despotic measures were perhaps advantageous to the country. The strong arm of despotism seemed necessary, to restrain the violence of faction ; and, whatever may have been his ultimate intention, Buonaparte was, at this time, a blessing, to afflicted France.

The monarchy of England, has been called "a republic, in disguise :"—the republic of France might now, with an equal degree of truth, be styled "a monarchy, in disguise ;" for, with

the semblance of limitation, no executive authority, was ever, in reality, more absolute.

Lucien Buonaparte was constituted minister of the interior; Talleyrand and Carnot were reinstated in their respective offices, of minister for foreign affairs, and minister of war; and Fouché, in that of superintendent of police.

The revolution, which had thus concluded, was one of force, without bloodshed. Not a single life had been sacrificed, during this momentous change. Regularity succeeded to disorder; the military and civil institutions were essentially amended, or re-organized; animation was restored to the tribunals of justice; and many virtuous and useful citizens, who had been exiled, by former administrations, were recalled. The wise policy and mildness of the consular government, displayed itself, also, in the termination of proscriptions against the catholic priests; in the re-opening of the churches, throughout France; and in the permission given to Lafayette, Latour Maubourg, and others, who had been exiled, for not carrying their principles of freedom to extravagance, to return to their native country.

The exiled royal family, also entertained a hope of being recalled to France. The individual who styled himself Louis XVIII., wrote a most elaborate letter to the first consul, containing the following expressions:—"You delay long to restore me to my throne. It is to be feared, that you may allow favourable moments to escape. You cannot complete the happiness of France without me, nor can I serve France without you. Hasten, then, and specify, yourself, the places which you would wish your friends to possess."

To this letter, the first consul replied:—"I have received your royal highness's letter; I have always felt deep interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France; you could not do so without passing over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall, however, be always eager to do every thing that may tend to alleviate your fate, or enable you to forget your misfortunes."

The overtures made by the count d'Artois, possessed still more elegance and address. He commissioned, as the bearer of his propositions, the duchess de Guiche; a lady whose fascinating manners and personal graces were calculated to assist her in the important negotiation. She easily gained access to madame Buonaparte, with whom all the individuals of the old court came easily in contact. She breakfasted with her, at Malmaison; and the conversation turning upon London, the

emigrants, and the French princes, the duchess mentioned, that, as she happened, a few days before, to be at the house of the count d'Artois, she had heard some person ask the prince, what he intended to do for the first consul, in the event of his restoring the Bourbons; and that the prince had replied,—“I would immediately make him constable of the kingdom, and every thing else he might choose. But even that would not be enough: we would raise, on the Carousel, a lofty and magnificent column, surmounted with a statue of Buonaparte crowning the Bourbons.”

The first consul entered shortly after breakfast, when Josephine eagerly repeated the circumstance related by the duchess. “And did you not reply,” said her husband, “that the corpse of the first consul would have been made the pedestal of the column?”—The charming duchess de Guiche was still present; the beauties of her countenance, her eyes and her words, were directed to the success of her commission. She said she was delighted; she knew not how she would ever be able sufficiently to acknowledge the favour which madame Buonaparte had procured her, of seeing and hearing so distinguished a man—so great a hero.

It was all in vain: the duchess received orders, that very night, to quit Paris. The charms of the emissary were calculated rather to alarm Josephine, than to induce her to say any thing very urgent in her favour, and the next day the duchess was on her way to the frontier.

1800. Having, in a great measure, united, in his own person, the whole power, both civil and military, the first consul determined to enter upon negotiations for peace. A proposal, made to the court of Vienna, having been unsuccessful, he next addressed a letter to the king of England; which, however, was treated in a manner but ill corresponding with the apparent sincerity of the pacific offer; lord Grenville, the British minister, intimating, in the reply, that no treaty of peace would be entertained, unless on condition that the crown of France should be restored to the legitimate heir of the house of Bourbon.

A division, which, at this critical period, occurred, in the cabinet of Vienna, proved extremely inauspicious to the house of Austria. Finding himself thwarted in his plans, the archduke Charles resigned the command of the imperial forces, and was succeeded by field-marshal Kray; who was left to defend Germany, with an ill-appointed army. Moreau allowed not so favourable an opportunity, to pass, unemployed. With

his usual activity, he attacked the enemy, and, after many obstinate engagements, having compelled the field-marshal to seek refuge under the cannon of Ulm, he penetrated into the heart of Germany; and, by the constant alarm of his manœuvres, the emperor, being uncertain as to the ultimate design of so enterprising a commander, was prevented from sending supplies into Italy; now become the theatre of a mighty contest, which was to decide the fate of Europe.

Here, the first consul determined to assume the leading character, himself. He suddenly left Paris, on the third of May; and, at the expiration of six days, reviewed his troops, in the neighbourhood of Lusanne; having previously induced the enemy to expect, that he intended to proceed into Italy, at the head of a small army; assembled, for the purpose of deception, at Dijon. But, before he could reach the valley of Aôsta, in Piedmont, it was necessary to traverse eighty English miles of a mountainous region, nearly impervious to man; and over which no carriage, of any kind, had ever passed. Buonaparte, however, was not dismayed, either by the difficulty or the danger. He determined, not only to march his army, of sixty-thousand men, across the great St. Bernard, the highest of the aerial ridges of the Alps, but also to conduct ammunition, provisions, and even artillery, by this route; although the soldiers, from the narrowness of the path, must be obliged to proceed in single files.

On the fifteenth of May, the army was put in motion. Buonaparte set out a considerable time after the march had begun, accompanied by no one, except his guide; wearing his usual simple dress—a grey surtout, and small three-cornered hat. He travelled in silence, interrupted, at distant intervals, by a few short and hasty questions, about the country. The only part of his conversation, which his guide remembered, was, when, shaking the rain-water from his hat, he exclaimed—“There, see what I have done, in your mountains—spoiled my new hat. Well! I will find another, on the other side.”

An offer had been made, by sound of trumpet, in the town of St. Pierre, that a reward, of from six-hundred to a thousand livres, would be given, for the conveyance of each piece of cannon, over the mountain. A crowd of peasants flocked, from every quarter, with beasts of burthen. The soldiers united their efforts, with those of the rustics; and contributed to achieve the most arduous undertaking. General Marmont ordered trees to be felled, and hollowed, in such a manner, as to form a bed, for the eight-pounders and mortars. To each

of these vehicles, were attached one-hundred men, harnessed with ropes; while others, with levers, prevented them from falling over the craggy summits; and sledges, also, were contrived, which supported cannon of a larger size. The gun-carriages were taken asunder, and carried in separate parts, except those belonging to four-pounders, which were borne on a sort of litter, by ten men. The cavalry led their horses; and, as the arms and accoutrements of one-half of the soldiers, who were in harness, had to be carried by the others, each of the latter was burthened with a weight of not less than seventy pounds. The musical bands occasionally played enlivening tunes; and, at places of unusual difficulty, the drums reminded the soldiers of their former conquests, by the animating charge. Above them, they beheld everlasting snow; below them, were the clouds.—Fainting, with fatigue, they at length reached the summit of St. Bernard; where they found refreshments, prepared for them, by the hospitable monks; who gave, to each soldier, as he passed, some bread and cheese, and a cup of wine. The difficulties were now almost surmounted. Though several horses fell over the precipices, the descent to Verney, the first village of Piedmont, was accomplished with less exertion. Some of the men glided along the surface of the polished snow; Buonaparte himself being the first to set the example of this new mode of descending into the Italian plains.

Such, was this celebrated passage of the Alps. On the eighteenth of May, after three days of unexampled peril and fatigue, the advanced guard, commanded by general Lasnes, took possession of Aösta.

A representation of this exploit—which, considering that Buonaparte had to convey *cannon* with him, over that precipitous route—far surpasses the famous crossing of the Alps, by Hannibal,—was painted, by the great French artist, David; and, many years afterwards, brought, by Joseph Buonaparte, to the United States.

Now commenced, a most brilliant series of achievements. At Milan, the first consul having been joined, by general Moncey, with eighteen-thousand men, he soon became master of Lodi, Brescia, Placentia, Pavia, and Cremona; and, on the fourteenth of June, defeated the imperial general, Melas, at Marengo. At the latter place, however, the good fortune of the French commander, appeared, for a while, to have deserted him. Victory seemed to have declared in favour of his opponent. Melas, whose head was whitened by a life of eighty years, had nearly wrested, from the destroyer of his country-

men, the laurel crown. After twelve successive charges, the Austrian cavalry had routed the centre and the left wing of the French army; and compelled the right to retire, for safety, to St. Julian; and, had it not been for the opportune arrival of the reserve, under general Dessaix, the sun of the first consul's glory, would, perhaps, have set, for ever. The gallant Dessaix, having opposed his division, as a barrier against the pursuing enemy, afforded time to the scattered forces to resume their order; when he received a mortal wound, from a musket-ball; exclaiming, with his expiring breath,—“I die with this regret, only—that I have not done enough, to live in the remembrance of my country.”

Never was any combat more obstinate. Never was any victory more pertinaciously disputed. The two armies, consisting of one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand men, were engaged for fourteen hours; and fought, during a considerable part of this time, within musket-shot. The loss of the Austrians, in slain, wounded, and prisoners, was fifteen-thousand men; that of the French, about six-thousand.

Since the battle of Pavia, nearly three centuries before, in which, Francis I. was taken prisoner, by the troops of Charles V., no battle had been productive of greater events, than the battle of Marengo. Two days afterwards, not fewer than twelve fortified towns, were delivered to the French; general Melas was constrained to propose a truce; and the first consul, after a brilliant campaign of only two months, assigned the command of his army to Massena, and returned to Paris.

Nor were the French, at this period, less formidable on the Danube. No sooner had Moreau received intelligence of the decisive victory of Marengo, than he determined to penetrate into the hereditary states of the house of Austria. On the nineteenth of June, he defeated general Starray, on the plains of Blenheim—already famous, for the victory obtained, there, over Marshal Tallard, by the duke of Marlborough—and, after many intermediate successes, routed an army, commanded by the archduke John, at Hohenlinden, with a loss, on the part of the latter, of ten-thousand men.

At no period of its history, was the existence of the Austrian monarchy in greater hazard. After the signal victory at Hohenlinden, the French army crossed the Inn, and, arriving at Steyer, was within seventeen leagues of Vienna. The Gallo-Batavian troops, at the same time, approached the hereditary states, by advancing along the Danube: Macdonald, in possession of the Tyrol, had the option of descending either into Italy or

Germany; while Brune, after a campaign of only twenty days, during which he had taken fifteen-thousand prisoners, blockaded Mantua, and was ready to penetrate into the mountains of Carinthia, to form a junction with the victorious legions of Moreau.

Having previously obtained the consent of the English ministry, the emperor Francis solicited the French government, that he might be allowed to conclude a separate peace. The conditions were, indeed, severe; but, as he was now in a worse situation, than at the treaty of Leoben, he was constrained to yield. By a definitive treaty, signed at Luneville, on the ninth of February, in the following year—Joseph Buonaparte, acting as plenipotentiary on the part of France, and the count Cobenzel, for the house of Austria—Mantua, and many other important cities of Italy, were ceded to the republic; together with the Austrian Netherlands, and the whole left bank of the Rhine: all the principal articles in the treaty of Campo-Formio, were confirmed; and the duchy of Tuscany, the hereditary dominions of the brother of Francis, now converted into a kingdom, under the appellation of Etruria, was given to the duke of Parma, of the house of Bourbon, assuming the title of Francis I.

The naval power of England had never shone more conspicuously, than during the present contest. So decided had been her superiority, on the ocean, since the commencement of the war, that she had taken not less than three-hundred-and-twenty armed vessels, from the French, and eighty-nine from the Spaniards; of which, seventy-eight were of the line:—while, on the other hand, only fifty had been captured from the English; and of these, only three were of a class as large as a frigate.

Though baffled in their attempts upon Quiberon and Cadiz, the British, navy had better fortune in the reduction of Malta. After a blockade of two years, the garrison having exhausted their provisions, were constrained, on the fifteenth of September, to surrender that important station, to an English fleet.

But, amidst these successes, a storm was gathering, against Britain, in the north. The conduct of the northern sovereigns, began to arouse the jealousy of England. In the early part of the contest, against the French republic, Great Britain had enjoyed the secret or avowed approbation of every neighbouring court: but the scene was now changed; and that country, which had commenced the war with all the states of Europe as her allies, now beheld the majority leagued against her naval ascendancy, and intent upon the reduction of her power. The

maritime states complained, that their neutrality was no longer respected; that their shores and harbours were insulted, by the British cruisers; and that even their ships of war, were not allowed to afford protection to the merchant-vessels, intrusted to their charge. Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, were loud in preferring their complaints. They entered into an association, for their mutual protection; revived a treaty of "armed neutrality," which had originated with Russia, near the close of the American war; and formed additional regulations, for the extension and security of their commerce. They maintained, that any neutral ship might freely navigate on the coasts of the belligerent powers; and that every thing not expressly contraband, should be free; that the declaration of officers, commanding ships of war, convoying merchant-vessels, should be deemed a sufficient satisfaction, as to the description of their cargoes; that no search should be permitted, when a vessel was under convoy;—and, to protect the trade of their respective kingdoms, the contracting parties agreed to provide

1801. a squadron. The emperor of Russia carried his resentment further. He sequestered all the British vessels, in his ports; ordered those detained in the harbour of Narva, to be burned, in consequence of the escape of two vessels, in contravention of his decrees; and declared that the sequestration should not be removed, until Malta were delivered to him, in conformity with a convention, concluded in the year 1798. But, to this requisition, the British ministry thought it not prudent to accede. After the defeat of Suwarrow, Paul had withdrawn from co-operation with the Austrians; and had even courted the favour of the first consul, for whose character he professed an extraordinary degree of admiration. To enforce the compact, great preparations were made, in all the northern ports; and, on the thirtieth day of March, the Prussian monarch took possession of Hanover, the hereditary dominion of the king of England.

To dispel this formidable alliance, the British government was not tardy, in despatching a sufficient force. Eighteen ships of the line, with a due accompaniment of frigates and gun-boats, under the chief command of sir Hyde Parker, but led into action by lord Nelson, attacked the batteries of Copenhagen, on the second of April; and, after an action of five hours' duration, more terrible than even the battle of Aboukir, in which the Danes evinced an heroic gallantry, worthy of their ancient fame, the crown-prince, in order to prevent the destruction of every thing within the reach of the British fire,

agreed to suspend the operations of the armed neutrality, as far as related to Denmark.

Seventeen vessels of the line, were sunk, burned, or taken. Yet, the condition of the assailants, was, at one period of the attack, so hopeless, that admiral Parker exhibited a signal, ordering the vessels to withdraw. This, however, lord Nelson thought proper to disobey. He was then walking on the quarter-deck, and said to captain Foley, with considerable agitation—"Do you see what's shown on board the commander-in-chief?"—"Why, to leave off action!"—"Leave off action!" he repeated; and then added, with a shrug—"Now, d—n me, if I do. You know, Foley," added he "I have only one eye, and have a right to be blind sometimes;" and then, with an archness, peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed—"I really don't see the signal."

The moral justice of this mode of negotiation, may well be questioned. All further diplomacy, however, of the same kind, was unexpectedly prevented, by the death of the emperor Paul; who fell, by the hands of his indignant courtiers, on the twenty-second of March. His son and successor, Alexander I., was a prince of much greater talents, and of a most amiable disposition:—by his interference, the confederacy against England was dissolved, and the strictness of the rules, with regard to the right of search, in some degree relaxed.

The better fortune of the first consul, prevented him from falling a victim to a new mode of assassination. The ever-watchful eye of the French police, had defeated a counter-revolution, attempted, towards the close of the preceding year, by the royalists; of whom, Pichegru was the chief; but his destruction, by the explosion of a contrivance, called, afterwards, the "infernal machine," was averted solely by the effect of chance. On the evening of the third Nivose, as the first consul was proceeding, in his carriage, to the opera, he passed through the Rue Vicaise, a narrow street, in which stood a cart, containing a barrel, resembling that in which water is carried through the streets of Paris, filled with gunpowder and grape-shot, and placed in such a situation, as almost to obstruct the way. The coachman, being in a state of intoxication, drove with unusual rapidity; but he had passed the car only a few seconds, when it exploded, with dreadful effect; nearly demolished several adjacent houses, killed twenty persons, and wounded above fifty; amongst the latter, a person named St. Regent, who had fired the match. Buonaparte, who had been, at this time, asleep, dreaming, as he has informed us, of the danger he had

escaped, in passing the Tagliamento, some years before, instantly exclaimed, to Lasnes and Bessieres, who were with him,—“We are blown up!”—The attendants would have stopped the carriage; but, with more presence of mind, the consul ordered them to drive on, and arrived safely at the opera; his coachman, entirely ignorant of what had occurred, but conceiving that his master had only been saluted by a discharge of cannon.

The police collected all the remnants of the cart and the machine, and invited all the workmen of Paris to view them. The pieces were recognized by several. One said, I made this—another, that—and all agreed that they had sold them to two men, who, by their accent, they knew to be *Bas Bretons*; but nothing more could, by this means, be ascertained. Shortly afterwards, the hackney coachmen and other persons of that description, gave a great dinner, in the Champs Elysee, to Cesar, the first consul’s coachman; thinking that he had saved the consul’s life, by his skill and activity, at the moment of the explosion. At this dinner, they all “took their bottle freely,” and drank to Cesar’s health. One of them, when drunk, said, “Cesar, I know the men who tried to blow the first consul up, the other day. In such a street, and such a house (naming them,) I saw, on that day, a cart, like a water-cart, coming out of a passage, which attracted my attention, as I never had seen one there before. I observed the men and the horse, and would know them again.”—The minister of the police was called, the informant was interrogated, and brought the officers to the house which he had mentioned; where they found the measure with which the conspirators had put the powder into the barrel, with some of the powder still adhering to it. A little was also found scattered about. The master of the house, on being questioned, said, that there had been three persons there, for some time, whom he took to be smugglers; that, on the day in question, they had gone out with the cart, which he thought contained a load of smuggled goods. He added that they were *Bas Bretons*, and that one of them appeared to be master over the other two. Having now a description of their persons, every search was made, and St. Regent and another of the assassins, named Carbon, were taken, tried, and executed.

It was a singular circumstance, that an inspector of police had noticed the cart standing, at the corner of the street, for a long time, and had ordered the person who was with it, to drive it away; but he made some excuse, and said that there was plenty of room, and the other, seeing it was a water-cart, with

a miserable horse, not worth twenty francs, did not suspect any mischief.

But, although invested with supreme authority, on the banks of the Seine, the first consul could not recollect the borders of the Nile, without a pang. Abandoned to their fate, cut off from all communication with their native land, the army of Egypt considered the conduct of their former leader as treacherous, and loaded him with execrations. The grand vizier assembled a new army, for the purpose of recovering the conquered provinces of his master; and the pachas were repairing, to his standard, from every quarter of Asiatic Turkey. Very different, were the resources of the French. Within the space of a single year, one-third of Kleber's forces had been destroyed; and it became, at length, difficult for him to assemble, at any one point, more than ten-thousand men. His antagonists, at the same time, had concentrated more than eighty thousand; and, after a siege of a few days, obtained the surrender of El Arish. Meanwhile, a treaty was discussing, between the French general and sir Sydney Smith; which was at length concluded, on terms highly favourable, both to the Turkish government and the French; for, while the latter were allowed to return home, with the undiminished honours of war, Egypt was to be restored to the Ottoman Porte.

This convention, however, the British ministers refused to ratify. They judged it impolitic, to allow so many veteran troops, to be reconducted to the European continent; and there, again, oppose their own armies, in the field;—or, what is more likely, they reserved the plains of Egypt, as a theatre, on which to retrieve the character of the British army; sacrificed, by William Pitt, and his no less visionary associates in the cabinet, to a diffusive scheme of land-operations, more frivolous than any that were ever planned, in any age:—they therefore resolved to send a powerful army into Egypt, and cause the French troops to evacuate the disputed province; not as men emancipated by a treaty, but as prisoners of war.

To command the British forces, they selected one of the first soldiers of their army—the veteran Abercrombie—accompanied by subordinate generals, not surpassed in gallantry, however they might be in experience, by the ablest officers of the Buonapartean school of war. Besides the chivalric Smith, the commander-in-chief was aided by generals Hutchinson and Moore; Ludlow, Coote, and Craddock; lord Cavan, Doyle, and Stuart. Of these officers, the only Englishmen were Stuart and sir Sydney Smith: Abercrombie and Moore were natives

of Scotland; the rest, of Ireland. The expedition was well concerted. It was the only important enterprise, by land, since the commencement of the war, in which the British forces were successful. Besides the army under sir Ralph Abercrombie, which was to debark in Aboukir Bay, another body, of native troops, from India, under sir David Baird, was to land at Cosier, on the Red Sea; while a third, under the conduct of the Grand Vizier, was to penetrate into Egypt, across the desert.

Meanwhile, hostilities between the grand vizier and the French army, recommenced. The advanced posts of the Turkish army, were then at Mataria, the Heliopolis of the ancients, within five miles of Cairo. Here, was fought, a short, but decisive action; in which, general Kleber, who lost only fifty men, in killed and wounded, routed the Turks, with a loss of eight-thousand; and, retreating thence with precipitation, they fled to Jaffa; their numbers lessened one-half, before they reached that place of refuge, by hunger, desertion, and the sword.

This was the last exploit of general Kleber. When walking on the terrace of the great square, at Cairo, a wretch, instigated, as he afterwards declared, by one of the agas of the Janissaries, struck him, with a poniard, and inflicted a mortal wound.

Kleber was succeeded by Menou; an officer much inferior in abilities; who, having married a Mahometan, had assumed the prenomen of Abdallah, with the habit and manners of a Turk.

On the second of March (1801) the British army, amounting to fifteen-thousand men, arrived in Aboukir Bay. On the eighth, the first division, consisting of six-thousand, landed, under a most terrific discharge of shot, shells, and grape; by which, not less than seven-hundred were placed *hors de combat*: on the following day, the remainder were disembarked; and, on the next morning, there commenced a series of actions, which evinced equal bravery, on each side. But the French, at length, lost much of their accustomed enthusiasm: they had become weary of their secluded exile, and desired rather to see their native homes, than a field of battle. On the twenty-seventh of June, general Belliard surrendered Cairo, by capitulation; and his division, amounting to thirteen-thousand-six-hundred men, were escorted to Rosetta; whence, they were conveyed, at the expense of the allied powers, to a port in France. General Hutchinson then returned to Alexandria, laid siege to that city, and compelled general Menou, on the

thirtieth of August, to accept, for his division, of ten-thousand men, the same terms, as had been granted to Belliard. Thus, ended, the last campaign of the French, in Egypt; in which, each army—the victors and the vanquished—were deprived of the service of several thousand men; and the English had to deplore, in the battle of Alexandria, the death of their commander-in-chief:—and thus, did the British ministry effect the evacuation of a country, by the sword, which could previously have been accomplished by capitulation.

A singular incident occurred, in the battle of Alexandria. Major Hall, aid-de-camp to general Craddock, when on a mission, with orders, had his horse killed. Seeing sir Sydney Smith, he begged permission to mount the horse of his orderly-dragoon. Sir Sydney was turning round, to bid him give it to the major, when a cannon-ball struck off the dragoon's head:—"This," exclaimed sir Sydney Smith, "is destiny: the horse, major Hall, is yours."

The expulsion of the French from Egypt, was the last important movement of the war. The inhabitants of both France and England, having become heartily tired of a contest, long since devoid of any rational object, before the issue of the Egyptian campaign was known, in Europe, the belligerents had tendered to each other, the olive-branch of peace. On the first of October, preliminaries were signed, between England, on the one part, and France, Spain, and Holland, on the other; and, on the twenty-seventh of March, in the ensuing year, a definitive treaty of peace was concluded, at Amiens; on which occasion, the marquis Cornwallis represented Great Britain, and Joseph Buonaparte, the consulate of France. The latter agreed to evacuate the territories of Rome and Naples. England restored, to her three antagonists, all the conquests made by her, during the war, except Trinidad and Ceylon; the Cape of Good Hope was to be opened, as a free port; and Malta to be restored to the knights of St. John, under many stipulations, guaranteed by all the great powers of Europe.

CHAPTER VIII.

RENEWAL OF THE WAR.—BUONAPARTE DECLARED FIRST CONSUL FOR LIFE.

THE storm, which had so long desolated the world, was hushed. The war-worn combatants now rested upon their arms, and ceased, for a while, to crimson their swords with blood. The chief actors in the tragic drama, reflected on the armies that had fallen, and the millions that had been lavished, in the mortal strife; and, dissatisfied with the little they had accomplished, at so great a cost, now retired, in seeming peace, while preparing to renew the war.

The first consul had exerted his accustomed energy, to enlarge his power. On the twenty-fifth of January, he was declared president of the Cisalpine, now changed, by his own mandate, to the appellation of the Italian Republic: soon afterwards, having despatched a powerful army into Switzerland, under the command of Ney, the cantons were intimidated, and he assumed the title of Grand Mediator of the Helvetic Republic; and, about the same time, he added the territories of Piedmont and Parma, to the dominion of France. On the third of August, he was elected first consul, during his life, with the power of naming his successor, by the almost unanimous concurrence of the citizens of France; there being only one dissentient voice in the tribunate—that of Carnot. He was now a king, in authority, and had to ascend only one step, to acquire the name. Not the least politic of his numerous creations, was the institution of the Legion of Honour; of which, the office of grand-master, was conferred on his brother Joseph: nor, must we omit the organization of the Consular Guards; a corps formed of select men, enjoying extraordinary privileges and pay, and every other mark of favour, that might attach them to his person.

St. Domingo had, for some time, enjoyed a degree of precarious independence. The seas being at length open to the marine of France, an army of forty-thousand men, under the command of general Leclerc, was despatched, in order to restore that extensive colony to the power of France. The general was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Pauline, the favourite sister of the first consul. Considerable resistance was made, by the negro chieftain, Toussaint; whose talents had

raised him, from the condition of a slave, to the rank of consul, and commander-in-chief of the island; and he was, for a while, ably seconded, by Christophe, Dessalines, and Boyer; but, the submission of Christophe, paralyzed the efforts of his more determined associates; and Tuissant was compelled to end the war, by capitulation. The terms were based on the security of the property, and the personal freedom of the chiefs. But, it is evident, that the French commander had no intention to observe them. Tuissant had retired to his estate, to enjoy that happiness which he had not found in the tented field. Before the expiration of the first month of his retirement, the Creole frigate stood in close to the shore of Gonaives; troops were immediately landed; his dwelling was invaded, in the dead of night; and the brave chieftain, with his wife and children, were dragged on board the ship of war; and, on his arrival in France, Tuissant himself was immured in a dungeon; where he died, in the following year, in consequence of the severity of his confinement.

The tranquillity of St. Domingo, was of short duration. The perfidy with which the French had conducted themselves, towards Tuissant, was repaid, with early vengeance. The yellow fever broke out amongst their troops, and, in a short time, swept off general Leclerc, with most of his best officers and bravest men. Apprehensive of sharing the same fate as their commander, Christophe and Dessalines excited the whole island to revolt; and there ensued a most dreadful system of exterminating war. If the negroes tore out their prisoners' eyes, with cork-screws, the French drowned their captives, by hundreds; and smothered to death great numbers, who were confined in hulks, with the fumes of brimstone. The number of the French diminished, daily; the fury of the negroes, supplied the want of discipline; and general Rochambeau, the successor of Leclerc, was finally obliged to save the wreck of his fellow-soldiers, by submitting, at discretion, to an English squadron, after the renewal of the war.*

Now left in undisputed possession, of what is called the French part of St. Domingo, the first measure of the blacks was to declare themselves an independent state; under the appellation of the Republic of Hayti; at the head of which, was placed general Dessalines.

The re-annexation of the other West India Islands, to the government of France, was not the greatest evil, then suffered

* First of December, 1803.

by the blacks. Having resigned the liberties which they had conquered from their king, the French nation revoked the rights of humanity, which they had ceded to their slaves. On the seventeenth of May, slavery was re-established, in all their colonies; and the importation of negroes was ordered to be renewed, with all the legislative encouragement, extended to this detestable traffic, before it was abolished, by the national convention.

But the fermentation thus produced, in the western colonies, was of a moderate temperature, compared with the flame now rekindling in Europe. The embers, which had been covered, but not extinguished, by the peace of Amiens, soon ignited, in their slight concealment, and arose in a terrific blaze. The anniversary of the late pacification, had scarcely passed, when the gauntlet of defiance was hurled against each other, by the two leading champions of the recent struggle, and the lists were again entered, with redoubled rage. The chief-consul complained, that Malta and Alexandria, had not been evacuated, by the British troops; that he was daily slandered, by some of the English journals; and that several princes of the house of Bourbon, as well as other emigrants, hostile to his government, were allowed to remain, unmolested, in Great Britain.—The British ministers complained of severity and injustice, practised towards the English merchants, since the termination of the war; of a French army stationed in Holland, contrary to the remonstrance of the Batavian government; of the violation of the independence of Switzerland; the annexation of Piedmont and Parma, to the French dominions; the confiscation of the estates of the knights of Malta; and the maintenance of a vast number of persons, in the principal sea-ports of Great Britain, under the ostensible character of mercantile agents, but busied in making surveys of her ports and harbours, and acting, in reality, as spies. The non-evacuation of Malta, was assigned to the want of the promised co-operation, by the other great powers of Europe, in guaranteeing its independence: the retention of Alexandria was justified, by the avowed design of the first consul, to gain possession of Egypt, either by a treaty with the Turks, or force of arms: the abusive language of the journals, by the freedom of the press, in England; not shackled, by the inquisitorial veto of a corps of censors, as in France,—but suffered to arraign the conduct, even of the chief magistrate himself, as in the United States;—and the asylum afforded to the emigrants, was justified, by the law of nations.

On the twelfth of May, the British ambassador left Paris;

and, on the eighteenth, his government declared war against France.

No sooner had this declaration been promulgated, than all the French armies were put in motion. The army of Italy was reinforced, and pushed forward a large detachment upon Tarentum, and the other strong posts on the Adriatic sea. Nor, on the side of Germany, were the troops less active. On the twenty-sixth of May, general Mortier entered Hanover; in the following month, he obtained possession of the whole electorate; and thus, become masters of the Elbe and the Weser, the invaders levied considerable sums of money, on the Hanse towns of Hamburg and Bremen, in the shape of loans.

Holland, and also the Italian Republic, were compelled to become parties in the war, on the side of France; and, while the commercial interests of Italy were severely injured, Holland had, in the course of the year, to deplore the loss of all her colonies in the West Indies. Spain and Portugal were likewise constrained to furnish pecuniary assistance, to France;

1804. yet, the attack, made off the port of Cadiz, on the fifth of October, by an English squadron, upon four Spanish frigates, laden with treasure, from South America, has been universally condemned, as a barbarous infraction of the law of nations; and, in the eyes of all Europe, justified the insulted nation, in a declaration of war, against the aggressors.

Thus far, had hostilities been prosecuted, during the present year, without producing a single event, by which any material impression was made, either on Great Britain, or France. A menacing attitude was maintained, by both. One-hundred-and-fifty-thousand men, encamped in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, were incessantly threatening England with invasion; while the navy of Britain blockaded all the harbours of France, and burned her flotillas, in her very ports.

The first consul, in the mean time, was gradually strengthening his future throne. Early in the month of February, a plot was discovered, which contributed to accelerate the completion of his project, and to elevate him to the very summit of his ambition. The persons implicated in this conspiracy, were general Pichegru, who had escaped from his place of exile, in Cayenne; Georges Cadoudal, formerly a leader of the insurgents in Brittany; and general Moreau. Pichegru was imprisoned, in the Temple—the Bastile of republican France; where, in about a month afterwards, he was found strangled, in his bed; Georges, and eleven of his associates, were beheaded; Moreau, against whom no evidence had been adduced,

was sentenced to be imprisoned two years; but, dreading the interposition of the army, in his favour, the first consul permitted him to embark for the United States. Captain Wright, also, an officer of the British navy, who had escaped from the Temple, with sir Sydney Smith, and assisted him in repulsing Buonaparte from Acre, having, in the middle of May, been compelled to surrender his brig to a much superior force, was again immured in the Temple, on the charge of having landed some of the conspirators on the coast of France, and found, one morning, dead, in his chamber, with his throat cut. The mysterious deaths of these two officers, we do not directly attribute to the first consul. We have no evidence, that he ordered their assassination; but, on the contrary, having forfeited their lives, by the laws of France, they might have been judicially condemned, and undergone a public execution. Concerning the death of the duke d'Enghein, there seems to be only one opinion. This young nobleman, of the family of Bourbon, a grandson of the prince of Condé, and the last male descendant of that illustrious house, had served with distinction, in the emigrant armies, against France. Suspected of having participated in the late conspiracy, a party of fifteen-hundred French dragoons, crossed the Rhine, in the night of the fifteenth of March, into the electorate of Baden, a state then at peace with France; and, having overpowered the electoral guards, proceeded to the duke's residence, at Ettenheim; where they seized the prince and a few old priests and invalids, who dwelt with him, in his retirement; and, loading him with irons, conveyed him, a prisoner, into France. His doom appears to have been already decided. Immediately on his arrival at the Temple, he was hurried, without having been suffered to sleep, to the castle of Vincennes, about a mile from Paris; where, after the delay of a few hours, a military committee, selected by the first consul's brother-in-law, Murat, went through the empty form of a trial, in his absence; and, without a single witness having been examined, being pronounced guilty of bearing arms against France, and aiding in the late conspiracy against the person of the first consul, he was led, by the light of torches, into the wood of Vincennes, and there shot, by a party of Italian soldiers.

“Paris learned with astonishment and fear, the singular deed, which had been perpetrated, so near her walls. No act had ever excited more universal horror, both in France and in foreign countries; and none has left so deep a stain on the memory of Napoleon.”

The next violation of neutral territory, occurred, in the seizure of sir George Humboldt. On the twenty-ninth of October, two-hundred-and-fifty French troops landed, between Hamburg and Altona, and, having proceeded to Grindelhoff, where that minister resided, as ambassador to the Hanseatic towns, they seized himself and his papers, and carried him to Paris. Having been confined, for a few days, in the Temple, he was released, it is supposed, in consequence of the interference of the court of Berlin; and, with the loss of his papers, was allowed to depart for England.

CHAPTER IX.

IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE CROWNED EMPEROR—BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ—PEACE OF PRESBURG.

1804. ON the eighteenth of May, the senate conferred the title of Emperor, on the first consul; the only dissenting voice, to the consummation of his ambitious views, being that of Carnot. The question, "whether or not the imperial dignity should be hereditary, in the family of Napoleon," having been submitted to the people, was answered, in the affirmative, by an almost unanimous vote. On the second of December, he was crowned, with unusual splendour, in the church of Notre Dame, at Paris; and, to render the ceremony more solemn, the new emperor, and the empress Josephine, were anointed, by the pope.

The military deputation assembled at six o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to the church of Notre Dame, at seven. The deputations from the several tribunals of justice, and the functionaries, invited by the emperor, met at the palace of justice at seven, and walked to the church, where they arrived before eight. They were followed by the senate, the council of state, the legislative body, and the tribunate. Each of these bodies was escorted by a body of horse. The foreign ambassadors had a place assigned them in the church. The pope left the Tuileries at nine; and at ten, the departure of the emperor from the palace, was announced by a discharge of cannon.

The pope and the emperor, instead of going directly to the church of Notre Dame, repaired to the archepiscopal palace,

where his holiness pronounced the usual prayers, while the emperor arrayed himself in the imperial robes. They afterwards went, in splendid procession, to the church. The coronation ornaments of Charlemagne were borne before Napoleon; and he was preceded by marshal Serrurier, carrying the ring of the empress, on a cushion; Moncey, with a basket, to receive the mantle of the empress; Murat, with the empress's crown; the empress, with the imperial mantle, supported by the princesses; Kellerman, carrying the crown of Charlemagne; Perignon, the sceptre of Charlemagne; Bernadotte, the collar of the emperor; general Beauharnois, his majesty's ring; Berthier, the imperial globe; and the Grand Chamberlain, the basket, to receive the emperor's mantle.

Napoleon then entered the church of Notre Dame, with the crown previously placed on his head by himself. In this, there was a marked deviation from the universal custom, characteristic of the man, the age, and the conjuncture. In all similar solemnities, the crown had been placed upon the sovereign's head by the presiding spiritual person, as representing the Deity, by whose special appointment, monarchs pretend to rule. But not even from the head of the catholic church, would Napoleon consent to receive, as a boon, the symbol of imperial sway, which he was conscious he owed, not to the right or title of another, but to the genius and successes of himself.

On the imperial throne was seated the emperor, in his ornaments; the empress, on his right hand, being seated a step lower, in an arm chair. The princesses were on his right hand. On the left of the emperor, but two steps lower, were seated the princes, with the dignitaries of the empire. The throne on which the pope was seated, was elevated, near the altar. At the moment, their majesties entered the porch, the pope descended from his throne, and, advancing to the altar, sang *Veni Creator*. The emperor and the empress then said prayers on their cushions, and were immediately divested of their imperial ornaments. The grand elector took off the crown from his majesty's head; the arch-chancellor took from him the crown of justice; other grand officers stripped him of the imperial mantle; while he himself drew his sword, and delivered it to the constable of the empire. In the mean time, the attendants of the empress divested her of the imperial mantle and ornaments; which, with all the other insignia, were placed upon the altar, for the purpose of being consecrated by the pope.

Then followed the ceremony of inauguration. The grand almoner, with the first of the French cardinals and archbishops, conducted their imperial majesties from the throne to the foot of the altar, there to receive the sacred unction. After having been anointed, they were re-conducted to the throne, when the pope performed the mass. His holiness then said prayers separately over both crowns, and over the mantles, the sceptres, and the hand of justice. When their imperial ornaments were consecrated, the emperor put them on again, and afterwards placed the crown upon the head of the empress. After this, the pope, preceded by the master of the ceremonies, followed the emperor, from the altar to his throne; where, after pronouncing a prayer, he kissed the emperor on the cheek, and cried aloud, to the audience, "*Vivat imperator in æternum!*"—"May the emperor live for ever;" and the audience exclaimed "*Vive l'empereur! Vive l'impératrice!*"

At the Agnus Dei, the grand almoner received the kiss of peace from his holiness, and carried it to their imperial majesties. The emperor, then, with the crown on his head, and his hand on the gospel, pronounced the coronation oath: the chief herald at arms proclaimed—"The most glorious and most august emperor, Napoleon, emperor of the French, is crowned and enthroned: *Long live the emperor.*" The audience again exclaimed, "*Long live the emperor! long live the empress;*" and the coronation and enthroning of their majesties was announced by a discharge of cannon.

On the following day, the heralds at arms proceeded through all the principal streets of the city, and distributed a great quantity of medals, of different sizes, destined to commemorate the coronation. On one side of the medals, the emperor was represented, bearing the crown of the *Cæsars*, with this legend:—*Napoleon Empereur*: on the reverse, was the inscription *Le Senat et le Peuple*, with an allegorical representation of a figure clothed in the attributes of magistracy, and of a warrior newly invested with the imperial attributes.

An amusing discussion arose out of the ceremony of the coronation, between the celebrated David, the chief of the French school of painting, and cardinal Caprara. That great artist entertained an unconquerable repugnance against representing persons in modern costume; extending to every species of clothing. In his magnificent picture of the Coronation, he represented cardinal Caprara, one of the pope's assistants, without his wig, and with a bald head; the portrait being a perfect likeness. Little sensible of this advantage, the cardinal

perceived nothing but what the figure wanted, and entreated David to be good enough to restore his periwig. The other protested, that he would never so far degrade his pencil, as to paint it; his eminence demanded its restitution, without avail; he addressed himself even to prince Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs, and the business was diplomatically treated. The cardinal became the more warm in the discussion, because as the pope had never worn a periwig, in renouncing his own he might be thought to put forth some pretensions to the chair of St. Peter, in case the holy see should become vacant. David, however, would not yield: he said that his eminence ought to consider himself fortunate that he had taken nothing from him but his wig, and the portrait remained in the picture unaltered.

It may not be considered trifling, to relate another anecdote, connected with the coronation. Eight days before the time appointed for that splendid ceremony, the emperor commanded Isabey, the highly eminent miniature-painter, who was honoured with the familiar acquaintance of Napoleon, to furnish him seven designs, representing the seven ceremonies which were to be performed in the metropolitan church, but the representation of which could not be effected at Notre-Dame, in presence of the multitude of workmen employed about the embellishments and decorations. To make seven designs, each comprehending more than a hundred pieces in action, in so short a time, was to demand an impossibility. The emperor, however, never admitted any such excuse. The word *impossible* had, for a long time, found no place in his vocabulary. The happy and fertile imagination of M. Isabey, inspired him, at the moment, with a singular idea. He replied, with confidence, and to the great astonishment of the emperor, that, in eight-and-forty hours, his orders should be executed. He went to the toy-shops, and purchased all the little wooden men, made for the amusement of children, that he could find. He dressed them respectively in the colour and costume of each person who was to take a part in the ceremonies of the coronation; made a plan of Notre-Dame, proportioned to the size of these little puppets, and on the third day presented himself before Napoleon, who immediately asked him for the seven designs. —“Sire, I bring you something better than designs,” replied Isabey. He developed his plan, and set forth the persons who were to act in the first ceremony, and whose names he had written at the base of each figure. This represented the re-

ception, under the canopy, at the church door. The emperor was so well satisfied, that he immediately summoned all those who were to conduce to the eclat of that great event. The rehearsals took place in the emperor's chamber, on a large table. One ceremony alone, more complicated than the rest, required an actual rehearsal. This was effected in the gallery of Diana, at the Tuileries, by means of a plan traced with chalk, upon the floor. Isabey had displayed all the grace possible in the dressing of his puppets, and by his talent prevented his plan from appearing in the least ridiculous. The clergy, the ladies, the princesses, the emperor, the pope himself, the whole, were dressed in the most exact and appropriate costume.

"When the pope had been a few days in Paris," says M. De Bausset, "all concurred in saying, that it was impossible for any one to conduct himself in a more admirable manner. His habits and style of living, were those of a simple monk. But, what I have said, respecting the temperance and frugality of the pope, must not be applied to all the persons in his suite. When I had been two months appointed prefect of the palace, I examined the accounts and the provision made for the household of the holy father; and I remarked that there was an infinite number of unaccountable articles. I knew that the emperor had directed, that whatever was applied for, should be provided; those employed by the pope knew it also, and they availed themselves largely of the privilege. For instance, they required, every day, five bottles of Chambertin wine, for the pope's table, when his holiness always dined alone, and drank nothing but water. The rest was in proportion. The other tables, prepared for the persons composing the suite, according to their rank, were served with magnificence and profusion; and yet it always appeared, that signior M——, one of the ecclesiastical officers of his holiness, could not find at the table to which he was admitted, a provision sufficiently copious to satisfy his vast appetite.—One day, the count de B——, then chamberlain to the emperor, and in attendance on the pope, having occasion to pass into a closet, discovered the gentleman above-mentioned, there, occupied in vigorously devouring the wreck of a large fat pullet with truffles, which he had had the address to carry off from the dining table, after making his ordinary meal.

Napoleon was well aware, that a nobility is essential to the support of every throne. The titles of prince and princess, were conferred, respectively, upon the several members of his

family; while his ablest generals were created marshals, and honoured with the titles either of prince or duke.*

The most trifling circumstance connected with the life of so distinguished a personage as Napoleon, is interesting. Every morning, at nine o'clock, he quitted his private apartment, dressed for the day. The public functionaries, persons of the highest rank, and the officers of the imperial household, were successively admitted to his presence. Napoleon addressed himself to each person separately, and heard, with kindness, what he desired to say. His round finished, he bowed, and all withdrew. It often happened, however, that some were desirous of a private audience:—these waited until the others had retired, and then a second time approaching the emperor, were left alone with him, and made known their wish.

Napoleon's breakfast was served at half past nine. It was announced by the prefect of the palace, who preceded him into the breakfast-chamber, where he was waited upon by the principal steward. Napoleon took this meal off a little mahogany table, covered with a napkin. At the end of this little table, the prefect of the palace stood, with his hat under his arm. As temperate as it was possible for a man to be, his breakfast often did not occupy more than eight minutes; but, when he

* The following is a list of the principal ministers and marshals, ennobled by Napoleon:—

Ministers:—Talleyrand, prince of Benevento.

Fouché, duke of Otranto.

Marshals:—Murat, grand duke of Berg.

Berthier, prince of Neufchatel.

Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo.

Ney, duke of Elchingen, afterwards prince of Mouskwa

Massena, duke of Rivoli, prince of Esling.

Soult, duke of Dalmatia.

Suchet, duke of Albufuera.

Davoust, duke of Auerstadt.

Marmont, duke of Ragusa.

Mortier, duke of Treviso.

Junot, duke of Abrantes.

Lasnes, duke of Montebello.

Lefebvre, duke of Dantzic.

Macdonald, duke of Tarentum.

Augereau, duke of Castiglione.

Victor, duke of Belluno.

Savary, duke of Rovigo.

Bessieres, duke of Istria.

Kellerman, duke of Valmy.

Arrighis, duke of Padua.

Caulincourt, duke of Vizenza.

Moncey, duke of Conegliana.

Duroc, duke of Friuli.

experienced the necessity of *closing his cabinet*, as he said sometimes, smiling, it lasted a considerable length of time. "Then, nothing," according to the relation of M. de Bausset, "could equal the charming gayety of his conversation. His expressions were rapid, decisive, and picturesque. In these periods of my service, I have known the most agreeable hours of my life. While at breakfast, I often proposed to him to receive some of those persons to whom he was in the practice of granting that favour. It was generally to literary men of the first rank, such as Monge, Bertholet, Costaz, Denon, and Corvisart; also to David, Gerard, Isabey, Talma, and Fontaine. Some of them are still living, and I am well assured they will concur with me in saying, that nothing equalled the grace and amiability of Napoleon. Gifted with a copious mind, superior intelligence, and extraordinary tact, it was in these moments of relaxation, that he most astonished, and most delighted.

"Returned to his closet, he was occupied in receiving the ministers, or the directors-general, who arrived with their portfolios. These different labours lasted until six o'clock in the afternoon, and were never interrupted, except on the days appointed for holding a council of the ministers, or a council of state. The dinner was regularly served at six o'clock. Their majesties dined alone, except on Sundays, when all the imperial family were admitted to the banquet. The emperor, empress, and the emperor's mother, were seated on great chairs; the other kings, queens, princes, and princesses, had but ordinary seats. There was but a single course, which was succeeded by the dessert.—Napoleon preferred the most simple dishes; he drank no wine except Chambertin, and rarely that undiluted. The attendance was performed by the pages, attended by the valets-de-chambre, the stewards, and the carvers, but never by the footmen in livery. The dinner commonly occupied from fifteen to twenty minutes. He never drank any liqueur: he took habitually two cups of strong coffee, one in the morning, after his breakfast, and the other after his dinner.

"On their return to the parlour, a page presented to the emperor a gilt salver, on which were a cup and a sugar-basin. The chief attendant poured out the coffee, the empress took the cup from the emperor, the page and the chief attendant retired. I waited till the empress had poured the coffee into the saucer, and presented it to Napoleon. It had so often happened that he had forgot to drink it at the proper time, that the empress adopted this agreeable way of remedying that trifling inconvenience.

“I then,” continues M. de Bausset, “withdrew ; and, a short time afterwards, the emperor again retired to his closet, and to labour ; for ‘rarely,’ he said, ‘do I put off till to-morrow, what may be done to-day.’ The empress descended into her apartments by a private stair-case, which served for a communication to the two floors, and to the two apartments. On entering, she was received by her ladies of honour, others who were privileged, and the officers of her household. Card-tables were set out, for form’s sake, and to dispel formality and dulness. Sometimes, Napoleon entered the apartments of the empress, and conversed with as much simplicity as freedom, perhaps with the ladies of the palace, or perhaps with one of us ; but in general, he remained only a short time. The officers on duty ascended to assist at the evening audience, and to receive his orders for the morrow. Such, was the habitual life, that the emperor lived, at the Tuileries ; and its uniformity was never deranged, except by a concert, a play, or a hunt.

“It must not be imagined, that the court was niggardly or parsimonious. The habits of Napoleon were simple and moderate, but he loved splendour and magnificence about him. His court was always brilliant, and in good taste : it was orderly, and without confusion.

“When he resided at St. Cloud, the manner of living was the same : there was no other alteration, than the time employed, in the fine season, in driving out in an open carriage. At Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, or Compeigne, when hunting, a tent, for the accommodation of breakfast, was always erected, in the forest ; and the whole company were invited to the repast.”

1805. The year into which we are now entering, stands forward, in bold relief, in the annals of the world. On the twenty-sixth of May, Napoleon placed upon his head, the iron crown of Charlemagne, as king of Italy, at Milan ; and, immediately afterwards, annexed, to his Italian kingdom, the republic of Genoa.

These territorial aggrandizements, together with the execution of the duke d’Enghein, excited, throughout Europe, the most lively indignation. The immense and increasing power of France, occasioned the utmost disquietude and alarm. A stupendous political and military plan, was formed, by the British cabinet ; and most of the continental sovereigns, joined, with England, in a confederacy against Napoleon. The objects proposed, were, the independence of Holland and Switzerland ; the restoration of Piedmont, to the king of Sardinia ;

and the evacuation of Hanover, the north of Germany, and Italy, by the French. The combined powers were to bring into the field, five-hundred-thousand men. Austria was to furnish three-hundred-and-twenty-thousand; Russia, one-hundred-and-fifteen-thousand; Naples, Sweden, and some other of the minor states, the remaining sixty-five-thousand; the whole to be set in motion by the gold of Britain. Still mindful of the chastisement inflicted upon her, by the sans-culottes, Prussia stood by, as a spectator of the approaching combat; willing to obtain revenge, for her past disgrace, yet resolved to draw her sword against the French army, only in case of its defeat.

France was not in the least disheartened, by this formidable parade of war. She, too, could bring into the arena, half a million of fearless troops. On the twenty-fourth of September, having appointed his brother Joseph to superintend the government, in his absence, Napoleon left Paris; and, before the end of the month, the several divisions of his army had passed the Rhine; under the command of Murat, Bernadotte, and Marmont; Lasnes and Ney; Davoust and Soult. The Austrians, in the mean time, had advanced, to check their progress; but, an unexpected movement of the invading enemy, decided the campaign. Having gained a position in the rear of the Austrian armies, they intercepted their communication with Vienna; and, on the seventeenth of October, the Austrian general, Mack, surrendered Ulm, to the French emperor, under circumstances at once mysterious and disgraceful.

The Russians began, at length, to make their appearance; and the first division of their army, joined the Austrians, near the river Inn. But, on the advance of their antagonists, the Austro-Russian army, not being sufficiently strong to await the attack, abandoned its position, and retired towards Moravia. On the seventh of November, the emperor, Francis, set out for Olmutz, to assume the command of his army, in person; and, two days afterwards, the French gained possession of Vienna. Leaving the greater part of the French army at Vienna, marshal Davoust proceeded, with his division, towards Presburg. On his arrival in the vicinity of that city, he received overtures from the governor, proposing that the military preparations in Hungary should be discontinued, on condition that the French general would guarantee the neutrality of that kingdom. To this proposal, marshal Davoust yielded a ready acquiescence; and the principal resources of the Austrians were thus reduced to the army which the archduke Charles had, with so much skill and bravery, conducted, in the face of superior

numbers, from the Adige to the Danube, and to the small force of prince John of Lichtenstein, which had united itself to the first division of the Russian army.

Prince Murat, with the French cavalry under his command, having crossed the Danube, at Vienna, overtook the allied army of the Austrians and Russians, at Hollabrun. By these movements, the situation of general Kutusoff's army, became extremely perilous. Perceiving the difficulties of his situation, he sent the baron de Wintzingerode to Murat, to propose terms of capitulation; and a convention, subject to the ratification of Napoleon, was concluded; by which, it was stipulated that the Russian army should retire, by a prescribed route, out of the Austrian dominions, into their own territory; but, Napoleon, conceiving the Russians to be in his power, and desirous to signalize himself by a complete victory over their army, refused to ratify the convention. In the mean time, general Kutusoff had retired, with the utmost expedition, to Znaim, leaving the division under prince Bagration opposed to the French army.

The determination of Napoleon, not to ratify the convention, was communicated to the prince without delay; and, on the expiration of the time limited for the suspension of hostilities, his division, consisting of six-thousand men, was surrounded, and attacked by a French force of thirty-thousand. The prince, who had embraced the magnanimous resolution to cut his way through his enemy, succeeded, after displaying prodigies of valour; and arrived, with comparatively little loss, at the headquarters of Wischau.

On the eighteenth of November, Napoleon entered Znaim, where the Russians had been compelled to leave their sick, besides a large quantity of flour. General Sebastiani, to whose brigade of dragoons was confided the pursuit of the retreating Russian force, favoured by the extensive plains of Moravia, intercepted several corps of the rear guard, and made prisoners of two-thousand men. Meanwhile, the cavalry under Murat, advanced to Brunn—which was evacuated, on their approach—and became masters of sixty pieces of cannon, immense stores of powder, and a very seasonable supply of corn, meal, and clothing. On the twentieth, Napoleon arrived at Brunn, and received a deputation from the Moravian states, with a bishop at their head. The French pursued their advantages, in every direction. Ney was already master of Brixen, Bernadotte occupied Iglau, on the confines of Bohemia; and on the twenty-third of November, they had pushed their advanced parties to the gates of Olmutz.

The combined forces, at this place, amounted to about one-hundred-thousand men. Of this number, the greater part were Russians; the remnant of the Austrian army, not amounting, at this time, to more than twenty-five-thousand. Delay was the object of both parties. Exhausted by forced marches, and reduced by hunger and fatigue—dearth, misery, and desolation, encircled the armies of the confederated sovereigns. Bernadotte had not joined Napoleon; a commander who was always peculiarly studious to obtain the advantage of physical strength, and the power of numbers. Much diplomatic artifice seems to have been resorted to, on both sides. As soon as Napoleon was apprized of the arrival of the emperor of Russia in his camp, he sent his aid-de-camp, general Savary, to compliment that prince, in terms of the most courteous civility, and to propose to him an interview. The imperial sovereign declined a personal conference; but he suffered the French general to remain for three successive days within his camp; where he did not omit to avail himself of the advantages presented by his singular situation.

Although Alexander did not choose to meet Napoleon, in person, he sent an aid-de-camp, to explain his sentiments to the French chief. In the mean time, Savary had returned to the camp, and reported to his master the observations which he had been so indiscreetly allowed to make. Napoleon learned that the Russian generals, notwithstanding the deplorable condition of their troops, relied fully on their own strength; and that presumption, imprudence, and indiscretion, reigned in their military councils. Availing himself of this intelligence, he issued orders for his army to retire, as if apprehensive of an engagement with so formidable a host. In order to strengthen this impression, the retreat was made under cover of the night, and the French army took a strong position about ten miles in the rear of its former station. Here, they began to throw up intrenchments, and to form batteries, as if for the purpose of defending themselves against the attacks of a hostile army. Every thing wore the appearance of alarm and confusion. When the aid-de-camp of the Russian emperor appeared, Napoleon, as if anxious to conceal from his observation both the temper of his army, and the measures which he had adopted, received him, contrary to his general practice, at his outposts. Preparations had been artfully made, for this interview. Wherever the Russian directed his eye, he discovered the symptoms of anxiety and dismay. The troops were labouring, with the utmost activity, at the intrenchments; all the posts were

doubled; every precaution seemed to be observed, to guard against surprise; and, so completely was the Russian officer impressed with the belief that the French army was on the eve of ruin, that, as a preliminary arrangement to pacification, he proposed to Napoleon that Belgium should be placed at the disposal of the allies, and that he should resign the throne of Italy to the Sardinian king.

These dispositions seem to have been attended with the desired effect. The confidence of the Russians increased; they considered the victory as certain, and were anxious only to prevent their antagonist's escape. The head-quarters of the emperor of Russia, and the emperor of Germany, were removed to Austerlitz; and Kutusoff, the commander-in-chief, ordered a powerful division to march to the left, for the purpose of turning the right flank of the French army. The confederates executed the orders of their general in five columns. The grand-duke Constantine—a brother of Alexander, drew up the reserve on the hills near Austerlitz, a little in the rear of the whole army; while prince Bagration threw forward the advanced corps by Holubitz and Blasowitz; in order to give facility to the third and fourth columns in marching upon their points of destination; and lieutenant-general Kilnmayer proceeded, by Pratzen, to the front of Aujest. No attempt was made, to interrupt these motions; and the French withdrew their videttes even as far as Sokolnitz and Telnitz. From the heights of Schlapanitz, Napoleon beheld, with inexpressible joy, all the movements of the allies; and, turning to his attendants, in an animated manner exclaimed, "Before to-morrow night, that army will be ours!"

When the day had closed, he determined to proceed, on foot, and *incognito*, through the several quarters of his camp. His soldiers, however, soon recognised his person, and, in an instant, lighted straw was raised upon a thousand poles. It was the eve of the anniversary of his coronation; and eighty-thousand men, presenting themselves before their emperor, sent their acclamations to the skies. At one o'clock, in the morning of the second of December, Napoleon mounted his horse, again to inspect his posts: the day, at length, dawned, and the battle of Austerlitz, distinguished by the presence of three emperors, ended the campaign and the war, and laid the continent of Europe once more at Napoleon's feet.

The command of the right wing was intrusted to marshal Soult: Bernadotte commanded the centre, and Lasnes the left. The whole of the cavalry, headed by Murat, was posted be-

tween the left wing and the centre. Napoleon himself, attended by his faithful companion in war, marshal Berthier, the chief of his staff, and his aid-de-camp, general Junot, commanded the reserve, which was composed of ten regiments of the imperial guards, and ten battalions of the grenadiers of Oudinot, with forty pieces of cannon.

The scene of this tremendous battle, though named after the village of Austerlitz, was the heights of Pratzen, a range of mountains with a small semi-circular inclination in the middle, to the east, running from the lake of Menitz, nearly north and south, to the distance of about eleven miles. At the foot of these mountains, on the western side, and about a mile from their base, is a little stream, which, on the north, divides the defile between the parallel heights of Schlapanitz and Pratzen, and towards the south washes the plain of Turas. Between this stream and the foot of Pratzen, and in the vicinity of the plain of Turas, on the west of the rivulet, are situated the various villages in which the French were posted; while the allied armies occupied the heights and the hamlets in the ravines to the east.

The allies conceived that by passing the defiles in the neighbourhood of Sokolnitz, and the other villages, the right of the enemy would be sufficiently turned; and that, by avoiding the formidable ravines, which would obstruct their manœuvres, they might have an opportunity of executing their further intentions, with advantage, in the plain between Schlapanitz and the wood of Turas. They then proposed to press sharply on their enemy's right flank, by attacking it vigorously, with numerous and compact bodies of troops, in rapid succession. The five columns were then ordered to march for the heights; and the fortune of the day was made to depend on the success of this attempt to drive back the enemy's right wing. But general Kilnmayer lost both time and advantage, by commencing the attack with an insufficient force. The Austrians had already been engaged about an hour, and had suffered greatly from the French sharp-shooters, who took advantage of the ground, covered as it was with vineyards, and intersected by wet ditches, before Buxhovden appeared, with the first column of the Russians.

At nine o'clock, the French were strengthened by four-thousand men, from the corps under Davoust, and took advantage of a thick fog, which suddenly obscured the valley, to regain their lost ground. When the mist was dispelled, the French were driven back, and forced to abandon the plain between Tellnitz

and Turas; but the communication between the first and second columns of the allied armies was not yet established; in consequence of which, it was found impossible to improve this advantage. By this time, the second and third column of Russians had quitted the heights of Pratzen, and approached to Sokolnitz. A blind rage seemed to actuate their movements; for, without concerning themselves about the fourth column, and without attending to the offensive movements of their antagonists, they thought of nothing except the first disposition, and continued their progress upon Sokolnitz; of which, they took possession, with little resistance, after a long and useless cannonade.

General Kutusoff, who had not conceived the possibility of being attacked on the heights, was surprised, in the midst of his combinations, by an unexpected and vigorous assault upon his centre, made by the massy columns which Napoleon had ordered to advance. The faults committed by the Russian general, had not escaped the eagle eye of his opponent; who perceived the advantage that might be drawn from the circuitous route which had to be taken by the left wing of the allies. Bernadotte, having crossed the rivulet, by a narrow and ruinous bridge, obtained the eminence of Blasowitz, supported by the cavalry of Murat, and by Lasnes with his grand division. From this time, the centre and wing of the allies became engaged, in all quarters. The confederates evinced no want of impetuous gallantry: their cavalry made several brilliant charges, which, owing to the precipitate courage of the Huzars, whose fiery temperament could not await the formation of the rest of the line, were very destructive to themselves, as well as to their opponents. The centre of the allies, unsupported by the third column, had to sustain the fury of the French troops. Twelve thousand men were attacked by twice that number; and, though the French army was numerically inferior to that of the allies, yet, by a more happy arrangement of its force, its numbers were doubled on the point where the fate of the battle was to be decided. The French succeeded in gaining possession of the heights. The Russian division, which had marched to the left, was thus completely separated from the main army; and it was evident that the battle was lost, unless the communication could be restored. In this emergency, the imperial guard, commanded by the archduke Constantine, was ordered to advance, and for a moment arrested the progress of the assailants, by its impetuous charge. Marshal Bessieres was directed to hasten, at the head of the

French guards, to repair this disaster. The two corps were soon engaged, the fate of the day depended upon the issue of this contest, and the struggle was fierce and desperate.

But the obstinate valour of the allied troops, was unable to contend against the superior tactics of the French. Before two o'clock in the afternoon, the action was decided along the whole line, when the division of Vandamme rapidly approached, to confirm the general rout. Behind Tellnitz, is a hill of considerable height. Thither, the Russian infantry retired, still under the protection of the Austrian cavalry; which was cut down, in all directions, by a perpetual cross-fire of grape-shot. Worn out with fatigue, the infantry continued to retire, with tardy steps, and the cavalry had, for a long time, to maintain their post.

Napoleon at length gained possession of the ground on which the allies had been drawn up the preceding night. The two emperors having exerted themselves to the utmost of their power, to repair the disasters of the battle, retired, in the evening, to Hódiegitz, behind Austerlitz, with the wretched remains of their beaten army.

The loss in this engagement fell principally upon the Russians. It is stated, in the French account, to have amounted to twenty-two thousand in killed and wounded, and thirty thousand prisoners; but the Russian bulletin makes it considerably less.

The day after the battle, Napoleon addressed to his army the following proclamation:

“Soldiers, I am satisfied with you: you have, on the day of Austerlitz, justified every thing that I expected from your intrepidity. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of a hundred-thousand men, commanded by the emperors of Russia and Austria, has been, in less than four hours, either cut down or dispersed:—the part that escaped the sword, has been drowned in the lakes.

“Forty colours, the standards of the imperial Russian guard, one-hundred-and-twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty-thousand prisoners, are the result of this ever memorable day. That infantry, so highly boasted, and superior in number, could not resist your attack, and henceforward you have no more rivals to dread.

“Thus, in two months, this third coalition has been conquered and dispersed. Peace can no longer be distant; but, as I promised my people before crossing the Rhine, I will make

such a peace, only, as shall afford us guarantees, and secure rewards to our allies.

“Soldiers, when the French people placed upon my head the imperial crown, I relied on you to maintain it always in that splendour of glory, which alone could give it value in my estimation. But, in the same moment, our enemies sought to destroy and degrade it; and this iron crown, conquered by the blood of so many Frenchmen, they would compel me to place upon the head of our most implacable enemies—rash and foolish projects, which on the very day of your emperor’s coronation, you have frustrated and confounded! You have taught them, that it is easier to defy and threaten, than to conquer us.

“Soldiers, when all that is necessary to secure the happiness and prosperity of our country, shall have been accomplished, I will lead you back to France. There, you shall be the object of my most tender solitudes: my people will behold you again, with joy; and it will be sufficient for you to say, ‘*I was at the battle of Austerlitz,*’ to authorize the reply, ‘*Behold a brave man.*’ ”

This was the victor’s fortieth engagement. Three days afterwards, Napoleon and Francis had an interview, and agreed upon an armistice; in which, Alexander was subsequently included, on condition that he should withdraw his forces, and evacuate Germany and Austrian Poland; and, on the twenty-sixth of December, this armistice was followed by a peace, between Austria and France. By this treaty, Francis was stripped of the greater part of his hereditary states; and acknowledged the regal titles, conferred, by Napoleon, upon the elector of Bavaria and duke of Wirtemberg, as a reward for their adherence to the French cause.

The interview between Napoleon and the emperor of Germany, was held in a little cabin, made of turf, hastily constructed by the grenadiers, before the battle, and without a roof. Francis resorted to this rustic bivouac, almost in the habit of a suppliant. The defeated prince is represented as having thrown the blame of the war upon the English. “They are a set of merchants,” he said, “who would set the continent on fire, to secure to themselves the commerce of the world.”—This argument was not very rational, as it caused the English previously to destroy the chief portion of the globe, the commerce of which they desired to monopolize; but the prince by whom it is said to have been used, is not much to be condemned for holding, at such a moment, language which might please the victor.—When Napoleon welcomed him to his military hut,

and said it was the only palace that he had inhabited for nearly two months, the Austrian answered, with a smile,—“ You have obtained so many advantages from this residence, that it must be very agreeable to you.”

The events of the present year, conferred upon the two great rival nations of Europe, an almost uncontrolled dominion over their respective elements. The battle of Austerlitz, gave to France the absolute domination of the European continent: the battle of Trafalgar, confirmed to England the dominion of the sea. The triumphs of Napoleon had been greater, at this period of his reign, than had ever been achieved, before, by a single man. Yet, even these triumphs had their limit; and all the exertions of his transcendent genius, were unable to acquire for him, his never ceasing desiderata, of “ ships, colonies, and commerce.”

On the nineteenth of October, lord Nelson, then blockading the port of Cadiz, detached six sail of the line, to Tetuan, for stores and water. Informed of this event, and supposing, from the deceitful movements of his enemy, that they were much reduced in strength, admiral Villeneuve, commander-in-chief of the combined fleets of France and Spain, availed himself of the apparently favourable juncture, to obey the positive commands of his government; and, on the morning of the twenty-first, came in contact with the British fleet, off Cape Trafalgar. Admiral Villeneuve's fleet consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, and seven frigates; lord Nelson's, of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates. The French commander was a skilful seaman; and his plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack.—Certain of a triumphant issue, lord Nelson asked one of his captains, on the morning of the twenty-first, what he should consider a victory; and, having been answered, that, from the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result, if fourteen of the enemy's ships were captured,—he replied, “ I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty.”—These words were scarcely spoken, before the British admiral made his last signal, “ England expects every man to do his duty.”—“ Now,” said he, “ I can do no more. We must trust to the great disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause.”

Having seen that all was ready, lord Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—“ May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe, in general, a great and glorious victory: and may no misconduct, in any one, tarnish it; and may humanity, after

victory, be the predominant feature of the British fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him, I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend."

The British admiral immediately made the signal, to bear up in two columns; a mode of attack which he had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay of forming a line of battle, in the usual manner. The commander of the combined fleets, formed his line of battle, with great closeness and correctness; and, as the mode of attack was unusual, so the structure of his line was new. It formed a crescent, convexing to leeward; so that, in leading down to their centre, admiral Collingwood, the second in command, of the English fleet, had both their van and rear abaft the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship, of the combined fleet, was about a cable's length to windward of her second, a-head and a-stern; forming a kind of double line, and appearing, to a person on their beam, to leave a very small interval between; and this, without crowding their ships. Lord Nelson, in the *Victory*, led the weather column; admiral Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, the lee. The latter was directed to break through the combined fleet, about the twelfth ship from the rear; the former was to lead through the centre; and the advanced squadron, consisting of his fleetest vessels, was to cut off three or four, a-head from the centre. This plan was adapted to the strength of his antagonist; so that the British divisions might always be one-fourth superior to the vessels which they severed.

At half past eleven, the combined fleet began to fire upon the *Royal Sovereign*.—"See," exclaimed lord Nelson, "how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!"—In ten minutes afterwards, the *Royal Sovereign* opened her fire, and cut through the enemy's line, a-stern of a Spanish ship, the *Santa Anna*, engaging her at the very muzzle of her guns; when, being delighted at having got into action, Collingwood, turning to his captain, said, "Rotheram, what would Nelson give to be here!"—The column led on by lord Nelson, had, in the mean time, advanced, towards his enemy's van; flags having been hoisted, on different parts of the *Victory's* rigging, by his orders, lest a shot should carry away her ensign. The *Victory* had lost about twenty men, killed and wounded, before she returned a shot: her mizen topmast, and all her studding-sail booms, had been shot away; when, at a few min-

utes past twelve, she commenced firing her starboard guns. Captain Hardy soon afterwards informed his admiral, that it would be impossible to break the enemy's line, without running on board one of their ships; and begged to know which he would prefer. "Hardy," replied he, "take your choice; it does not signify which." Her tiller-ropes being afterwards carried away, the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable; which vessel, having fired a broadside into her assailant, closed her lower-deck ports, to prevent being boarded through them, by the Victory's crew. A few minutes after this, the British ship, Temeraire, likewise fell on board the Redoubtable, on the side opposite to the Victory, having also an enemy's ship on board of herself, on her other side; so that, there occurred, here, the unprecedented circumstance of four ships of the line being on board of each other, in the heat of battle; forming as compact a tier, as if they had been moored together; their heads all lying the same way. Another circumstance here occurred, which evinced a remarkable degree of coolness in the British seamen. When the guns of the Victory were run out, they came in contact with the Redoubtable's side; and, at every discharge, there was reason to fear, that the French vessel would take fire, and both the Victory and Temeraire be involved in the flames. The fire-man of each gun stood ready, with a bucket full of water; which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the French ship, through the hole made in her side, by the shot.

The Redoubtable had, for some time, commenced a heavy fire of musketry, from her tops. At fifteen minutes past one, and a quarter of an hour before that vessel struck, lord Nelson was walking on the quarter-deck, when a musket-ball hit him on the left shoulder, and, entering through the epaulette, passed through the spine, and lodged in the muscles of his back. He instantly fell upon his face; and, when raised, by some of the marines, "Hardy," said the gallant seaman, "I believe they have done it, at last; my back-bone is shot through." He was carried to the cock-pit; several wounded officers, and about forty sailors, being conveyed below, at the same time. He was laid on a pallet, in the midshipmen's birth. The blood flowed, internally, from the wound, and the lower cavity of the body gradually filled. After the lapse of some minutes, the crew of the Victory, were heard to cheer, when a lieutenant, who lay, wounded, near him, said, that one of the enemy's ships had struck. Like the expiring Wolfe, a gleam of joy lighted up the countenance of the dying hero; and as the cheers were

repeated, and marked the progress of the triumph, his satisfaction was increased. When captain Hardy came down from the deck, lord Nelson inquired, "How goes the day with us, Hardy?"—"Ten ships, my lord, have struck."—"But, none of ours, I hope?"—"Oh, no, my dear admiral, there is no fear of that."—His voice soon became inarticulate; when, after a feeble struggle, he exclaimed, "I thank God, I have done my duty," and expired.

Meanwhile, the command of the British fleet, had devolved upon admiral Collingwood. Both the French and Spaniards fought most gallantly, and yielded only when their vessels had become a wreck. Twenty ships of the line struck their flags, to the British fleet, in the battle of Trafalgar; and, two days afterwards, four more of the same class, which had escaped from the victor's grasp, surrendered, to a superior force, commanded by sir Richard Strachan, off Ferrol.

The victory of Trafalgar, was the most splendid that was ever achieved, at sea. The greatest number of vessels, of first-rate magnitude, had, in that action, been taken or destroyed, that ever rewarded a conqueror, in any naval triumph.

The fate of the gallant Villeneuve, is much to be lamented. Having been suffered, after his capture, to proceed to Paris, that he might justify his conduct, in the disastrous battle, he evaded the unmerited reproaches, of the enraged Napoleon, and the anticipated sentence of a court-martial, by a voluntary death.

A few days after the emperor's return from his victorious northern campaign, M. Denon, inspector of medals, was admitted to an audience; in order to present those which he had struck in commemoration of the achievements of the memorable campaign of Austerlitz. Denon held in his hands a number of medals. The series commenced with the departure of the army from the camp at Boulogne, on its march to the Rhine. The first represented; on one side, the bust of Napoleon; and on the other an eagle, holding an English lion.—"What does this mean?" said Napoleon.—"Sire," said M. Denon, "it is the French eagle, stifling, with his talons, the lion, which is one of the attributes of the arms of England." Napoleon threw the golden medal, with violence, to the end of the chamber, saying to Denon—"Vile flatterer! How dare you say that the French eagle stifles the English lion? I cannot launch upon the sea, a single petty fishing-boat, but it is captured by the English. It is, in reality, the lion that stifles the French eagle. Cast the medal into the foundry, and never bring me such another!"

CHAPTER X.

RENEWAL OF THE WAR, WITH PRUSSIA—BATTLE OF JENA—
BATTLE OF FRIEDLAND—TREATY OF TILSIT.

1806. THE death of William Pitt, the prime minister of England, did not restore, to afflicted Europe, the happiness of peace. That arch-disturber of the repose of nations, so signally unable to direct the storm, which he himself had raised, may be numbered amongst those who fell by the battle of Austerlitz. On the twenty-third of January, he died, of a broken heart. The pacific temper of the Grenville administration, of which Mr. Fox held the important office of secretary of state for foreign affairs, could not be accommodated to the overture, made, shortly after their accession, by Napoleon; as they resolved not to enter into any treaty, which did not include their Russian ally. Nor, could it be expected, that the decease of this illustrious statesman, which occurred in the ensuing autumn, would be followed by any variation of sentiment, in his successors. That deeply lamented occurrence, produced no material change in the British cabinet; except the substitution of lord Howick, as secretary for the foreign department of state, and the admission of the deceased minister's relative, lord Holland.

On the eighteenth of January, the Cape of Good Hope was taken from the Batavian government, by sir David Baird. In the capture of this important station, he had been aided by a squadron of British vessels, under sir Home Popham; which officer, after performing this service, ventured, with a body of troops, commanded by general Beresford, but without any authority from home, to carry his whole naval force to South America; and, in the beginning of June, having entered the river Plata, the general took possession of Buenos Ayres. Here, was found a considerable treasure. Their cupidity, however, received its merited reward. Scarcely had they begun the embarkation of their booty, when they were attacked, by colonel Liniers, a French officer in the Spanish service; and the British troops, after a sanguinary contest, surrendered prisoners of war.

We have occasionally charged Napoleon with the breach of treaties. But the French emperor was not the only sovereign, guilty of such infractions. The ancient principles of international law, were, indeed, in the revolutionary struggle, tram-

pled upon, alike, by all parties; and a self-aggrandizing policy, founded upon casuistical expediency, seemed now the only guide of kings. A treaty had been concluded, between Napoleon and the king of Naples; by which, the latter engaged to remain neutral, in the war between France and the allied powers, and to repel every encroachment upon her neutrality, by force. But, scarcely had six weeks elapsed, after the ratification of this treaty, when a squadron of English and Russian vessels, was permitted, without opposition, to land a body of troops, in the bay of Naples. For this act of perfidy, the king was severely punished. On the morning after the signing of the treaty of Presburg, Napoleon issued a proclamation, in which he declared, that "the Neapolitan dynasty had ceased to reign;" and, having conferred the crown of the deposed monarch upon his favourite brother, Joseph, the new sovereign, before the end of February, made his triumphal entry into Naples.

Accompanied by the English army, the exiled monarch retired to Messina. In order to test the loyalty of the people to their former government, sir John Stuart landed, in Calabria, with an army of five-thousand men. On the fourth of July, he found himself in the neighbourhood of seven-thousand troops, commanded by general Regnier, on the plains of Maida; and, having assailed his entire line, with the bayonet, routed them, after a short resistance, with dreadful slaughter; seven-hundred of the French army being, the next day, buried on the field; while the loss of the British army, in slain, was only forty-four.

Our attention is now directed to the north. The attitude of Prussia afforded, at this period, the most interesting object. The relations of neutrality assumed by her temporizing monarch, his own imprudence did not suffer him long to maintain. His purchase of Hanover, from the dictator of the continent, produced retaliation, by the government of England; by whom, an embargo was laid upon all the Prussian vessels, in the British ports; and a blockade ordered of all the rivers of Prussia, which ministered to the operations of her commerce. The subserviency of Frederick William, to Napoleon, involved him also in a war with Sweden. His subjects, at length, demanded, that the degrading shackles of foreign domination should be broken, upon the head of him by whom they had been forged; and his high-spirited queen—young, beautiful, and persuasive—burning with a generous ardour, to retrieve the honour and

reputation of her husband, joined the insulted nation, in their call for immediate vengeance.

The first public act of the cabinet of St. Cloud, which gave serious offence and alarm, to the court of Berlin, was the investiture of Murat with the dutchies of Berg and Cleves. But there awaited the Prussian government, a deeper and more sensible injury, than this. While the French minister at Berlin, was urging the Prussian minister of that court, to persist in the retention of Hanover, the Prussian resident, at Paris, discovered that the French government had offered, to the king of England, the restitution of his electoral dominions; and that distinct hints had been given, to the Russian ambassador, during a recent negotiation, that, if his court were desirous of annexing any part of Polish Prussia to his dominions, no opposition would be made, to such a project, by France. The next cause of alarm, was the "Confederation of the Rhine." By this powerful alliance, of which Napoleon was styled the Protector, the new kingdoms of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, the electorate of Baden, the grand dutchy of Berg, and the other minor principalities, of which it was composed, were for ever separated from the Germanic body, and combined to make one common cause with France; the Germanic empire, after an existence of more than a thousand years, was dissolved; and the house of Austria, stripped of its ancient honours, was compelled to relinquish the title of Emperor of Germany, to retain only the more humble title of Emperor of Austria; and yield the precedence to France.

Prussia, at length, seeks to retrieve her honour. Great Britain liberates the embargoed vessels. Frederick William enters the field, with one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand men—the best appointed forces in the world—and joins in the fourth coalition now forming against France.

On the twenty-fourth of September, Napoleon left his capital, to assume the command of his army. The right wing was commanded by Ney and Soult; the centre, by Murat, Bernadotte, and Davoust; the left, by Augereau and Lasnes. The Prussian army was commanded by the duke of Brunswick, aided by marshal Blucher, and prince Hohenlœe. But the tactics of the veteran Brunschwick, though trained in the school of Frederick the great, were ill adapted to counteract the rapid and novel movements of the Buonapartean mode; and even a worse fate now befel him, than his discomfiture by the Sansculottes.

During the first week of October, Napoleon was wholly occupied with geographical charts; and, when he had acquired an exact knowledge of the positions of the enemy, he was heard to say—"On the eighth, the army will be in the presence of the enemy; on the tenth, I shall beat them at Scafield; they will retire to Jena and Wiemar, where I shall beat them again; on the fourteenth or fifteenth, I shall have destroyed the Prussian army; and, before the end of the month, my victorious eagles will be in Berlin."

The campaign opened, on the ninth of October, with the battle of Schleitz; and ended with the battle of Jena. This celebrated engagement occurred on the fourteenth. The preceding night was sublimely interesting. The sentinels of the two hostile armies, were almost touching; and their lights were within half cannon-shot: those of the Prussians illuminated the atmosphere, through an extent of six hours' march; those of the French were concentrated to a comparatively small point. On both sides, all was watchfulness and motion. The divisions of Ney and Soult were occupied, the whole night, in marching; and, at break of day, all the French troops were under arms. Every manœuvre, on both sides, was performed with as much exactness, as on a parade; while two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand men, and seven-hundred pieces of artillery, scattered death, in every direction, and exhibited one of the most affecting scenes, ever displayed on the theatre of war. The numbers of the two belligerents, were nearly equal. But the Prussian army was much inferior, in commanders. Their confusion became, at length, extreme. They were completely routed; leaving twenty-thousand men dead upon the field, and thirty-thousand prisoners, besides three-hundred pieces of cannon.—Amongst the prisoners, were more than twenty generals: the duke of Brunswick, now in his seventy-third year, was mortally wounded, and general Ruchel, killed.

In a previous battle, at Saalfeld, prince Louis, a brother of the king of Prussia, was killed, in a personal rencontre with a French lieutenant.

On the twenty-fourth of October, Napoleon visited the palace and tomb of Frederick the great, at Potsdam; and, three days afterwards, made his public entry into Berlin.

There followed, rather a succession of capitulations, than of battles. Fortified cities, of the greatest strength, surrendered, on the first summons. We cannot avoid suspecting, that the French commanders entered many with a golden key. Never had Europe seen conquests so rapid. Within the short space

of five weeks, one-hundred-and-forty-thousand prisoners, two-hundred-and-fifty standards, and four-thousand-eight-hundred pieces of artillery, were taken, by the French.

The Prussian army was annihilated, and the Prussian monarchy subdued.

Advancing with rapidity, the French passed the Oder; and, at length, having reached the Vistula, on the twenty-eighth of November they entered Warsaw. The Russian emperor had now serious cause of alarm. He was excited to make a grand effort for the protection of his dominions; and his army, of which general Beningsen was appointed the commander-in-chief, took a position at Pultusk. Here, it was attacked, on the twenty-sixth of December, by Napoleon; when, after an obstinate and sanguinary conflict, both armies claimed a victory, and each seemed beaten, by the other.

1807. Such, was the state of affairs, at the close of the year 1806. But, the hostile armies did not long remain inactive. The battle of Pultusk was followed by that of Eylau; one of the most obstinately contested engagements during the whole war. It was fought on the eighth of February; and, after continuing for twelve hours, the ranks of both armies were thinned, by a dreadful slaughter, and both claimed the victory, as at Pultusk. The Russians could exhibit the rare spectacle of twelve imperial eagles, taken, in one action; the French continued on the field of battle, for several days after the Russians had found it expedient to retreat.

After this bloody conflict, the grand armies of France and Russia, remained, for some time, inactive. In the mean time, both were receiving strong reinforcements; and the emperor of Russia having arrived at the scene of war, the battle of Friedland, fought on the fourteenth of June, decided the contest. This desperate engagement, which occurred on the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, terminated in the total defeat of the Russians; who are said to have left fifteen thousand men dead on the field.

The monarch who had come to protect the dominions of another prince, now trembled for his own. A suspension of hostilities was proposed, by Alexander; and, on the twenty-second of June, an armistice was concluded, at Tilsit. On the twenty-fifth, the two emperors had an interview, on a raft, moored in the Niemen. At ten o'clock, in the morning, Napoleon, accompanied by a number of his generals, set out, in a boat, from the left bank of that river; and Alexander, accompanied by his brother, the grand-duke Constantine, and some

of the principal officers of his staff, embarked, from the right. The two boats arrived at the same instant; and the two emperors embraced each other, as soon as they had stepped upon the raft. They remained together for two hours; and the conference ended in a pacific result. The king of Prussia, with his queen, joined the imperial sovereigns, at Tilsit. Entertainments followed, in rapid succession. A magnificent dinner was given, by the guards of Napoleon, to those of Alexander and Frederick William. At this entertainment, they exchanged uniforms; and were seen, in the streets, in motley attire, partly Russian, partly Prussian, and partly French.

On the ninth of July, the arrangements of pacification, were completed. The two emperors then separated, with mutual expressions of attachment, and after having exchanged the decorations of their respective orders.

By the treaty between Prussia and France, the former was despoiled of all her territories on the left bank of the Elbe; and of all her Polish provinces, except those situated between Pomerania and Newmarke, and ancient Prussia, to the north of the river Netz. The elector, now become the *king*, of Saxony, was to have a part of these severed dominions: Dantzic was to become an independent town: East Friesland was added to the kingdom of Holland; at the head of which, had been placed Napoleon's brother, Louis: a new sovereignty, for Jerome Buonaparte, under the designation of the kingdom of Westphalia, was formed, out of the provinces ceded by the Prussian monarch, and of others in possession of the French emperor. Prussia recognised the Confederation of the Rhine; and consented to close her ports, and become a party in the maritime war against England. The emperors of France and Russia, mutually guaranteed the integrity of their possessions; and Alexander recognised the kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia; besides acknowledging, in its fullest extent, the Confederation of the Rhine, and promising to exclude the commerce of England, from his ports.

The great sacrifice to peace, was made by Prussia. She was reduced, at once, from the rank of a primary, to the condition of a secondary power of Europe; Frederick William, by the peace of Tilsit, having lost nearly one-half of his yearly revenue, and five-millions of his subjects.

The king of Sweden refused to accede to the treaty of Tilsit, and attempted the defence of Pomerania; but, abandoned by his continental allies, his efforts were unavailing. Gustavus, however, succeeded in withdrawing his forces from Stralsund,

before the enemy was apprised of his intention; after which, he crossed the Baltic, and returned to Sweden.

At this period, Napoleon was in the zenith of his power, and enjoyed the utmost vigour of his faculties. Nothing seemed too vast for his comprehension, nothing too minute for his observation. His exertions were unparalleled, amongst sovereign princes: he inspected every thing with his own eye; he laboured with more industry than any secretary in office; and his principal relaxation was in the variety of his business. He appointed to important stations, those only, who, by experience or talent, were qualified to discharge their duties; and superintended the fulfilment of those duties, with a vigilance, which forbade the approach of delinquency or inattention.

Napoleon's manner of living, when with the army, was simple, and without show. Every individual, whatever might be his station, had a right to approach and address him, concerning his interests. He heard, interrogated, and decided, at once: if it were a refusal, the reasons were explained in a manner which softened the disappointment. "I was never able to behold, without admiration," says one of his biographers,* from whom we frequently quote, "the simple soldier quit his rank, as his regiment filed off before the emperor, approach him, with a serious, measured step, and, presenting arms, place himself before his commander. Napoleon always received the petition, read it entirely through, and granted all proper requests. That noble privilege which he had bestowed upon bravery and courage, inspired every soldier with a feeling of his importance, and of his duty; and, at the same time, served as a curb, to restrain those amongst his superiors, who might have been inclined to abuse their power.

"The simplicity of Napoleon's character and manners, was particularly remarkable, when the march was easy, and uninterrupted by action. Always on horseback, in the midst of his generals, his gallant aides-de-camp, the officers of his household, and of his staff, comprised of young and valiant officers, his gayety, I had almost said his good-fellowship, diffused itself into every heart. He often gave the command to halt, and sat down under a tree, with Berthier, prince of Neufchatel. The provisions were spread before him, and every one, even from the page up to the great officers, one way or another, got every thing that he required. It was truly a fête, for every one of us. By dismissing from about him every thing that had

* De Bausset,

any resemblance to intrigue, he had inspired the whole of his household with a feeling of affection, of union, and of reciprocal good-will, which made all our stations comfortable. The frugality of Napoleon was such, that he gave a preference to the most simple and least seasoned dishes. Thus, his head was always clear, and his labour easy, even when he had just risen from table. Gifted, by nature, with a perfectly good digestion, his nights were as calm as those of an infant: nature had bestowed upon him, also, a constitution so admirably suited to his station, that a single hour of sleep would restore him, after four-and-twenty hours' fatigue. In the midst of the most serious and urgent events, he had the power of resigning himself to sleep, at pleasure; and his mind enjoyed the most perfect calm, as soon as directions were given for the necessary arrangements.

“Every moment of the day was a moment of labour for Napoleon, even when with the army. If he ceased, for an instant, to consult the charts, to arrange the plans of battle, and to meditate on the prodigious combinations which it was necessary to employ, in order to move, with mathematical precision, a mass of from four to five-hundred-thousand men, he occupied himself with the domestic administration of the empire. Several times in the course of the week, a messenger arrived, at the imperial quarters, from the council of state, charged with despatches from all the ministers; and never was the labour of inspection postponed until the morrow: every thing was examined during the day, signed, and forwarded:—all things moved on together. The days which succeeded a skirmish, an action, or a battle, were employed in receiving the reports from the different corps of the army; in uniting together all the isolated facts; in distributing to each his proper share of the glory, and in digesting those immortal bulletins, which, through their conciseness, clearness, order, and manly simplicity, present a classic model of military eloquence.”

In the midst of the disasters of the continent, Denmark had remained unmolested. This kingdom, however, was not permitted to continue the neutrality, so congenial with her interests. Her repose was again disturbed, by a most flagrant act of aggression. Fearing that the influence of Napoleon would direct the naval power of Denmark against England, the British ministry despatched, to Copenhagen, a fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line, under lord Gambier, on board of which, was an army of twenty-thousand men, commanded by lord Cathcart and sir Arthur Wellesley. The crown-prince, having refused

to accede to the requisition, that the Danish fleet should be consigned to the safe-keeping of Great Britain; the troops were landed, on the sixteenth of August; the city was involved in flames; two-thousand of the Danes were slain or wounded; and the prince was constrained to surrender the whole fleet, together with all the ammunition and naval stores.

Universal reprobation was not the only evil result, felt by England, from this atrocious violence. Not Denmark alone, but Russia, also, was rendered inimical to her, by the attack upon Copenhagen, and the deportation of the Danish fleet. On the thirty-first of October, the latter power issued a declaration of war, against England; and, so generally was the "continental system" of Napoleon enforced, against her, that, in the beginning of the ensuing year, all the ports of Europe, except those of Sicily and Sweden, were closed against British vessels and commerce.

CHAPTER XI.

NAPOLEON PLACES JOSEPH BUONAPARTE ON THE THRONE OF SPAIN—BATTLE OF WAGRAM—THE FRENCH AGAIN ENTER VIENNA—PEACE WITH AUSTRIA—NAPOLEON DIVORCES HIMSELF FROM THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, AND MARRIES MARIA LOUISA, DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.

HAVING overcome all opposition in the north, Napoleon was now at leisure to pursue his schemes of aggrandizement, in the south. A French army, under general Junot, having marched, through Spain, into Portugal, the court of Lisbon resolved to emigrate to the western hemisphere. On the twenty-ninth of November, when the French had already arrived in the vicinity of Lisbon, and were about to enter the city, the Portuguese fleet, having on board the queen, the prince of Brazil, and the whole royal family of Braganza, sailed out of the Tagus, escorted by an English squadron, commanded by sir Sydney Smith; and, on the eighteenth of January, in the following year, arrived at Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil; which was made the seat of government. The French entered Lisbon, without opposition; and, for a while, became masters of all Portugal.

1808. But this unoffending kingdom was not the only sufferer, at this time subjected to the hand of violence. Spain, too, was doomed to increase the numerous appanages

of the French empire; and, for a long series of years, to be drenched in the blood of her indignant citizens. While the court of Madrid was agitated by factions, and Ferdinand, prince of Asturias, meditated the assassination of his aged and imbecile father, Napoleon had withdrawn, from the protection of their native country, the flower of the Spanish forces, and attached them to the French army, in the north; and, under the character of a friend and ally, having introduced his own troops into Spain, he obtained fraudulent possession of the forts of Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, Figueras, and Barcelona. The artifices practised against these important places, are curious. At Pampeluna, a body of French troops, who were apparently amusing themselves, in throwing snow-balls, at each other, on the esplanade of the citadel, continued their sport, until they had an opportunity of placing themselves upon the draw-bridge, possessing the gate, and admitting a body of their comrades, who had been held in readiness; and the capture was thus effected. St. Sebastian was overpowered by a body of French, who had been admitted, as patients, into the hospital. Barcelona was surprised, in a manner not less insidious. The commander of the French troops, detached against Barcelona, had obtained permission, from the Spanish governor, to mount guards of French, together with the native soldiers. He then reported, that his troops were about to march; and, as if previous to their moving, had them drawn up in front of the citadel of the place. A French general rode up, under a pretence of reviewing these men, then passed forward to the gate, as if to speak to the French portion of the guard. A body of Italian light troops, having then rushed in, close after the French officer and his suite, the citadel of Barcelona was in the hands of the French.

In the beginning of March, great popular tumults occurred; and, on the nineteenth, his catholic majesty, Charles IV., abdicated the throne, in favour of the prince of Asturias, as Ferdinand VII. Soon after this event, the two kings of Spain, with the whole of the royal family, were allured to an interview, with Napoleon, at Bayonne. The grand duke of Berg, with a French army, entered Madrid; but his arrival excited so terrible insurrections, that he found great difficulty in holding possession of the city. The number slain, on the side of the people, was immense; and, it is, on good authority, asserted, that they were not brought under subjection, until nearly ten-thousand of Murat's army were put to death.

In the mean time, Napoleon, having both the kings in his

power, compelled them to sign a formal abdication of the throne, and conferred the crown of Spain upon his brother Joseph; who was constrained to join the emperor in this usurpation, and resign the kingdom of Naples, to prince Joachim Murat, grand duke of Berg.

Napoleon argued with the Spanish canon, Escoiquiz, in perfect good humour, on the expediency of this usurpation; and, as he disputed with him, pulled him, familiarly, by the ear.—“So then, Canon,” he said, “you will not enter into my views!”—“On the contrary,” replied Escoiquiz, “I wish I could induce your majesty to adopt mine, though it were at the expense of my ears.”

The *cortége* which accompanied their catholic majesties to Bayonne, did not include a great many persons of rank, but there was a considerable number of baggage-wagons, laden with precious stores. The carriages of Charles, made upon the same models as those of the age of Louis XIV., which had been used by Philip V., on his entrance into Spain, presented a singular contrast to the elegance and lightness of the French equipages. It was astonishing to observe how little progress had been made, in the ornamental arts, in a neighbouring kingdom. The same remark was applicable to all the usages, manners, and refinements of life. Will it be believed, that the etiquette of the court condemned four huge footmen, in fine liveries, to remain standing, and knocking one against another, behind the carriage of the king, from Madrid to Bayonne, exposed to the different temperatures, and to all the dust of the roads! The following morning, when the equipages of Napoleon, attended upon their catholic majesties, who had testified a desire to make the first visit to the empress Josephine, the old king, who was moreover suffering from an attack of gout, experienced the utmost difficulty, in getting into the French berlins, and using the modern double footsteps; on which, he hesitated to trust himself, from being accustomed to the steps and the largeness of his own coaches.

Napoleón descended to the door of the coach, and was obliged to wait some minutes, in order to give King Charles time to disengage himself from his sword, which annoyed him almost as much as his gout; and to overcome the footsteps, upon which he hesitated to trust himself. The king was the first to laugh, at his own embarrassment. The empress Josephine, was in readiness to receive these royal personages; which she did with that grace and amiability, by which she never was deserted. After the usual compliments, the toilet

became the subject of discourse. The empress offered the queen, to send Duplan, her head-dresser, to give the ladies a lesson in that important art, and the proposal was eagerly accepted. Their majesties retired, and returned to dinner; bringing with them the prince of the peace, who had been invited. It was with difficulty the queen was recognized, in her new head-dress. The great talent of Duplan, had miscarried: the queen did not look handsomer, but merely changed.

The emperor, being informed that dinner was served, presented his hand to the queen of Spain. Napoleon walked more rapidly than usual, apparently without intending it; and perceiving the rapidity himself, he said to the queen—"Your majesty perhaps perceives that I go on too quickly?"—"Sire," replied the queen, laughing, "it is your usual custom."—Napoleon then walked more slowly, and said, also laughing, that his "gallantry for the ladies always made it a point of duty with him to consult their tastes."

During dinner, there was some discussion on the difference of the etiquette and habit of the two courts. King Charles spoke much of his passion for the chase, to which he partly attributed his rheumatism and gout.—"Every day," said he, "whatever may be the weather, winter and summer, after having taken my breakfast, and heard mass, I hunt until one o'clock; and I recommence immediately after dinner, and pursue the sport until night. In the evening, Manuel informs me whether affairs go well or ill, and I retire to rest, to recommence the morrow in a similar way;—that is, if some important ceremony does not compel me to desist."

The Spanish sceptre had been tendered to Lucien; who was, after Napoleon, the ablest of the Buonaparte family, and whose presence of mind had so critically assisted his brother, at the expulsion of the council of five-hundred, from Saint Cloud. Lucien had offended Napoleon, by forming a marriage of personal attachment, rather than of family aggrandizement; and, having continued to cherish the sentiments of a true republican, he saw, with displeasure, the whole institutions and liberties of his country sacrificed, to promote the grandeur of one man. Even the offer of a kingdom, therefore, did not tempt Lucien from the enjoyments of a private station; in which, he employed a large income, in collecting paintings and other objects of art, and amused his leisure hours in literary composition.

No sooner had the royal captives ratified the treaty of abdication, than they were hurried, from Bayonne, into the interior

of France. Charles, accompanied by his consort, was carried to Compeigne. Ferdinand, with his uncle and brother, was conveyed to Valency; where he was lodged in a castle belonging to Talleyrand; and their infamous prime-minister, Godoy—the paramour of the self-humiliated queen, and the author of the fatal dissensions in the family of Charles IV.—fixed his residence at a chateau in the environs of Paris.

In justice to the two ministers, Talleyrand and Fouché, we must not omit stating, that the dethronement of the Spanish race of the house of Bourbon, met, from those sagacious statesmen, the most decided opposition.

The conduct of the French emperor, excited a general insurrection, throughout Spain. The energies of the people, which had slumbered for so many ages, were aroused. The patriotic flame burst forth in the province of Asturias; and was rapidly communicated to every part of Spain. The assistance of England was solicited, by the patriots, and granted, with enthusiastic ardour. The Spanish prisoners in that country, were liberated; and embarked, for the peninsula, newly clothed and armed. On the fourteenth of June, a French squadron, in the harbour of Cadiz, after sustaining a heavy cannonade from the city, surrendered to the Spaniards. On the twenty-eighth, the French general, Moncey, having made an assault upon Valencia, was repulsed, with terrible carnage; and, on the thirtieth, his army was totally defeated, by the patriots, under generals Cerbellon and Caro. But the most important transaction, at this period, occurred in the neighbourhood of Andujar; where, on the twentieth of July, general Dupont, with an army of twelve-thousand men, and a detachment of eight-thousand, then advancing to join him, surrendered, to the Spanish patriots, under general Castanos. On the same day, the intrusive king made his public entry into Madrid. But the news of that event, and the approach of Castanos, suggested the necessity of a timely flight. On the twenty-seventh, after a residence of only one week, Joseph retired, with precipitation, from Madrid, which was immediately entered by the patriots.

The French army was now placed in a most embarrassed situation. They began to retreat from the southern and middle provinces of Spain, and to concentrate near the banks of the Ebro. They had little expected so enthusiastic an opposition. Their affairs assumed every symptom of disaster; the patriot cause, every appearance of success. About the middle of August, ten-thousand Spanish troops, under the command of the marquis de la Romana, escaped from the Danish islands of

Langeland and Funen, where they had been stationed, in conformity with the designs of Napoleon; and, having been conveyed, by a British squadron, to Spain, they joined the patriot army.

Portugal soon caught the patriotic flame. Insurrection became general, in the northern provinces; and the French were obliged to concentrate their forces, at Lisbon. Nor were the Portuguese allowed to suffer long, without aid. The British government sent, to their relief, a body of fourteen-thousand men, under sir Arthur Wellesley; who, on the twenty-first of August, defeated general Junot, at the head of an army of nearly equal number, at Vameira. But the fruits of this brilliant victory, were lost, by an ill-judged treaty, with the French commander. Having been superseded, in command, by sir Hugh Dalrymple, this officer, together with sir Harry Burrard, induced the illustrious victor to join his superior officers, in the universally deprecated Convention of Cintra; by which, it was agreed, that the French should evacuate Portugal, and be conveyed, with all their arms, artillery, and ammunition, to France, in British vessels, without any restrictions, as to future service.

On the twenty-sixth of October, the British army, now commanded by sir John Moore, commenced its march, from Lisbon, into Spain, and proceeded to Salamanca. In the ensuing month, Napoleon appeared on the contested field, and, on the fourth of December, took possession of Madrid. General Moore, on receiving intelligence of the surrender of the Spanish capital, meditated a junction with Romana. To accomplish this, he proceeded to Majorga; and, having been joined by general Baird, who had landed with a body of British troops, at Corunna, the whole army, amounting to about twenty-eight-thousand men, advanced to Sahagan. No commander was ever more unhappily circumstanced. In a country, which he had been compelled, by the British ministry, to penetrate, without having been reconnoitred; disappointed in the promised supply of provisions; unsupported, by his Spanish allies; combinations were formed, by the emperor himself, to enclose him with an army of seventy-thousand men. General Moore was no sooner apprized of these movements, than he commenced a precipitate retreat, through Gallicia. The movements of the French emperor, were greatly retarded, by the difficult passage of the mountains of Guadarama, which were covered with a deep snow, as well as by incessant rains, and overflowing torrents. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, few marches have been so rapid. On the second of January, (1809) he

reached Astorga; after having traversed three-hundred miles, in fifteen days. Finding, however, that the retreating army had eluded his grasp, he assigned to marshal Soult, duke of Dalmatia, the future operations against the English; who were pursued, with undiminished vigour, to Corunna.

At this place, the British army arrived, on the eleventh of January, after one of the most harassing marches ever encountered by any troops. On the following morning, marshal Soult was seen approaching, with twenty-thousand men. On the sixteenth, he made a series of impetuous attacks upon the English, now reduced by sickness, and other casualties, to about fifteen-thousand, who were posted on the heights, before the town: the assaults, however, were sustained, with most gallant firmness; the French were repulsed; and the English occupied a station in advance; but general Baird lost an arm, and sir John Moore received a mortal wound, of which he expired, before midnight. The command then devolved upon general Hope; all the English cavalry-horses were shot—each trooper discharging his pistol against the faithful steed of his comrade—and the remains of this ill-fated army were embarked, without molestation, about ten o'clock, at night, for England, in a most distressing state of nakedness—the very officers, themselves, being, for the most part, without either shoes or hats.

Scarcely a ray of hope, now gleamed upon the patriot cause. Though the people continued to prolong the contest, the greater portion of the nobles disgraced themselves, by their treacherous desertion. After the departure of the British forces, the French made most vigorous efforts, to accomplish the entire subjugation of Spain. The defence of Saragossa is an event which can never be forgotten. The siege was conducted by marshal Lasnes, duke of Montebello; the defence, by Don Joseph Palafox, captain-general of Arragon; and, on the seventeenth of February, the place was taken, by sap; after a series of tremendous assaults, and a resistance unparalleled, except by their ancestors of Numantia, when besieged by the Roman arms; the devoted citizens, joined by their wives and daughters, having fought, for their homes and firesides, with the very “knife.”

During the bombardment, which, in the second siege, continued two-and-forty days, there was no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city. Even the natural order of light and darkness, was destroyed:—by day, the place was involved, in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face

of heaven: by night, the fire of the cannons and the mortars, with the flames of burning houses, kept the atmosphere in a state of terrific illumination. Disease had subdued the inhabitants; two-thirds of the city had been destroyed; thirty-thousand of the people had perished; and the French, after a siege of two months, obtained possession of a mass of ruins.

Much as was the attention of Napoleon required, by the unexpected opposition in the peninsula, yet the affairs of Portugal and Spain were not alone suffered to occupy his comprehensive mind. He continued to mould and remodel the relations of foreign countries, in conformity with his own views. He this year made considerable changes in the Italian states. Under the plea, that pope Pius VII. had refused to make war upon England, and that the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples, ought not to be divided, by the intervention of a hostile power, he decreed that the ecclesiastical duchies, of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata, and Comerino, should be for ever united with the kingdom of Italy, and expelled Pius from Rome; an exercise of despotic power, which caused his excommunication, by the pope. At the same time, he united Tuscany, Parma, and Placentia, to the empire of France, adopted his step-son, Eugene Beauharnois, as his own son, and settled that kingdom upon him and his male heirs.

1809. Austria was not inactive, since the beginning of the insurrection which had been raised in Spain. A more favourable conjuncture could not have been afforded, to sever the disgraceful trammels imposed upon her, by triumphant France. Nor were the preparations made, by that country, for war, viewed with indifference, by Napoleon; and his watchful jealousy was expressed, by his ministers, with reproaches and threats. Austria was charged with having opened the harbour of Trieste, to the English; with having protected, by her ships of war, British merchant-vessels, in their passage from Malta to the Levant; with having held conferences with an official messenger from the Spanish patriots, and promised to assist them, with an army of one-hundred-thousand men.

In the month of March, preparations were made, by both sides, with uncommon activity and vigour. From Valladolid, Napoleon sent his mandate to the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, to furnish their contingents, and hold themselves in readiness to enter the field; and, soon afterwards, he left Spain, and returned to Paris.

The Austrian army was divided into nine corps; each consisting of from thirty to forty-thousand men. The archduke

Charles was appointed commander-in-chief; and six out of the nine corps, were placed under his immediate command: the seventh was sent, under his brother, the archduke Ferdinand, into Poland; the eighth and ninth, into Italy; the whole force, at the disposal of the commander-in-chief, amounting to at least four-hundred-thousand men.

On the tenth of April, the archduke Charles entered Bavaria, by a bridge of boats, placed over the river Inn. Intelligence of this hostile movement, reached Napoleon, by telegraph, on the twelfth; on the evening of that day, he quitted Paris, and on the seventeenth, arrived at Donawarth; from which place, he removed his head-quarters to Ingolstadt. In his rapid journey, he was without guards, without equipage, and almost without a companion, except the faithful Josephine; who accompanied him as far as Strasbourg, and there remained, for some time, watching the progress of the campaign.—On the nineteenth, marshal Davoust, duke of Auerstadt, defeated a division of the Austrians, at Pressing; on the same day, another division was routed, by the Bavarian troops, under marshal Lefebre, duke of Dantzic; and a few days afterwards, Napoleon, with a division composed chiefly of the troops of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, attacked the archduke Louis and general Keller, at Ebensberg, and compelled them to retreat, in extreme disorder; leaving, in the hands of the victor, eight standards, and eight-thousand of their men.

The flank of the Austrian army being, by that misfortune, completely opened, Napoleon lost not a moment in advancing to Landshut. The Austrians, who had formed before the city, were driven back, by marshal Bessieres, duke of Istria; and the place was soon taken, with thirty pieces of cannon, nine-thousand prisoners, and all its magazines.

In the afternoon of the twenty-second of April, Napoleon arrived before Eckmuhl; where there were already posted one-hundred-and-ten-thousand men, under the archduke Charles. The number of the Austrian troops, was much superior to that of the French, actually assembled. The military eye of Napoleon immediately perceived, that the left wing of his antagonist was disadvantageously posted. It was attacked, by the duke of Montebello: the contest was long and obstinate; but, at the close of the day, the Austrians were driven from all their positions, and compelled to retreat; and it was entirely owing to the fleetness of his horse, that the archduke himself was not added to the trophies of Napoleon.

Under cover of the night, the broken divisions of the Aus-

trian army, collected at Ratisbon. A partial breach, in the ancient walls, had been hastily effected; but, for some time, the French, who advanced to the storm, were destroyed, by the musketry of the defenders. There was, at length, difficulty in finding volunteers, to renew the attack; when the impetuous Lasnes, by whom they were commanded, seized a ladder, and rushed forward, to fix it, himself, against the walls. "I will show you," he exclaimed, "that your general is still a grenadier." The example prevailed, the wall was surmounted, and the combat was continued or renewed in the streets of the town, which was speedily on fire. A body of French, rushing to charge a body of Austrians, who still occupied one end of a burning street, were interrupted by some wagons, belonging to the enemies' train.—"They are tumbrils of powder," cried the Austrian, commanding, to the French; "if the flames reach them, both sides must perish!"—The combat ceased, and the two parties joined, in arresting a calamity, which must have been fatal to both, and finally saved the ammunition from the flames. At length, the Austrians were driven out of Ratisbon, leaving the field covered with eight-thousand of their slain.

In these battles, Napoleon pursued his usual plan, of breaking his enemy's forces, into detached parts, and then attacking them, when severed. At no period of his career, did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition. In the short space of five days, the Austrians had lost one-hundred pieces of cannon, and forty-thousand men.

The defeat of the Austrian armies, had laid open the capital, to the invaders. On the tenth of May, Napoleon appeared before the gates of Vienna, a city enclosed by a very feeble barrier; and, on the twelfth, after sustaining a destructive bombardment, for about twenty-four hours, it was surrendered, by capitulation. The palace of the emperor was directly in front of this terrible fire. The emperor, himself, and all his family, but one, who was confined, by indisposition, had retired to Buda:—this was Maria Louisa, the young archduchess; who soon afterwards became empress of France. On receiving information of this circumstance, Napoleon ordered that the palace should be respected, and the shells thrown against other quarters of the town.

Meanwhile, the archduke Charles had fixed his head-quarters at Entzersdorf. Napoleon lost not a moment in determining to assail him, in this new position. The French army was marched down the river, to Ebersdorf; where two islands divide the

Danube into three branches, of the average breadth of about two-hundred yards. On the nineteenth of May, the French engineer threw two bridges from the right bank of the river, to the smaller island, and, on the next day, two other bridges, from that island, to the island of In-der Lobau; which forms a convenient rendezvous for troops, and where Napoleon established his head-quarters. In three hours, a bridge, consisting of fifteen pontoons, was thrown over that arm of the river, which separates Lobau from the left bank; and the archduke having resolved not to interrupt the passage of his enemy, they were permitted to extend themselves along the river, without molestation. Thus, left at liberty to choose the field of battle, Napoleon determined to post the right wing of his army on the village of Esling, and the left on the neighbouring village of Aspern.

A series of battles now commenced, surpassing, in obstinacy, any combats in which Napoleon had hitherto been engaged. The possession of Aspern was necessary, in order to enable the Austrian artillery to play, with effect, upon the centre of the French lines. The contest, here, was most resolute and murderous. In every street, every house, every out-building, the battle raged, with unexampled fury: every wall was an impediment to the assailants, and a rampart for the attacked. The steeples, attics, and cellars, were to be conquered, before either party could style themselves masters of the place; and for seven hours, the contest continued, each party rivalling the other in courage and perseverance; until the French were, at length, completely routed, and the Austrians, at the close of the first day, remained in possession of the village.

Esling was a position, of as much importance to the right of the assailants, as Aspern was to their left. Here, the French fought with still greater obstinacy and courage, than they had displayed in the defence of Aspern; and, at the termination of the first day's engagement, it was in their possession.

On the following day, new efforts were to be expected. Napoleon's glory, as well as the existence of his army, was at stake; and the fate of the Austrian empire, depended upon the success of the army under the archduke. During the battle of the twenty-first, the latter had ordered fire-ships to be sent down the river; by which, the two bridges connecting the island of Lobau with the small island, and that island with the right bank of the Danube, were destroyed. In consequence of this, Napoleon was rendered less able to repair his disasters;

and, in case the battle of the succeeding day should prove decidedly adverse, it was apprehended that it would be impossible for him to effect a retreat.

At four o'clock, on the morning of the twenty-second, the battle recommenced, and the duke of Rivoli succeeded in establishing himself in Aspern. The desperate courage, displayed, by both armies, on the preceding day, was repeated. Night closed upon the infuriated combatants, before the wavering scales of victory preponderated, in favour of either. At length, the French could no longer sustain the enthusiastic charges of the Austrian columns; and, before day-light, on the morning of the twenty-third, they evacuated all the positions which they had held on the left bank of the Danube, and accomplished their retreat, to Lobau.

The loss, on both sides, was prodigious, but the French army suffered most. Marshal Lasnes, duke of Montebello, and three other French generals, were killed; eight generals were wounded, and two were made prisoners; and, according to the Austrian bulletin, eight-thousand French soldiers were buried on the field of battle. The interment of the fallen combatants was continued for several days; and, in the figurative language of the Austrian gazette, "a pestilential air was wafted down the theatre of death."

The war, in other parts, was attended with various success. A most formidable insurrection had sprung up, in Saxony, Westphalia, and Hanover. But, no sufficient aid having been afforded to the insurgents, either by the Austrians or the English, they were crushed, by superior discipline. At the head of these northern patriots, were two officers, Schill and the duke of Brunswick, well calculated, by their character, their talents, and their influence, to animate their followers. The former was killed, in the defence of Stralsund; the latter was compelled to seek for safety, in flight, and embarked, with his little corps, for England.

The operations of the hostile armies in Italy, were more important than those of the armies in the north of Germany, or Poland. At the beginning of the campaign, in Italy, the Austrians were eminently successful; but the victories of the French emperor so near Vienna, rendered it expedient for the archduke John, who commanded his brother's troops in Italy, to retrace his steps. The French army, under Eugene Beauharnois, son of the empress Josephine, having pursued the archduke towards the Danube, advanced towards the Austrian capital, and, by the presence of his victorious legions, served to swell the num-

ber of combatants in the approaching great and decisive battle of Wagram.

From the day of the battle of Aspern, to the end of the first week in July, Napoleon continued stationary, on the south bank of the Danube. But, though stationary, he was, by no means, inactive. He was making the most formidable preparations, not merely to guard himself from an attack, by the archduke Charles, but also to resume offensive operations, in such a manner as to ensure success. The construction of the bridges over the Danube, in place of those which had been destroyed, was intrusted to count Bertrand. In the short space of a fortnight, this engineer formed a bridge of sixty arches, so broad that three wagons could pass abreast, to In-der-Lobau, over four-hundred fathoms of a rapid river. A second bridge, eight feet broad, was made, for infantry. Opposite Esling, on the left arm of the Danube, another bridge was formed, by the duke of Rivoli; which, as well as the two others, were guarded by a *tete du pont*. At this time, the Austrian army was strongly intrenched on the north bank of the Danube, the left wing stretching towards Entzersdorf, the right resting on the village of Aspern.

While Napoleon was thus engaged, in fortifying his positions, and in preparing so stupendous means for crossing the Danube, the archduke Charles had not only raised works, and planted cannon, to guard himself against an attack, but he had also received immense reinforcements. Each army might now be estimated at one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand men. As the principal means of passing the Danube had been formed directly opposite the Austrian redoubts, between Aspern and Esling, the attention of the archduke was, in a great measure, confined to this point. But the object of Napoleon, in making so much parade about this bridge, was to divert the attention of the archduke, but, by no means, to cross the river, in the face of the enemy's most formidable position. During the night of the fourth of July, four new bridges were completed: one, in a single piece, eighty toises long, was fixed in less than five minutes; and the three others, consisting of boats and rafts, thrown over the river. The night was unusually dark, the rain fell in torrents, and the operations of the French commander were concealed by the violence of the storm. At two o'clock, on the morning of the fifth, the whole French army had crossed the Danube; and at day-break they were arranged, in order of battle, at the extremity of the left flank of the Austrians. In like manner, had general Wolfe surprised the French garrison,

at Quebec. The archduke Charles was completely out-generaled. His works were rendered useless. He was compelled to abandon his strong position, and fight his enemy on the spot chosen by themselves. At six o'clock, the French had taken all the Austrian fortifications, between Esling and Entzersdorf; the garrisons of which were nearly all either killed or wounded.

A general engagement had now become inevitable. On the morning of the sixth, the two armies, each provided with upwards of five-hundred pieces of cannon, were drawn out for battle. The left of the French army was commanded by the prince of Ponte Corvo; the right, by the duke of Auerstadt; the centre, by Napoleon himself.

The corps of prince Rosenberg, and that of the duke of Auerstadt, encountered each other, in the morning, and gave the signal for battle. The cannonade soon became general; and the effect of the injudicious dispositions of the Austrian commander, in weakening his centre, soon became manifest. Surprised at this manœuvre, Napoleon at first suspected some stratagem. But he was soon convinced, that his antagonist had committed a fatal error; of which, he hastened to take advantage. A furious effort was directed against the Austrian centre. Unable to withstand this tremendous onset, it fell back, a league. The right, perceiving the dangerous position in which it was now placed, retreated, to the same ground; and the left, being outflanked, fell back upon Wagram. At noon, this important position was carried, the battle was completely won, and the Austrians retired upon Bohemia.

The fate of Germany was now decided. The number of the Austrians slain, was immense; while ten pair of colours, forty pieces of cannon, and twenty-thousand prisoners, were the trophies of the victory of Wagram. No time was lost, in pursuing the archduke. On the tenth of July, he was again defeated, at Znaim; on the twelfth, an armistice was signed, which plainly indicated the extent of the Austrian losses. From causes, which, at the time, were not understood, but which a subsequent matrimonial alliance tended, in some degree, to explain, the negotiations for a definitive treaty, between France and Austria, proceeded very slowly, and were not finally closed until the fourteenth of October. The terms imposed upon the vanquished, were considered as by no means severe. The cessions made by the emperor Francis, were, however, very great; and may be comprised under three heads:—those to the sovereigns of the Confederation of the Rhine; those to the king of Saxony; and those to the emperor of France. The Austrian

monarch agreed to acknowledge Joseph Buonaparte, as king of Spain; to accede to the continental system, and to break off all intercourse with England.

In the course of these negotiations, Napoleon, according to his custom, reviewed the several corps of the army. The parade took place every morning, at nine o'clock, in the large and beautiful square of the palace of Schœnbrunn. One morning, a youth, of about eighteen years of age, clothed in a plain blue riding-coat and a military hat, with a metal button, bearing on it the eagle, but without a cockade, and holding a paper in his hand, seeing that Napoleon did not stop, as usual, at the foot of the great staircase, to receive petitions, insisted on following him, and presenting his petition himself. Berthier, who was behind the emperor, told this intruder that he could present it when the parade was ended. But the youth was determined to proceed. Notwithstanding the observation of the prince of Neufchatel, he continued to follow; pretending that the subject of his request would not occasion any delay, and that he wished to speak to Napoleon. General Rapp, the aid-de-camp on duty, seeing that he persisted in mingling with the general officers who followed the emperor, seized him by the collar of his coat, desiring him warmly to retire: in doing this, general Rapp having felt the handle of an instrument which the young man had in his side-pocket, he grasped him more strongly, had him arrested, and conducted to the guard-house. Having been there searched, a knife was discovered on him, with a long blade, sharpened on both edges; with which, he frankly avowed his intention to kill the emperor. Shortly afterwards, he was brought before Napoleon. The emperor asked him what he wanted. He replied, "to kill you." Napoleon asked him what he had done to him, to make him desire to take away his life. He answered, that Napoleon had done a great deal of mischief to his country; that he had desolated and ruined it, by the war which he had waged against it. Napoleon inquired, why he did not kill the emperor of Austria, instead of him, as *he* was the cause of the war, and not Napoleon. He replied, "Oh, he is a blockhead, and, if *he* were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne; but if *you* were dead, it would not be easy to find such another." He said that he had been called upon, by God, to kill Napoleon, and quoted Judith and Holifernes, spoke much about religion, cited several parts of the Bible which he thought appropriate to his project, and said that he was the son of a protestant clergyman at Erfurth. He had not made his father privy to

his design, and had left his house without money; having sold his watch, in order to purchase the murderous knife. He said that he trusted in God, to find the means to effect his purpose. The emperor called his surgeon, ordered him to feel the youth's pulse, and see if he were mad. He did so, and every thing was calm. Napoleon desired him to be taken away, and locked up in a room, with a *gendarme*; to have no sort of food for twenty-four hours, but as much cold water as he liked. He wished to give him time to cool and reflect, and then to examine him, when his stomach was empty, and at a time when he might not be under the influence of any thing that would heat or exalt his imagination. After the twenty-four hours were expired, the emperor sent for him, and asked,—“If I were to pardon you, would you make another attempt upon my life?” He hesitated a long time, and at last, with great difficulty, said that he would not; as then it would not appear to be the intention of God that he should kill him, otherwise he would have allowed him to do it, at first. The emperor ordered him to be removed. He intended to pardon him; but it was represented that his hesitation, after twenty-four hours' fasting, was a sure evidence that his designs were bad, and that he still intended to assassinate; that he was an enthusiast, a fanatic, and that, in such a case, impunity would set a very bad example:—he was therefore tried by a military commission, and shot.

The most humiliating condition of the treaty of Schœnbrunn, was that by which the Austrian monarch assigned the inhabitants of the Tyrol, to Bavaria. Though deserted by their sovereign, the Tyrolese still refused submission to the conqueror. Their resistance was most formidable: some of the most experienced generals of Napoleon, were frequently defeated, and driven back, with great loss. The brave Hoffer animated and directed the exertions of his countrymen. On the conquest of the province, however, the French emperor was determined; and at length he effected his purpose, by pouring in continual reinforcements, and by the capture and universally reprobated execution of their gallant leader.

The Austrians censured the want of tactics of the Tyrolese. Some poetical sharp-shooter defended his country by an epigram, of which the following is a translation:—

“It is but chance, our learn'd tacticians say,
Which, without science, gains the battle day;
Yet, would I rather win the field by chance,
Than study tactics, and be beat by France.”

Soon after the breaking out of the war, between France and

Austria, the British ministry began to make preparations for a large and formidable expedition. Forty-thousand troops, intended to be assisted, in their operations, by thirty-five sail of the line, and about two-hundred sail of smaller vessels, were assembled, in the latter end of July, on the coasts of Kent and Hampshire; for the purpose of gaining possession of the isle of Walcheren, and destroying the French ships of war, in the Scheldt. A more gallant army, or a nobler fleet, had never sailed from the harbour of any country. Nothing was wanted, to ensure success, but an able general. Had the activity of the admiral, sir Richard Strachan, been seconded by the commander of the land-forces, the earl of Chatham, the object of the English ministry might have been accomplished. But, after having destroyed the dock-yards of Flushing, the British general, whose indolence was proverbial, paused, in the completion of the enterprise, until a considerable army had been assembled, for the defence of Antwerp; no further advance was attempted, and the troops were allowed to remain amidst pestiferous marshes, until a large portion of their number had fallen victims to the prevailing epidemic.

We have said, that the terms granted to the prostrate Francis, were considered mild. In a territorial view, they were certainly most liberal; but, there was one cession, the subject of a secret article, to which the proud spirit of the house of Hapsburg, must have yielded with a bitter pang. His daughter had been thrown into the diplomatic scale; and, what was wanting in the extent of territorial assignments, was supplied by the sacrifice of parental love. After a union of fifteen years, the empress Josephine had blessed her husband with no heir to his imperial throne; and Napoleon resolved to sever the connubial bond, and unite his hymeneal fortune with a younger bride.

“There is perhaps no part of the varied life of the wonderful person of whom we treat,” observes an eminent writer, “more deeply interesting, than the change which took place in his domestic establishment, shortly after the peace of Presburg. The main causes of that change, are strongly rooted in human nature; but there were others, which arose out of Napoleon’s peculiar situation. The desire of posterity—of being represented long after our own earthly career is over, by those who derive their life and situation in society from us—is proper to our species. In all ages and countries, children are accounted a blessing, barrenness a misfortune, at least, if not a curse. This desire of maintaining a posthumous connexion with the world,

through the medium of our descendants, is increased, when there is property or rank to be inherited; and, however vain the thought, there are few to which men cling with such sincere fondness, as the prospect of bequeathing to their children's children, the fortunes they have inherited from their fathers, or acquired by their own industry. There is kindness, as well as some vanity, in the feeling; for the attachment which we bear to the children whom we see and love, naturally carries itself to our lineage, whom we may never see. The love of distant posterity is, in some degree, the metaphysics of natural affection.

“It was impossible that the founder of so vast an empire as that of Napoleon, could be insensible to a feeling which is so deeply ingrafted in our nature, as to influence the most petty proprietor of a house and a few acres:—it is of a character to be felt in proportion to the extent of the inheritance; and, so viewed, there never existed in the world, before, and it is devoutly to be hoped, will never be again permitted, by Providence, to arise, a power so extensive, so formidable, as that of Napoleon.

“The sterility of the empress Josephine, was now rendered, by the course of nature, an irremediable evil, over which she mourned, in hopeless distress; and, conscious on what precarious circumstances; the continuance of their union seemed now to depend, she gave way, occasionally, to fits of jealousy, less excited, according to Napoleon, by personal attachment, than by suspicion that her influence over her husband's mind might be diminished, in case of his having offspring by some paramour.

“She turned her thoughts to seek a remedy, and exerted her influence over her husband, to induce him to declare some one his successor, according to the unlimited powers vested in him, by the imperial constitution. In the selection, she naturally endeavoured to direct his choice towards his step-son, Eugene Beauharnois, her own son, by her first marriage; but this did not meet Napoleon's approbation. A child, the son of his brother Louis, by Hortense Beauharnois, appeared, during its brief existence, more likely to become the destined heir to this immense inheritance. Napoleon seemed attached to the boy, and when he manifested any spark of childish spirit, rejoiced in the sound of the drum, or showed pleasure in looking upon arms, and the image of war, he is said to have exclaimed,—*‘There, is a child, fit to succeed, perhaps to surpass me.’*

“But the son of Louis and Hortense died of a disorder, incident to childhood; and thus was broken, while yet a twig, the

shoot, that, growing to maturity, might have been reckoned on, as the stay of an empire.

“Yet, setting aside her having the misfortune to bear him no issue, the claims of Josephine, on her husband’s affections, were as numerous as could be possessed by a wife. She had shared his more lowly fortunes; and, by her management and address, during his absence in Egypt, had paved the way for the splendid success which he had attained, on his return. She had also done much to render his government popular, by softening the sudden and fierce bursts of passion, to which his temperament induced him to give way. No one could understand, like Josephine, the peculiarities of her husband’s temper; no one dared, like her, to encounter his displeasure, rather than not advise him for his better interest; no one could possess such opportunities of watching the fit season for intercession; and no one, it is allowed, on all hands, made a more prudent, or a more beneficent use, of the opportunities she enjoyed. Vehement by nature, a soldier by education, and invested, by fortune, with the most despotic power, Buonaparte required peculiarly the moderating influence of such a mind, which could interfere without intrusion, and remonstrate without offence.

“To maintain this influence over her husband, Josephine made, not only unreluctantly, but eagerly, the greatest personal sacrifices. In all the rapid journeys which he performed, she was his companion. No obstacle, of road or weather, was permitted to interfere with her departure. However sudden the call, the empress was ever ready; however untimely the hour, her carriage was in instant attendance. The influence which she maintained, by this sacrifice of her personal comforts, was used for the advancement of her husband’s best interests, —relieving those who were in distress, and averting the consequences of hasty resolutions, formed in a moment of violence and irritation.

“Besides her considerable talents, and her real beneficence of disposition, Josephine was possessed of other ties over the mind of her husband. The mutual passion which had subsisted between them for many years, if its warmth had abated, seems to have left behind affectionate remembrances, and mutual esteem. The grace and dignity with which Josephine played her part, in the imperial pageant, was calculated to gratify the pride of Napoleon, which might have been shocked at seeing the character of empress discharged with less ease and adroitness; for, her temper and manners enabled her, as one early accustomed to the society of persons of political influence, to

conduct herself with singular dexterity, in the intrigues of the splendid and busy court, where she filled so important a character. Lastly, it is certain, that Buonaparte, who, like many of those who affect to despise superstition, had a reserve of it in his own bosom, believed that his fortunes were indissolubly connected with those of Josephine; and, loving her as she deserved to be beloved, he held his union with her the more intimate, that there was attached to it, he thought, a spell, affecting his own destinies, which had ever seemed most predominant, when they had received the recent influence of Josephine's presence.

“Fouché, the minister of police, the boldest political intriguer of his time, discovered speedily to what point the emperor must ultimately arrive; and seems to have meditated the ensuring of his own power and continuance in favour, by taking the initiative in a measure, in which, perhaps, Napoleon might be ashamed to break the ice, in person. Sounding artfully his master's disposition, Fouché was able to discover, that the emperor was struggling between the supposed political advantages to be derived from a new matrimonial union, on the one hand, and, on the other, love for his present consort, habits of society which particularly attached him to Josephine, and the species of superstition which we have already noticed. Having been able to conjecture the state of the emperor's inclinations, the crafty counsellor determined to make Josephine herself the medium of suggesting to Buonaparte, the measure of her own divorce, and his second marriage, as a sacrifice necessary to consolidate the empire, and complete the happiness of the emperor.

“One evening, at Fontainebleau, as the empress was returning from mass, Fouché detained her in the embrasure of a window in the gallery; while, with an audacity almost incomprehensible, he explained, with all the qualifications his ingenuity could suggest, the necessity of a sacrifice, which he represented as equally sublime and inevitable. The tears gathered in Josephine's eyes—her colour came and went—her lips swelled—and the least which the counsellor had to fear, was, that his advice had brought on a severe nervous affection. She commanded her emotions, however, sufficiently to ask Fouché, with a faltering voice, whether he had any commission to hold such language. He replied in the negative, and said that he had ventured on such an insinuation, from his having predicted, with certainty, what must come to pass, and from his desire to turn

her attention to what so nearly concerned her glory and happiness.

“In consequence of this interview, an impassioned and interesting scene is said to have taken place, between Buonaparte and his consort; in which, he naturally and truly disavowed the communication of Fouché, and attempted, by every means in his power, to dispel her apprehensions. But he refused to dismiss Fouché, when she demanded it, as the punishment due to that minister’s audacity, in tampering with her feelings; and this refusal alone might have convinced Josephine, that, though ancient habitual affection might, for a time, maintain its influence in the nuptial chamber, it must, at length, give way, before the suggestions of political interest, which were sure to predominate in the cabinet.

“On the thirtieth of November, Napoleon made Josephine acquainted with the cruel certainty, that the separation was ultimately determined upon. But, not the many months which had passed since the subject was first touched upon, by Fouché; not the conviction which she must have long since received from various quarters, that the measure was unalterably fixed, could strengthen her, to hear the tongue of her beloved husband announce, what was, in fact, though not in name, a sentence of repudiation.”*

“The storm,” relates De Bausset, “burst forth on the thirtieth of November. Their majesties went to table. Josephine wore a large white hat, tied under her chin, which concealed a part of her face. I thought, however, I perceived that she had been weeping, and that she then restrained her tears with difficulty. She appeared to me the image of grief and despair. The most profound silence reigned throughout the dinner; and they touched the dishes that were presented to them, out of mere form. The only words uttered, were those addressed to me, by Napoleon,—“How is the weather?”—In pronouncing them, he rose from table. Josephine followed slowly. Coffee was served, and Napoleon took himself the cup which was held

* The foregoing preliminary of the manner in which the intended divorce was communicated to the empress Josephine, is nearly a literal extract from Scott’s *Life of Napoleon*; with only a few occasional alterations, where the language was grossly ungrammatical, or remarkably ungraceful in the style; faults for which that work is signally distinguished: indeed, so hasty, and slovenly, and chaotic a production, is a disgrace to the literature of the present age; and would sink the reputation of almost any other writer, than Sir Walter Scott.

by the page on duty, and gave the sign that he wished to be alone. I immediately retired; but, restless, and a prey to my sad thoughts, I sat down in the attendance room, which was commonly used for their majesties to dine in, in an arm-chair, on the side of which was the door to the emperor's room. I was mechanically watching the servants, who were clearing the table, when, on a sudden, I heard violent cries from the empress Josephine, issue from the emperor's chamber. The usher of the chamber, thinking she was taken ill, was on the point of opening the door, when I prevented him, observing, that the emperor would call for assistance, if he thought it necessary. I was standing close to the door, when the emperor himself opened it, and, perceiving me, said quickly,—‘Come in, Bausset, and shut the door.’ I entered the chamber, and saw the empress Josephine stretched on the carpet, uttering piercing cries and complaints. ‘No, I will never survive it,’ said she.—Napoleon said to me, ‘are you sufficiently strong to raise Josephine, and to carry her to her apartments, by the private staircase, in order that she may receive the care and assistance that she requires?’ I obeyed, and raised the princess, who, I thought, was seized with a nervous affection. With the aid of Napoleon, I raised her into my arms, and he himself taking a light from the table, opened the door, which, by an obscure passage, led to the little staircase, of which he had spoken. When we reached the first step, I observed to Napoleon, that it was too narrow, to permit me to descend, without the danger of falling. He immediately called the keeper of the portfolio, who, day and night, was in attendance at one of the doors of his closet, the entrance to which was on the landing-place of this little staircase. Napoleon gave him the lamp, of which we had now little need, for the passages had become light. He commanded the keeper to go on before, and took himself the feet of Josephine, in order to assist me in descending with less difficulty. At one moment, however, I was embarrassed by my sword, and I thought we must have fallen, but at length we descended, without any accident, and deposited the precious burthen upon an ottoman in the sleeping-chamber. Napoleon immediately pulled the little bell, and summoned the empress's women. When I raised the empress in the chamber, she ceased to moan, and I thought that she had fainted; but at the time I was embarrassed by my sword, in the little staircase, of which I have already spoken, I was obliged to hold her firmly, to prevent a fall, which would have been dreadful to the actors in this melancholy scene. I held

the empress in my arms, which encircled her waist, her back rested against my chest, and her head leaned upon my right shoulder. When she felt the efforts which I made, to prevent falling, she said to me, in a very low tone,—‘You press me too hard.’—I then saw that I had nothing to fear for her health, and that she had not, for an instant, lost her senses.

“During the whole of this scene, I was exclusively occupied with Josephine, whose situation afflicted me: I had not power to observe Napoleon; but, when the empress’s women had come, he retired to a little room, in front of the sleeping-chamber, and I followed him. His agitation and inquietude were extreme. In his distress, he made me acquainted with the cause of every thing that had happened, and said to me these words:—‘The interest of France and of my dynasty, does violence to my heart—the divorce has become a rigorous duty to me—I am the more afflicted by what has happened to Josephine, because three days ago, she must have learned it from Hortensia:—the unhappy obligation which condemns me to separate myself from her—I deplore it with all my heart, but I thought she possessed more strength of character, and I was not prepared for the bursts of her grief.’

“The emotion which oppressed him, caused him to make a long pause between each phrase that he uttered, in order to breathe. His words came from him with labour, and without connexion; his voice was tremulous, and oppressed, and his eyes were moistened with tears. It seemed as if he were beside himself, to give so many details to me, who was so far removed from his councils and his confidence.

“The whole of this transaction did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes. Napoleon immediately sent persons to seek for Corvisart, queen Hortensia, Cambaceres, and Fouché; and, before he returned to his apartment, he assured himself of the condition of Josephine, whom he found more calm and more resigned.

“This divorce produced no division in the family. The emperor always continued the most tender friend of Josephine, and preserved a truly paternal affection, all his life, for the viceroy and queen Hortensia. Josephine was then forty-six years of age, and it was impossible for her to possess more graceful manners and appearance. The expression of her eyes was enchanting, her smile was full of charms, and the whole of her features and her voice, were extremely gentle: her figure was noble, flexible, and perfect; the purest taste, and the most

consummate elegance, presided at her toilet, and made her appear much younger than she really was.

“But all these brilliant advantages were nothing, when compared with the goodness of her heart. Her wit was pleasing and gay; it never wounded the feelings of any one, and never gave birth to any thing disagreeable. Devoted to Napoleon, she communicated to him her sweetness and her good-nature, without his perceiving it, and gave him, in a jesting manner, advice, which more than once proved useful.

“The moment of weakness which seized her, when she heard her fate from the mouth of Napoleon, was the only one that she exhibited. She made it her glory to conquer herself, and to devote herself to the new duties which were traced out to her, without apparent effort. I even believe she was more happy, less dependent, and more herself, than at the Tuileries; where her life was often mingled with constraint, in the infinity of little trifles, and of court details, from which she was liberated, by this new species of emancipation. Having no other desires, than to conform to the tastes and habits of Napoleon, she was often obliged to receive and to show kindness to persons who were not of her taste: she was nearly always compelled, also, to repair to table, and to wait for the emperor, who, deeply engaged in his cabinet, forgot the hour. The dinner was regularly served at six o'clock:—it happened one day, or rather one evening, that Napoleon forgot the announcement which had been made to him, until eleven, and, on leaving his closet, he said to Josephine,—‘I think it is rather late?’—‘Past eleven o'clock,’ replied she, laughing.—‘I thought I had dined,’ said Napoleon, sitting down to table.

“This self-denial was a virtue which Josephine had to exercise on more than one occasion. Napoleon was perfectly right, when he said:—‘I win nothing but battles, while Josephine, by her goodness, wins all hearts.’

On the sixteenth of December, the design to dissolve his marriage, was formally announced, to the conservative senate; and on the same day, the law, authorizing the divorce, was enacted. Josephine was allowed to retain the title of empress, during her life, and took up her residence at the villa of Malmaison, near St. Germain. Here, she principally dwelt, during her remaining years; which were spent chiefly in cultivating the fine arts; but especially in the almost daily practice of benevolence and charity.

1810. On the eleventh of March, the nuptials between Napoleon and Maria Louisa, were celebrated, by proxy,

at Vienna; and, on the first day of April, the parties were joined in matrimony, at Paris, by Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch.

Every husband, every father, humanity itself, must revolt, at this demoralizing act. The beautiful and accomplished woman; the partner of his youth; the prudent counsellor; the faithful friend; the beloved and virtuous wife; the ornament of his imperial court; the moderator of his angry passions;—who sympathized with him, in his afflictions, and rejoiced with him, in his joys:—from such a woman, as this, what MAN could part!

The most splendid festivals were given, on this important occasion. But a great calamity occurred, which embittered the relish for these numerous fêtes. Prince Schwartzemberg had given a distinguished ball; when, unhappily, the dancing-room, which was temporary, and erected in the garden, caught fire. Several persons perished, and amongst the number, the sister of the prince himself;—a tragic incident, which diffused a damp over the public mind, and was considered as a bad omen; especially, when it was remembered, that the marriage of Louis XVI., with a former princess of Austria, had been signalized by a similar disaster.

“It was, at first, generally, indeed almost universally imagined,” says an impartial historian, “that the archduchess was an unwilling, though resigned victim, to the preservation of her family—another virgin of Gilead, obedient to the calls of filial reverence and duty; but no supposition could be more erroneous. It soon appeared, how much of the blood of the Lorraines, flowed in her veins; and, so early did she begin to identify herself with the French nation, and to exult in the glory of her future lord, that, according to the foreign journals, she, one day, before she left Vienna, hastened eagerly into her father's apartment, and announced to him a French victory, in the peninsula, by exclaiming, in a tone of triumph, *We have obtained great advantages, in Spain.*”

Maria Louisa, however, confessed afterwards to the emperor, that, when her marriage with him was first proposed, she could not help feeling a kind of terror, owing to the accounts which she had heard of him, from the individuals of her family. When she mentioned these reports to her uncles, who were very urgent for the marriage, they replied,—“That was all very true, while he was our enemy; but the case is altered now.”

One of the young archdukes had frequently burned his dolls, which he called *roasting Napoleon*. He afterwards declared,

that he would not roast him any more, for he loved him very much, because he had given his sister Louisa plenty of money to buy him playthings.

CHAPTER XII.

DETHRONEMENT OF NAPOLEON.

RENEWAL OF THE WAR WITH RUSSIA—BURNING OF MOSCOW—
DISASTROUS RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY—BATTLE OF
LEIPSIC—PARIS ENTERED BY THE ALLIES—NAPOLEON DE-
THRONED, AND EXILED TO ELBA—RESTORATION OF THE
BOURBONS.

IN the midst of the nuptial ceremonies, the affairs of Holland, gave no small degree of uneasiness to Napoleon's mind. The urgent petitions of his subjects, had so far prevailed over the mild and liberal disposition of his brother Louis, that he opened the Dutch ports, and repealed his decrees against British commerce. This conduct of the tributary sovereign, having been highly resented, by the emperor, Louis abdicated the throne of Holland, and, on the ninth of July, that kingdom was united, by Napoleon, to the French empire.

Ever since the commencement of the revolutionary war, Sweden had maintained a most obstinate resistance to the domination of the French. The affairs of this kingdom, however, had now become desperate. Gustavus Adolphus, whose romantic disposition baffled all the ordinary calculations of prudence, had embarked his country in a war, to which its resources were totally inadequate. Russia had conquered nearly the whole of Finland; and the army having learned that it was the determination of the king to measure his strength against the empires both of Russia and France, there was excited universal discontent, throughout Sweden; and a confederacy was formed against Gustavus, which, on the thirteenth of March, terminated in his expulsion from the throne. The duke of Sudermania, uncle of the deposed monarch, was chosen king, under the title of Charles XIII.; the former relations, between France and Sweden, were revived; and Napoleon prevailed upon his new ally, to join in excluding British commerce from the Baltic. Charles Augustus, prince of Augustenburg, who had been elected crown-prince, or heir apparent to the Swe-

dish throne, when reviewing a body of troops, in the month of May, in the following year, (1810) dropped dead, from his horse; and, on the fifteenth of August, the four estates of Sweden elected, to the vacant dignity, marshal Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo; who, on the death of Charles XIII., succeeded to the vacant throne, and, at the instigations of Napoleon, but contrary to his own inclination, was constrained to issue a declaration of war against Great Britain.

This distinguished officer was married to a sister of Joseph Buonaparte's wife, daughter of a respectable individual, named Clary; and had conciliated the friendship of the Swedes, by his conduct when governor of Pomerania.

On the peninsula, the progress of Napoleon, began to experience a check. Another British army, of about thirty-thousand men, under the command of sir Arthur Wellesley, having arrived in the Tagus, the French were soon driven out of Portugal. The British forces then advanced into Spain, with the design of obtaining possession of Madrid; and, having formed a junction with general Cuesta, the united armies, consisting of about sixty-thousand men, took a strong position at Talavera, on the Tagus, in the province of New Castile.

Here, they were attacked, on the twenty-seventh of July, (1809) by marshal Victor; but all his efforts were unsuccessful, and the allied troops remained in possession of their ground. The French repeated the attack, about midnight; but were again repulsed, with great slaughter. Both armies passed the night on the field; and several partial engagements were fought, before the dawn of the following day. These nightly combats were conducted with most determined fury: the men, after they had discharged their fire-arms, frequently closed, and beat out each other's brains, with their muskets. At day-break, on the following morning, the French advanced, with three regiments, against an eminence, occupied by general Hill: but here, again, they were resisted, with the bayonet, and driven back; leaving the field covered with their slain. About eleven o'clock, the assailants suspended the attack, and dined on the field of battle. Wine and bread were, at the same time, served out to the British troops; and during this pause, in the work of destruction, the men, in both armies, repaired to a brook, to quench their thirst; and stooped to the stream, in the presence of each other, without molestation; while numbers of them shook hands, across the rivulet, before the battle recommenced.

About noon, the conflict was renewed. But no impression could be made, upon the British line. Marshal Victor was

again repulsed; but retreated in the most regular order, across the Alberche.

The battle of Talavera will always hold a high rank, in the annals of destructive war. The loss, on both sides, was severe: that of the French, in killed and wounded, was about ten-thousand men; the loss of the allied army, above six thousand.

The campaign of the ensuing year, opened with an aspect favourable to France. Having forced the passages of the Sierra Morena, the French made themselves masters of Grenada and Andalusia. In consequence of this irruption, the Spanish patriot government, or Cortes, retired, from Seville, to Cadiz. In the mean time, Massena, formerly duke of Rivoli, but who, from his bravery, on the Danube, was now distinguished by the title of the prince of Esling, having command of the grand army of France, made preparations for the conquest of Portugal. Sir Arthur Wellesley, now created, on account of his brilliant exploits, viscount Wellington, having retired, a few days after the battle of Talavera, upon Lisbon, took a strong position at Torres Vedras; Massena having followed his movements, and encamped directly in his front. The position occupied by the British general, was strong, by nature, but rendered

1811. impregnable, by art: Massena, therefore, seeing it was impossible to attack the British army, with any prospect of success, began his retreat; being severely harassed by lord Wellington, who followed closely, in his rear.

Nor were the hostile generals less active, in other quarters of the peninsula. On the eighth of May, marshal Beresford, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the Portuguese army, invested the strong fortress of Badajoz. But, on receiving information, that the duke of Dalmatia was advancing to its relief, the British general raised the siege; and, being joined by the Spanish generals, Castanos and Blake, prepared to meet the French. On the sixteenth of May, they encountered, at Albuera; where was fought one of the most sanguinary battles of the whole war; the French having lost nearly a half, and the allies almost a third of their numerous troops. The latter purchased the victory with the loss of six-thousand men; while the former, having been driven over the small river Albuera, with the loss of nine-thousand, returned towards Seville. Within the circumscribed space, where the battle raged, not less than seven-thousand men were stretched dead upon the field; and the rain, which ran from the heights, reddened the rivulet, with blood.

In the eastern part of Spain, the operations of the French

were successful. On the twenty-eighth of June, marshal Suchet carried Tarragona, by assault; on the twenty-sixth of October, he made himself master of the castle of Murveidro, built on the ruins of the ancient Saguntum; and, on the twenty-sixth of December, defeated general Blake, who took refuge in Valencia.

1812. On the ninth of January, Suchet gained possession of this important city; general Blake, and the garrison of sixteen-thousand men, having surrendered prisoners of war. These signal achievements obtained, for marshal Suchet, the title of duke of Albufuera. But the acquisition of Valencia, was counterbalanced, by the loss of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz; which were taken by lord Wellington; not, however, until he had sustained a very considerable loss.

After the reduction of the two last mentioned cities, lord Wellington marched into the interior of Spain; and entered Salamanca, in triumph. A grand scene of military operations, was, soon afterwards, opened. The French army, commanded by marshal Marmont, duke of Ragusa, began, on the evening of the sixteenth of July, to make a series of intricate movements, preparatory to the battle of Salamanca; which commenced on the twenty-second, about two, in the afternoon, and continued until night. This action terminated in the total defeat of the French. But the allies purchased their victory with the loss of five-thousand men, placed *hors de combat*; that of the French being much greater, besides seven-thousand prisoners, and a severe wound received by their commander.

One of the first consequences of the defeat at Salamanca, was the evacuation of Madrid, by the intrusive king; and the surrender of that capital, to lord Wellington, on the twelfth of August—the birth-day of the prince regent of England.

Soon afterwards, the British commander advanced to Burgos, and gained possession of some of the outworks: but he failed, in all his attempts, against the castle, and at length retired, from before the place, with great loss. The British troops were, in the month of October, withdrawn from Madrid, and that city was again entered by the brother of Napoleon. In the mean time, the different Spanish corps, together with the guerillas—a sort of irregular militia—had several successful skirmishes, with the French; and, in the autumn, the latter withdrew from before Cadiz, and evacuated all the south of Spain.

The colonial affairs of Napoleon, during the peninsular struggle, exhibited nothing but disaster. There was not now re-

maining, either to France or Holland, a single colony, either in the eastern or the western hemisphere; their flags were expelled from the ocean, and their commerce almost totally destroyed.

Even had Napoleon succeeded in the subjugation of Spain, he would have seized a victim, undecked with the accustomed honours, for the sacrifice; the vast provinces of the American Indîes, having rejected the domination of their European parent, and finally established their independence.

But the deprivation suffered, by Napoleon, in the loss of his colonies, was trifling, in comparison with the disasters which he was now preparing for himself, in the north. The friendship which apparently cemented the emperor of France, with the autocrat of Russia, was affected, by Alexander, no longer than necessity constrained him. By the treaty of Tilsit, the latter had bound himself to accede to the "continental system;" and to exclude, from his ports, all British manufactures and colonial produce. It was found, however, impossible for Alexander to adhere to that engagement. The merchants remonstrated, on the loss of their most profitable commerce; the nobles were indignant at the degradation of their country; and Alexander was, at length, induced to admit the forbidden commodities, by special license, and in neutral ships. Nor was the Russian emperor the only infractor of the peace of Tilsit. Napoleon had seized the dominions of the duke of Oldenburg, the brother-in-law of Alexander, and refused to withdraw his troops from Prussia and Swedish Pomerania; and thus, instead of having a neutral territory interposed between Russia and France, garrisons were held, in convenient readiness, to invade, at any time, the Russian borders.

In the beginning of the present year, both emperors made preparations against the approaching storm. The army of Napoleon, amounted to at least four-hundred-thousand men; three-fourths of whom were French; the remainder, consisting of the troops of the Confederation of the Rhine, a body of Prussians, and auxiliaries from Italy, commanded by the king of Naples.

On the twenty-second of June, Napoleon arrived on the banks of the Niemen. On the twenty-fourth, he passed that river, three leagues beyond Kowno. When the head of the French emperor's column, had reached the bank, he advanced, in person, to reconnoitre, when his horse stumbled, and threw him.—"A bad omen," said a voice; but whether that of Napoleon, or one of his suite, could not be distinguished:—"a Roman

would return.”—On the Russian bank, appeared only a single Cossack; who challenged the first party of the French that crossed the river, and demanded their purpose, in the territories of Russia:—“To beat you, and advance to Wilna,” was the reply; when the Cossack withdrew, nor was another soldier then seen.

The French army pushed forward, with great rapidity, to Wilna. Little opposition had hitherto been given, to the invaders. The plan of defence, resolved upon, by the Russians, was not, in the early stage of the campaign, to risk a general battle; but only to retard their progress, by a bold resistance, at all points where a stand could easily be made, and to desolate the country around them.

On the twenty-eighth of June, Napoleon entered the capital of Russian Poland. Here, having proclaimed the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland, the national enthusiasm was excited, in his favour, and the ranks of his armies swelled, by Polish levies; and, soon afterwards, Austria lent her powerful aid, in the subversion of her northern rival.

In the beginning of July, the Hetman Platoff, with his Cossacks, left Grodno, and proceeded to Mir. On the seventh, he encountered the advanced guard of the French army, under Jerome Buonaparte, which he drove back, with great slaughter; and, on the following day, he repulsed a still stronger force, under the Polish chief, Rominski. Yet, notwithstanding these partial advantages, in ten days after the opening of the campaign, the advanced posts of the invading army were on the Dwina; and nearly all Lithuania, a country containing four-millions of inhabitants, was conquered.

A ponderous volume would be required, to give only a brief narrative of the battles which ensued. On the seventeenth of August, the Russian General, Witgenstein, dislodged marshal Oudinot from his intrenched camp, at Polotsk; and, on the other hand, the French gained a dearly purchased victory, at Smolensko. Here, the Russians had determined to make their first stand. The French were commanded by Napoleon, in person; the Russians, by general Barclay de Tolly. The battle continued to rage, after the sun had withdrawn his light. The city was soon afterwards on fire: at two o'clock, in the morning, the French grenadiers advanced, to mount the breach, but they were astonished at meeting no resistance; and soon discovered that the place was entirely evacuated. All the streets were covered with the bodies of expiring Russians; over which, the flames shed a melancholy glare, which aggravated the hor-

rors of the surrounding scene. When Napoleon entered the city, he found it a heap of ruins; and, in an agony of disappointment, he exclaimed, "Never did defence assume so hostile a shape, against the common feelings of self-preservation:—these people treat their country as if they were its enemies!"

The French continued to advance; the Russians, to retreat. On the morning of the twenty-ninth, the invaders arrived at Viasma; a town which had contained ten-thousand inhabitants, but when entered, by the French, was a deserted heap of ruins.

At this period, the chief command of the Russian army, was transferred from Barclay de Tolly, to his elder in commission, prince Kutusoff; a general grown hoary in arms, and now returned from waging a successful war against the Turks. That he might the better defend Moscow, he took a strong position, at a village, situated on an elevated plain, called Borodino. On the fifth of September, Napoleon appeared before the place. The morning of the seventh, at length arose, and thousands beheld the dawn, for the last time. Two-thousand pieces of artillery broke the pause of expectation, and aroused at once all the horrors of war. A veil of smoke shut out the combatants from the sun, and left them no other light, by which to pursue the work of death, than the flashes which blazed from the musketry and cannon. The sabres of forty-thousand dragoons, met each other, clashing in the horrid gloom, and the moving ramparts of countless bayonets, strewn the earth with slain. This was the most sanguinary battle, of modern times. Fifteen-thousand of the Russians were killed, and thirty-thousand wounded; nor was the advantage claimed by the French army, gained with a much smaller sacrifice of human life. The victory was claimed also by the Russians; but an impartial historian can award the bloody palm to neither. The Russians failed in their object, which was to arrest the progress of their enemy:—the French, at the close of the battle, were obliged to retire, for several miles; and, while *Tc Deum* was performing, at St. Petersburg, the French army arrived before the walls of Moscow.

An interesting incident occurred, to the French emperor, before the battle of Borodino. An officer brought him a portrait of his infant boy, the young Napoleon, king of Rome, (born the twentieth of March, 1811,) which he displayed on the outside of his tent; to satisfy not only the officers, but the soldiers, who crowded to behold the resemblance of their great chieftain's son.

The fourteenth of September was the day, on which the

French entered the ancient capital of the Czars. The city had, however, been nearly deserted, by its two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand inhabitants; and, scarcely had the French taken up their residence, within the sacred precincts of the Kremlin, when Moscow appeared, at different quarters, in flames.—The governor, Rostopchin, by whose orders this sacrifice was made—the most sublime act of patriotic devotion, ever contemplated by the mind of man—had ordered the fire-engines to be destroyed; and the invaders were too intent on plunder, to supply their place, by those persevering exertions, by which, alone, the progress of the devouring element might have been arrested. On the morning of the sixteenth, a violent wind arose, which spread the flames, in every direction. The whole extent of this ancient capital, seemed, at length, a sheet of flame, a wilderness of fire; and the sky was hidden from the view, by a dense column of rolling smoke. The lofty palaces of the luxurious noble—the clay-built cottages of the wretched boor—the bazaars, loaded with the costly merchandise of the east—the churches, with their beautiful steeples, resplendent as gold—sunk, in chaotic ruin: the hospitals, containing more than twenty-thousand wounded Russians, began to burn, and, with nearly all their helpless inmates, were soon consumed;—and, in six days after Napoleon had entered, in silent triumph, into Moscow, only one-tenth part of a city, twenty-six miles in circumference, remained, as a cover to the unhappy victors.

Napoleon now saw himself reduced to a level with common mortals; and all the horrors of his situation, at once, opened to his view. His soldiers were deprived of shelter, his stores were exhausted, his supplies intercepted, his troops were become the victims of famine and disease. Like the duke of Brunswick, when he led the German confederacy, to crush the growing liberties of revolutionary France, his pride was humbled, he paused in his wild career, and saw that all things can be accomplished by God alone. For the first time, in his eventful life, he sued for peace. Thrice, did he tender the olive-branch, to Alexander; and thrice was it rejected, by the indignant Czar. He would enter into no treaty, until his dominions were evacuated by the French.

On the sixteenth of October, Napoleon prepared to retreat from Moscow; and, on the nineteenth, before day-break, after an abode of thirty-four days, the grand army, amounting to about one-hundred-and-twenty-thousand men, left the city, taking the great road to Kalouga. In his advance, he had left strong garrisons at Smolensko, and other places of im-

portance, to command the route. A council of war was held, in the head-quarters of the emperor, the hut of a poor weaver, divided by a screen, which was the only partition. Here, he received and meditated on the reports of his generals, together with their opinions, and learned, to his distress, that Bessieres, and other skilful officers, reported that the position occupied by Kutusoff was unassailable. He resolved to judge, with his own eyes, on the next day; and, in the mean time, turned a deaf ear to the information that the Cossacks were stealing through the woods, and insinuating themselves between him and his advanced guard.

At the dawning, Napoleon mounted his horse, in order to reconnoitre, and incurred, in the attempt, a great risk of his freedom, or his life. It was about day-break, when, attended by his staff and a few soldiers, he crossed the little plain on the northern side of the Louja, in order to gain the bridge; the level ground was suddenly filled with fugitives, some black masses appearing in their rear. At first, their cries seemed to be those of *Vive l'Empereur*; but the wild *hourra* of the Cossacks, and the swiftness of their advance, soon announced the children of the desert. "It is the Cossacks," said general Rapp, seizing the reins of the emperor's bridle.—"You must turn back."—Napoleon refused to retreat, drew his sword, as did his attendants, and placed himself on the side of the highway. Rapp's horse was wounded, and borne down by one of these impetuous lancers; but the emperor and suite preserved their liberty, by standing their ground, while the cloud of Cossacks; more intent on plunder, than prisoners, passed them, within lance's length, without observing the inestimable prey that was within their grasp, and threw themselves upon some carriages, that were more attractive.—The Hetman Platoff had promised, as a reward, for Napoleon's head, his daughter, in marriage, with a princely fortune.—The arrival of the cavalry of the guard, cleared the plain of this subtle and pertinacious enemy; and Napoleon proceeded to cross the river, and ascend the further bank.

The defeat, suffered by the king of Naples, at Tauratino, was counterbalanced, in the battle of Malo-Jaroslavitz; but, with this dearly-bought advantage, the sun of Napoleon's Russian victories sunk below the horizon, to rise no more. A scene of horrors now commenced, such as never before darkened the historic page. Flight and disgrace, fatigue, famine, and pestilence, were before the French soldier—misery in all its various aspects. The pursuing Russians attacked the retreat-

ing army, in the rear—other bodies of regular forces, intercepted their advance, in front—while thousands of ambuscading Cossacks, every where assailed them, on their flanks. Men and horses, worn out with fatigue, could scarcely drag themselves along; and, as soon as the horses fell, exhausted, the soldiers eagerly divided the carcasses amongst themselves, and hastened to broil the flesh, upon the coals, for food. Suffering yet more from cold, than from hunger, they abandoned their ranks, to warm themselves by the hastily kindled fires; but, when they wished to rise, their frost-bitten limbs refused their office, a partial insensibility crept over them, and many preferred falling into the hands of the enemy; to making further efforts for the continuation of their route. While the right of the French army was menaced by Platoff, the left was pressed upon, by the main Russian army, under Kutusoff. On the sixth of November, the atmosphere, which had hitherto been clear, became darkened and chilled, with vapoury clouds. The thermometer fell to twenty-eight degrees below the freezing point. The sun, darkened by thick mists, disappeared from their sight; and snow, falling in large flakes, obscured the day. The wind howled dreadfully through the forests; while the country around, as far as the eye could reach, presented the appearance of savage wildness. The soldiers, vainly struggling with the snow and the tempest, which rushed upon them with the force of a whirlwind, could no longer distinguish the road; and, falling into ditches, many of them there found their graves. Others pressed on, towards the end of their journey, scarcely able to drag themselves along;—without food, badly clothed, and shivering with cold; becoming selfish, through despair, they afforded neither succour, nor the glance of pity, to those who expired around them.

From that day, the army lost its courage, and its military attitude. The soldier no longer obeyed his colonel; the colonel separated himself from his general. The horses fell by thousands. The cannon and the baggage, which were now abandoned, served only to obstruct their way; and, no sooner did the soldiers separate themselves from their corps, than they were assailed by a population, eager to avenge the horrors inflicted upon their country. The French soldiers were without shoes, and almost without clothes. Sitting on their knapsacks, they slept upon their knees; and from this benumbing position, they arose, only to broil some slices of horse-flesh, or to melt a few morsels of ice.

A horse grenadier of the imperial guard, presented himself

at one of the fires of the bivouac. This brave man was covered with rags, of various colours, and had nothing left, of his handsome uniform, but his sabre and some shreds of the fur of his cap, with which he protected his head, ears, and a part of his face. The cold, which, in the language of one of his companions, "vitrified his breath," caused a number of icicles to hang from his mustachios and the fur which covered his face. He had but a single boot; the foot which had been so unfortunate as to lose its proper covering, was wrapped in a piece of old cloth, tied round his leg with a strip of leather. His figure was tall, and even elegant, and his features showed severity, calmness, and resignation. He displayed a piece of linen, which served him as a handkerchief; and, approaching the fire to dry it, said, "Come, I must do my washing." When it was quite dry, he carefully scraped up the tobacco which it contained, and wrapped it in a piece of dirty paper, which he used as a snuff-box. He observed, in a lively tone, "We are in a bad plight, but it is all the same; we have beaten them well: these Russians are nothing but beginners."

The retreat was covered by marshal Ney, who, for his singular good conduct, and devotion to the service of his fellow-soldiers, was hailed, by his imperial master, as "the bravest of the brave."

Napoleon reached Smolensko, on the ninth of November; and on the tenth, the first instance occurred, of a French corps surrendering, without firing a gun.

On approaching the Beresina, Napoleon had stretched himself on a miserable couch, and apparently slumbered, while his faithful servants Duroc and Daru, sitting in his apartment, talked over their critical situation. In their whispered conversation, the words "prisoner of state" reached the sleepless ears of Napoleon.—"How!" said he, raising himself, "do you think they would dare?"—In reply, Daru mentioned the phrase, well known to the emperor, of *state policy*, as a thing independent of public law or of morality.—"But France," said the emperor, to whom state policy sounded less pleasantly than when appealed to for directing some great movement of his own:—"what will France say?"—"Who can answer that question, Sire?" continued Duroc; at the same time, adding, "that it was his warmest wish that the emperor, at least, could reach France, were it through the air, if earth were stopped against his passage."

"Then, I am in the way, I suppose," said Napoleon.—"You are, Sire," replied Duroc.

“And you,” continued the emperor, with an affectation of treating the matter lightly, “have no wish to become a prisoner of state.”—“To be a prisoner of war, is sufficient for me,” said Duroc.

Napoleon was silent, for a time, then asked if the reports of his ministers were burned.—“Not yet,” was the reply.—“Then let them be destroyed; for it must be confessed we are in a lamentable condition.”

This was the strongest sign, yet given, of Napoleon’s deeply feeling the situation to which he had reduced himself. In studying the map, to discover the fittest place to pass the Beresina, he approached his finger to the country of the Cossacks, and was heard to murmur, “Ah, Charles XII.—Pultawa.” But these were only momentary ejaculations, dictated by a sense of his condition: all his resolutions were calmly and firmly taken, with a sense of what was due to his followers and himself.

On the twenty-seventh, he crossed the Beresina, at the village of Studzianca. On the morning of the twenty-eighth, the bridge for carriages and cavalry, broke down; and the baggage and artillery advancing towards the bridge intended for the infantry, there arose a scene of horror and confusion, that cannot be described. Numbers perished by the hands of their comrades, but a greater number were suffocated at the head of the bridge; and the bodies of men and horses, so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of dead, in order to reach the river. Some, buried in these horrible heaps, still breathed, and, struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them. The cannon-balls struck the miserable crowds, the shells burst in the midst of them; and terror and despair took possession of every heart. Hundreds were crushed to death, by the wheels of the cannon; others, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen, in the midst of the river; thousands, deprived of hope, threw themselves into the Beresina, and perished in the waves; while crowds upon crowds, still pressing towards the burning bridge, choking up the passage, amidst bursting flames, the whole, at length, sunk, with a tremendous crash, into the bosom of the river.

On the fourth of December, Napoleon reached Smorgoni. Here, having heard of a conspiracy, formed against his government, by general Maret, he appointed the king of Naples his lieutenant-general, and, committing himself and his fortunes to a sledge, in which was Caulincourt, duke of Vizenza, as his

companion, he abandoned the remains of his once formidable host; and, pursuing his rapid journey, on the tenth of December, he arrived at Warsaw.

Here, the Abbé de Pradt, then minister of France to the Diet of Poland, was in the act of endeavouring to reconcile the various rumours which poured in, from every quarter, when a figure, like a spectre, wrapped in furs, which were stiffened by hoar frost, stalked into his apartments, supported by a domestic, and was with difficulty recognised, by the ambassador, as the duke of Vizenza.

“You here, Caulincourt!” said the astonished prelate—
“And where is the emperor?”

“At the hotel d’Angletere, waiting for you.”

“Why not stop at the palace?”

“He travels incognito.”

“Do you need any thing?”

“Some Burgundy or Malaga.”

“All is at your service—but whither are you travelling?”

“To Paris.”

“To Paris!—but where is the army?”

“It exists no longer,” said Caulincourt, looking upwards.

“And the victory of the Beresina—and the six-thousand prisoners?”

“We got across, that is all:—the prisoners were a few hundred, who have escaped. We have had other business, than to guard them.”

His curiosity thus far satisfied, the Abbé de Pradt hastened to the hotel. In the yard stood three sledges, in a shattered condition:—one for the emperor and Caulincourt; the second, for two officers of rank; the third, for his favourite Mameluke, Rustan, and another domestic. He was introduced, with some mystery, into a miserable room of a wretched inn, where a servant girl was blowing a fire, made of green wood. Here, was the emperor, whom the Abbé had last seen when he played king of kings, amongst the assembled sovereigns, at Dresden. He was dressed in a green pelisse, covered with lace, and lined with furs; and, by walking briskly about the apartment, was endeavouring to obtain the warmth which was refused by a half-kindled fire. He saluted “Monsieur l’Ambassadeur,” as he termed him, with gayety. The Abbé felt a movement of sensibility, to which he was disposed to yield: but he limited his expressions of devotion, to helping to pull off Napoleon’s cloak. He heard, from his minister, that the minds of the inhabitants of the Grand Dutchy had been much changed since

they had despaired of the liberation of their country; and that they were, already, since they could not be free Poles, studying how to reconcile themselves to their former governors of Prussia. The entrance of two Polish ministers, checked the ambassador's communication. The conversation was maintained, from that moment, by Napoleon alone; or rather he indulged in a monologue, turning upon the idea he entertained, that the failure of his Russian expedition would diminish his reputation, while he struggled against the painful conviction, by numbering the plans by which he might repair his losses, and alleging the natural obstacles to which he had been obliged to yield.

"We must levy ten-thousand Poles," he said, "and check the advance of these Russians. A lance and a horse are all that is required.—There is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

The functionaries congratulated him on his escape from so many dangers.

"Dangers!" he replied; "none in the world. I live in agitation. The more I bustle, the better I am. It is for kings of Cockaigne, to fatten in their palaces—horseback and the field are for me.—From the sublime, to the ridiculous, there is but a single step.—Why do I find you so much alarmed, here?"

"We are at a loss to gather the truth, about the news from the army."

"Bah," replied the emperor; "the army is in a superb condition. I have a hundred-and-twenty-thousand men—I have beaten the Russians in every action—they are no longer the soldiers of Friedland and Eylau. The army will recruit at Wilna.—I am going to bring up three-hundred-thousand men.—Success will render the Russians fool-hardy—I will give them battle twice or thrice upon the Oder, and, in a month, I will be again on the Niemen. I have more weight on my throne, than at the head of an army. Certainly, I quit my soldiers with regret; but I must watch Austria and Prussia, and I have more weight seated on my throne, than at the head of an army. All that has happened, goes for nothing—a mere misfortune, in which the enemy can claim no merit.—I beat them every where—they wished to cut me off at the Beresina—I made a fool of that ass of an admiral—(He could never pronounce the name Tchitchuzoff)—I had good troops and cannon—the position was superb—five-hundred toises of marsh—a river—" This, he repeated twice, then ran over the distinction in the twenty-ninth bulletin, be-

tween men of strong and of feeble minds, and proceeded,—“I have seen worse affairs, than this.—At Marengo, I was beaten till six o’clock in the evening—next day, I was master of Italy.—At Esling, that archduke tried to stop me.—He published something or other.—My army had already advanced half a league.—I did not even condescend to make any disposition. All the world knows how such things are managed, when I am in the field. I could not help the Danube’s rising sixteen feet, in one night.—Ah! but for that, there would have been an end of the Austrian monarchy. But it was written, in heaven, that I should marry an archduchess.—In the same manner, in Russia, I could not prevent its freezing. They told me, every morning, that I had lost ten-thousand horses, during the night.—Well, farewell to you!”—He bade them adieu five or six times, in the course of the harangue, but always returned to the subject.—“Our Norman horses,” he continued, “are less hardy than the Russian:—they sink under ten degrees of cold (below zero.) It is the same, with the men. Look at the Bavarians: there is not one left.—Perhaps, it may be said, that I stopped too long at Moscow:—that may be true; but the weather was fine—the winter came on prematurely—besides, I expected peace. On the fifth of October I sent Lauriston to treat. I thought of going to St. Petersburg, and I had time enough to do so, or to go to the south of Russia, or to Smolensk. Well, we will make head at Wilna:—Murat is left there. Ha, ha, ha! It is a great political game. Nothing venture, nothing win.—It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The Russians have shown they have character—their emperor is beloved by his people—they have clouds of Cossacks—it is something, to have such a kingdom: the peasants of the crown love their government—the nobility are all mounted on horseback. I made regular war upon the emperor Alexander; but who could have expected such a blow as the burning of Moscow?—that sacrifice would have done honour to ancient Rome.”

The fire went out, and the counsellors listened in frozen despair, while, keeping himself warm, by walking up and down, and by his own energies, the emperor proceeded in his monologue; now betraying feelings and sentiments which he would have concealed; now dwelling upon that which he wished others to believe.

His passage through Silesia being mentioned, he answered, in a doubtful tone, “Ha, Prussia?”—as if questioning the security of that route. At length, he determined to depart;

interrupted the respectful wishes for the preservation of his health, with the brief assurance, that he "could not be in better health, were the very devil in him;" and threw himself into the humble sledge which carried the destinies of Europe. The horses sprung forward, nearly overturning the carriage as it crossed the court-yard gate, and disappeared in the gloom of night.

Continuing his journey in secrecy, on the fourteenth of December, Napoleon arrived at Dresden; and, pursuing his course with unabated rapidity, by the way of Leipsic and Mentz, at midnight, on the eighteenth, he entered Paris.

Napoleon and his attendant were not readily admitted into the Tuileries, at so late an hour. Two figures, muffled in furs, entered the ante-room, and one of them directed his course to the door of the empress's sleeping-chamber. The lady in waiting hastened to throw herself between the intruder and the entrance; but, recognising the emperor, she shrieked aloud, and alarmed the empress. Their meeting was most affectionate, and showed, that, although he had been deserted by fortune, he still enjoyed the tender sympathies of a loving wife.

It is difficult to ascertain the loss of the French army, in this dreadful campaign. No official statement has ever been published, by the French; but, it is probable, that, of nearly four-hundred-thousand troops, not fifty-thousand were suffered to escape from Russia.

1813. With Alexander at their head, the victorious Russians still continued the pursuit. On the fourth of March, they entered Berlin; where they were received, not as enemies, but as friends—not as invaders, but as liberators from the galling chains of France. The nations which had been constrained to submit to the overwhelming power of Napoleon, now resolved to throw off the yoke. Prussia set the example; which was followed by several more of the German states; and the crown-prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, joined in the great northern league.

In the mean time, the shattered remains of the French army, having received some reinforcements, concentrated upon the Elbe. The spring had not far advanced, before all traces of the Russian disasters, were effaced. The three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand conscripts, however, now levied, in France, contained a much larger proportion, than was usual, of boys; as well as numbers of men beyond the appointed age for military service.

The king of Prussia, having offered his mediation, between

the allied sovereigns and Napoleon, the latter rejected the liberal terms proposed as the basis of pacification; and Frederick William joined the confederation against France. Prince Kutusoff having, about this period, died, general Witgenstein was invested with the chief command of the allied armies.

On the fifteenth of April, Napoleon, having appointed the empress regent, left Paris. On the first of May, he defeated the confederates, at Lutzen; on the twentieth, at Bautzen; and the next day, at Hochkirk, after one of the most sanguinary engagements recorded in military annals. In the battle of Lutzen, marshal Bessieres was killed; and at Hochkirk, Napoleon had to deplore the loss of his faithful associate in arms, marshal Duroc. At this period of the campaign, an armistice was negotiated, between the belligerents, by the emperor of Austria; but, Napoleon having refused to concur in the terms, proposed by the allied sovereigns, for the restoration of the balance of power, in Europe, Francis joined the confederacy against the husband of his daughter; and, on the tenth of August, hostilities recommenced. Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia; Sweden, Spain, and Portugal; were ranged on one side: France, Holland, and Denmark; Italy, Bavaria, and Saxony, and the minor states of Germany; on the other,

On the twenty-sixth of August, Napoleon entered Dresden. The Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, armies, were then before the city, commanded by their respective sovereigns, in person. They resolved, if possible, to expel the French; but, finding themselves in danger of being intercepted in their communication with Bohemia, they determined to retreat; and, Napoleon, sallying out upon the retiring army, there ensued a series of engagements, in which twenty-five-thousand prisoners were taken from the allies; and general Moreau, who had left his exile, in the United States, and joined the Russian army, on the invitation of Alexander, received a mortal wound. He was conversing with the emperor, surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of imperial officers, when Napoleon ordered a dozen cannon-balls to be thrown, at once, amongst the group; one of which passed through the general's horse, and carried off both his legs.—The advantage, however, gained, by Napoleon, before Dresden, was, soon afterwards, counterbalanced, by the defeat and capture of general Vandamme, and his army of ten-thousand men, by the Russian commander, count Osterman; also, by the discomfiture of several other corps, by the Prussian general Blucher; and, by one of Napoleon's former generals, the crown-prince of Sweden.

But all these engagements, were only a prelude to the great and decisive battle of Leipsic; where the arm of the giant was broken, and the eagles of France were once more stripped of their brilliant plumes. This mighty struggle commenced on the sixteenth of October; a day which will ever be distinguished, in the narrative of great events. Never, on the ensanguined fields of Europe, had any military operations been exhibited, on so grand a scale. The allies were commanded by the Austrian general, prince Schwartzenberg, the crown-prince Bernadotte, and marshal Blucher. Napoleon, with his ablest generals, commanded the troops of France. The seventeenth was occupied, by the French, in replacing the eighty-thousand cannon-balls, fired, by them, on the preceding day; and, by the allies, in bringing up their reinforcements. On the eighteenth, prince Schwartzenberg determined to execute the design of the allied sovereigns, and to bring the fate of Europe to its final crisis. At two o'clock, in the morning, Napoleon was on the ground. The sun arose, and the combatants began the work of death. At no period, had human blood been spilled upon a wider field. The theatre of their operations extended over a circle of many miles; within which, the life of man was wasted, at the same moment, by the mouths of fifteen-hundred pieces of cannon. In the battle, were assembled, three emperors, two sovereign princes, and the heir-apparent to a crown; more than half-a-million of warriors formed the combatants, and the stake at issue, was nothing less than the independence of continental Europe. At three o'clock, in the afternoon, victory still hovered between the two armies, when seventeen battalions of Wirtemberg and Saxon troops, went over to the enemy. This defection of their German auxiliaries, caused an opening in the French lines. Disorder now prevailed, in Napoleon's ranks; the allies established themselves on the left bank of the Partha, and soon advanced within half a league of Leipsic. The French army had, within five days, expended two-hundred-and-twenty-thousand cannon-balls; their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and a further supply could be obtained only at Magdeburg or Erfurt. The evening had scarcely closed, when the army began to defile; and the whole night of the eighteenth, was occupied in the retreat. Napoleon, with the main body of his guards, remained in the vicinity of Leipsic, until the morning of the nineteenth; when the victorious army of the confederates, made every preparation, to storm his last strong hold. At nine o'clock, the bombardment recommenced; the French were assailed, in all directions, with

the bayonet; and notwithstanding the obstinacy of their defence, they were overthrown, in every quarter, and put completely to the rout.

Napoleon did not quit Leipsic, until a few minutes before the entrance of the allies. Before his departure, he had ordered the engineers to form a mine, under the great bridge, between Leipsic and Lindenau; with directions to blow it up, when all the French troops had marched over; and thus to retard the advance of their pursuers. This duty, by a strange neglect of the colonel, charged with its execution, was confided to a corporal and four sappers; who, ill comprehending the nature of the service, upon hearing the first shot discharged from the ramparts of the city, set fire to the mine, and blew up the bridge. When this explosion took place, the whole of the rear-guard of the French army, under marshal Macdonald and prince Poniatowski, were still on the Leipsic side of the river, with a park of eighty pieces of cannon, and several hundred wagons. A cry of dismay spread through the ranks, on the approach of the troops to the river.—“The enemy are close upon our rear, and the bridges are destroyed!”—was heard, on every side. The soldiers dispersed, and were all either killed or taken prisoners; marshal Macdonald swam across the river; but Poniatowski, less fortunate, plunged into the Elster, and sunk, to rise no more.

The battle of Leipsic was alike momentous, as regarded the extent of its operations, and the character of its result. The French had fifteen general officers captured, amongst whom were generals Regnier and Lauriston: two-hundred-and-fifty pieces of cannon, and fifty-thousand prisoners, including the king of Saxony, and all his court, fell into the hands of the allies, besides several eagles and stands of colours. In a few weeks afterwards, fifty-thousand more of the French army surrendered; thus reducing their numbers, within a month, one-hundred-and-forty-thousand men.

1814. Meanwhile, the victories of lord Wellington, in Spain, particularly at Vittoria and St. Sebastian, had enabled him to drive the French army over the Pyrennees, and gain a firm footing in France. On the twelfth of March, a division, commanded by marshal Beresford, occupied Bourdeaux; where the mayor, and the principal inhabitants, assumed the white cockade, and declared for the Bourbons. The defection of the dependent states, became universal. Holland, as well as Switzerland, cast off the Buonapartean yoke; and the prince of Orange being invited, by the unanimous voice of the Dutch

nation, returned, from England, after an absence of nineteen years, and was reinstated in his former sovereignty; while, at the same time, Denmark and Naples acceded to the grand alliance.

In the short space of a year, two armies of Frenchmen had been lost. The month of January had not elapsed, before the energies of Napoleon, aided by the enthusiastic veneration of the people, brought a third army into the field; unripe, indeed, in years, inexperienced in military discipline, but quick in receiving instruction, and zealous to repel the invaders of their native soil. The confederate armies, under prince Schwartzberg and marshal Blucher, had followed the relics of the retreating French; and, on the twentieth of December, in the preceding year, had passed the Rhine. Never did the military genius of Napoleon, shine forth, with so resplendent lustre, as in the long series of murderous conflicts that ensued; never had he exposed his person to so much danger. Leading on his cavalry to the charge, he penetrated through the most solid masses of the opposing foe. Surrounded by enemies, four times the number of his own troops, he foiled them, in almost every attempt to intercept his movements; and repulsed the mustachoeed veterans of the invading armies, with beardless boys. Like the fabled bird of antiquity, he seemed to rise more glorious from the ashes of his former ruin; and, like the expiring lamp, to shine with a loftier flame, at the moment of his extinction. Twice, did he refuse offers of pacification, on condition that the boundaries of France should be the Pyrennees, the Alps, and the Rhine. But his enemies, at length, achieved, by their superior numbers, what they were unable to accomplish by their skill. Taking the advantage of a movement made by Napoleon, intended to intercept their supposed retreat upon the Rhine, the allies proceeded rapidly in an opposite direction; and, on the twenty-ninth of March, appeared before the feeble walls of Paris. Yet, so obstinate was the defence, made by Joseph Buonaparte, and marshals Marmont and Mortier—the artillery being, for the most part, served by the students of the polytechnic school, boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age—that, had not Napoleon given orders, that the capital should *not* be defended to extremity, the allied sovereigns would, most likely, have been repulsed, after having raised a countervallation, around the city, with their slain. The hazard, however, to the citizens, from a protracted defence, was great, should an infuriated soldiery, in the end, prevail.—Yielding, therefore, to overruling necessity, and prudence, the imperial

family retired, to a place of safety; and the capital was surrendered, by capitulation, after a bombardment of eleven hours, on the thirtieth of March.

On the morning of the thirty-first, the royalists were seen in groups in the Place Louis Quinze, the garden of the Tuileries, the Boulevards, and other places of general resort. They distributed the proclamations of the allies, and raised the long forgotten cry of *Vive le Roi!* At first, none, except those engaged in the perilous experiment, durst repeat so dangerous a signal; but, by degrees, the crowds increased, the leaders mounted on horseback, and distributed white cockades, lilies, and other emblems of attachment to the Bourbons. The ladies of the royal party came to their assistance. The princess of Leon, viscountess of Chateaubriand, countess of Choiseuil, and other women of high rank, joined the procession, distributing, on all sides, the emblems of their party, and tearing their dresses to make white cockades, when those which they had brought with them were exhausted. The better class of the bourgeois, began to catch the flame, and remembered their old royalist opinions, and by whom they were defeated in the battle of the sections, when Napoleon laid the foundation of his fame, in the discomfiture of the national guards. Whole picquets began to adopt the white, instead of the tri-coloured cockade; yet the voices were far from unanimous, and, at many places, parties of different principles met and skirmished together, in the streets.

But the tendency to discord was soon diverted, and the attention of the Parisians, of all classes and opinions, suddenly concentrated upon the imposing and terrible spectacle of the allied army, which now began to pour its columns into the captured city.

The sovereigns had previously received, at the village of Pantin, the magistrates of Paris; and Alexander had expressed himself in language still more explicit, than that of their proclamation. He made war, he said, on Napoleon alone; one who had been his friend, but had relinquished that character, to inflict great evils upon his empire. He had not, however, come, to retaliate those injuries, but to make a secure peace, with any government which France might choose for herself.—“I am at peace,” continued the emperor, “with France, and at war with Napoleon alone.”

An immense crowd filled the Boulevards—a large open promenade, which, under a variety of distinctive names, forms a circuit around the city—to witness the entrance of the allied

sovereigns and their army, whom this volatile people were now disposed to regard rather as friends than enemies,—a disposition which increased, until it amounted to enthusiasm for the persons of those princes, against whom a sanguinary contest had been maintained only the day before. Even at their first entrance within the barriers, the crowd was so enormous, as well as the acclamations so great, that it was difficult to move forward; but, before the monarchs had reached the gate of St. Martin, to turn on the Boulevards, it was impossible to proceed further; all Paris seemed to be assembled and concentrated to one spot—one spring evidently directed all their movements. They thronged around the monarchs, with the most unanimous shouts of “Long live the emperor Alexander!—Long live the king of Prussia!” mingled with the loyal exclamations, “Long live the king!—Long live Louis XVIII. !—Long live the Bourbons!”

The procession continued several hours; during which, fifty-thousand chosen troops of the grand army filed along the Boulevards, in broad and deep columns; exhibiting a whole forest of bayonets, mingled with long trains of artillery, and preceded by numerous regiments of cavalry, of every description. After making the circuit of the half of Paris, by the interior Boulevards, the monarchs halted in the Champs Elysées, and the troops passed in review before them, as they were dismissed to their respective quarters in the city; none of the various nations exciting so much curiosity, as the Cossacks; whose appearance was most picturesque, loaded as they were with the plunder of a long campaign, placed, for the most part, beneath their saddles, which were thus raised, a considerable height, above their horses' backs, while geese, turkeys, and every other species of domestic fowls, were dangling from their saddle-bows and the sides of their prancing steeds.

When the imperial family had reached the palace of Rambouillet—situated about twenty-seven miles south-west of Paris—the emperor of Austria sent a message to Maria Louisa, saying that he would breakfast with her. Apprised of his approach, the empress, followed by her son, her ladies who had not left her, and the officers of her household, went to the very bottom of the stairs leading to the palace-gate. The emperor's calash stopped; he instantly alighted, and, when he came to the empress, she took her son from the hands of madame de Montesquiou, and quickly placed him in his grandfather's arms, before she herself received his first embraces. This action, so natural to the feelings of a mother, produced a visible emotion

on the features of her father. Perhaps, at that moment, he repented having listened to old resentments, and was sorry that he had seconded the efforts of the other powers.

The emperor Alexander, also, came afterwards to breakfast with the empress. He was so agreeable, and so much at his ease, that a spectator would have been almost induced to believe that no serious event had occurred, at Paris. After breakfast, the czar asked of the empress permission to see her son; and, turning to the prefect, with whom he had become acquainted in the north, he said: "M. de Bausset, will you have the goodness to conduct me to the apartments of the little king?" When Alexander saw the child, he kissed him, examined him attentively, and loaded him with caresses. He said many flattering things to madame de Montesquiou; and, before going away, again kissed "the little king," whose father he had just assisted to dethrone.

While two-hundred-thousand men were preparing to enter the capital of Napoleon, the unconscious hero was enjoying a few hours' repose, at a small inn, about four leagues from Paris. Informed of the surrender of the city, he collected all his troops, at Fontainebleau, amounting to sixty-thousand men, and announced his intention of marching to the capital, and expelling the invaders. General Belliard reminded him, that there were no longer any troops in Paris—"It matters not," said Napoleon; "I will find the national guard there. The army will join me to-morrow, or the day after, and I will put things on a proper footing."—"But, I must repeat to your majesty," rejoined Belliard, "that you cannot go to Paris. The national guard, in virtue of the treaty, mount guard at the barriers; and, though the allies are not to enter until seven o'clock in the morning, it is possible they may have found their way to the out-posts, and that your majesty may find Russian or Prussian parties at the gates, or on the Boulevards."—"It is all the same," returned Napoleon, "I am determined to go there. —My carriage!—Follow me, with your cavalry."—"But, sire, your majesty will expose Paris to the risk of storm or pillage. More than twenty-thousand men are in possession of the heights: for myself, I have left the city in consequence of a convention, and cannot therefore return."—"What is that convention? Who has concluded it?"—"I cannot tell, sire; I only know, from the duke of Treviso, that such exists, and that I must march to Fontainebleau."—"What is Joseph about? Where is the minister at war?"—"I do not know: we have received orders from neither of them, the whole day. Each

marshal acted on his own responsibility. They have not been seen to-day, with the army; at least, not with the duke of Treviso's corps."—"Come, we must to Paris:—nothing goes on right, when I am absent—they do nothing but make blunders."

But some of his marshals, had already given in their adherence to the provisional government; and a majority of the others, refused to aid in the romantic enterprise. On the fourth of April, therefore, Napoleon sent a deputation to the senate, offering to abdicate the throne, in favour of his infant son. But the Napoleon dynasty had ceased. The palladium of the French empire, was now in the possession of the allied sovereigns, and they determined to restore the Bourbons. They proposed, at the same time, to guarantee the personal safety of Napoleon and his family; to allow all the nobility, of his creation, to retain their honours and estates; to permit him to retire to the isle of Elba, which he was to hold, in full sovereignty, during his life, with a yearly pension of two-millions of francs; also, to retain the title of emperor; and Maria Louisa, to have the duchies of Parma, Guestdalla, and Placentia, with succession to Francis Napoleon, her son.

When the deputation returned, Napoleon listened to the news of the rejection of his proposition, as a matter which he had expected. But, recollecting his disinterested behaviour, when they parted, they were surprised when he almost instantly demanded, what provision had been made for himself. They informed him, that it was proposed he should reside, as an independent sovereign, "in Elba, or somewhere else." Napoleon paused for a moment. "Somewhere else?" he exclaimed. "That must be Corsica.—Elba? Who knows any thing of Elba? Seek out some officer who is acquainted with Elba. Collect what books or charts can inform us about Elba."

In a moment, he was as deeply interested in the position and capabilities of this little islet, as if he had never been emperor of France, and had nearly become the ruler of the world. After a night's consideration, he despatched Caulincourt and Macdonald once more to Paris, to treat with the allies upon the terms of the unconditional abdication of the empire. "The allied powers," says the fallen chieftain, in the document to be presented to the sovereigns, "having proclaimed that the emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he declares, that he renounces, for himself and his heirs, the throne of France and Italy, because there is no personal sacrifice, not even that of life itself, which he is not ready to make, for the interests of France."

Maria Louisa made several efforts to join her husband, but they were discouraged by Napoleon himself, who, while he had continued to attempt a renewal of the war, could not desire to have the empress with him, exposed to so much danger. Shortly afterwards, the emperor of Austria visited his daughter and her son, then at Rambouillet, and informed her, that she was, for some time at least, to remain separate from her husband, and that her son and she were to return to Vienna, with himself.

Having at length resigned himself entirely to his fate, Napoleon, on the twentieth of April, prepared for his departure. But first he had the painful task of bidding farewell to that part of his army which was most attached to him,—his celebrated Imperial Guard. As many as could be collected, were drawn out before him, in review. Tears dropped from his eyes, and his features had the marks of strong emotion, while reviewing, for the last time, as he must then have thought likely, the companions of so many victories. He advanced to them on horseback, then dismounted, and took his solemn leave. “All Europe,” he said, “had armed against him: France herself had deserted him, and chosen another dynasty. He might,” he said, “have maintained, with his soldiers, a civil war of years; but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful,” he continued, “to the new sovereign whom France has chosen. Do not lament my fate: I will always be happy, when I know that you are so. I could have died—nothing was easier—but I will always follow the road of honour. I will record, with my pen, the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general.”—(he pressed MacDonald to his bosom.)—“Bring hither the eagle.”—(He embraced the standard, and concluded,)—“Beloved eagle, may the kisses I bestow on you, long resound in the hearts of the brave! Adieu, my children—Adieu, my brave companions:—Surround me once more—Adieu.”

On the same day, the ex-emperor departed, for his little insular dominion, accompanied by generals Bertrand and Drouet, who retired with him to his place of exile; and, on the third of May, Louis XVIII., elder brother of the decapitated monarch—who had, for several years, been residing in Great Britain—after an expatriation of nearly twenty-five years, made his entry into Paris.

Napoleon was escorted, on his journey, by four superior officers, acting as commissioners to the allied powers, together with one-hundred-and-fifty foreign troops; supported by detachments, placed at a distance from each other. The cries

of *Vive l'Empereur!* which attended the departure of the imperial cavalcade, were reiterated, in every town and village, from Fontainebleau to Moulins; and the discontent of the populace, at the presence of the commissioners, and the object of their journey, was expressed in the most unqualified terms of abuse. At Lyons—which city Napoleon passed through, near midnight, on the twenty-third—a few persons were assembled, and saluted him with the cry so familiar to his ears in the day of his prosperity.

But the troops belonging to marshal Augereau's corps, though wearing white cockades, received the emperor with military honours; and their indignation was manifested, in no very equivocal terms, towards the commissioners in his suite. Here, however, his triumphs ended; and his lacerated feelings were no longer soothed with the homage of acclamations. At Avignon, on the morning of the twenty-fifth, a great concourse of persons was assembled, and the emperor and his attendants were saluted with the cries of "*Vive le Roi! Vivent les allies! A bas Nicolas! A bas le tyran, le coquin, le mauvais gueux!*"—"Long live the king! Success to the allies! Down with Nicolas!*" Down with the tyrant, the rascal, the beggar!"—and even still coarser abuse. The conduct of the populace at Orgon and Aix, was equally insulting. At the former, a gallows was erected, exactly on the spot where the relays of horses stood; from which, was suspended a figure, in French uniform, sprinkled with blood, bearing a paper on its breast, with the inscription:—

"*Tel sera, tôt ou tard, le sort du Tyran!*"

[*"Such will be, sooner or later, the fate of a tyrant."*]

At Aix, the landlady, who did not recognise him, asked him: "Well, have you met Buonaparte? I am curious to see how he will save himself. I do believe the people will murder him, and, it must be confessed, the scoundrel has well deserved it. But tell me, they are going to embark him for his island, are they not?"—"Certainly," replied the emperor—"Ah! but they will drown him, I hope."—"Oh, without doubt," said the emperor.

The adjutant of general Schunalooff, the Russian commissioner, was constrained to put on the blue great coat and round

* A name applied familiarly to Buonaparte, when a student at the college of Brienne, and revived, as a term of opprobrium, after his abdication; under an erroneous idea, that *Nicolas* was really his christian name.

hat, in which the emperor had reached the inn; that, in case of necessity, he might be insulted, and even murdered, for him.

He was quite rejoiced at general Koller's being taken for the emperor, in a conversation held by him with a French officer, a native of Corsica. Koller was obliged to put various questions to him, which Napoleon whispered in his ear; and which led the officer to conclude that it must be the emperor who spoke with him, since no Austrian general could have so intimate a knowledge of the island.

These repeated demonstrations of popular indignation, became so alarming, that Napoleon changed his dress, in his carriage, soon after he left the town; and, mounting a post-horse, rode on, before, in the character of a courier. At a small inn, on the other side of Orgon, the imperial suite stopped to dinner; and here, in a kind of chamber, the former ruler of the world was found, by the commissioners, buried in thought, with his head resting on his hand, and his countenance bedewed with tears.

When his mind had resumed some degree of composure, he spoke freely of his political projects, while emperor of France; but he declared that now, every thing that could happen in the political world, was, to him, perfectly indifferent; and he felt himself extremely happy, in anticipating the tranquil life, which he should pass in Elba, far from the intrigues of courts, and in the full enjoyment of political pursuits. Yes! the throne of Europe might now, with safety, be offered to him—he would reject it:—this conduct of the French towards him, had evinced so black ingratitude, as entirely to disgust him with the ambition of reigning.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, the emperor and his train, arrived in the neighbourhood of Frejus; when, finding himself under the protection of a body of Austrian troops, he resumed his uniform, and once more occupied his own carriage. The *Undaunted*, an English frigate, under the command of captain Usher, (Napoleon having refused to sail in a French ship of war,) awaited his arrival; and, at eleven o'clock in the night of the twenty-eighth, he embarked on board that vessel, under a salute of twenty-four guns, in the harbour of St. Raphor, where, fourteen years before, he had landed, on his return from Egypt.

During the five days passed at sea, the manners of the emperor were usually courteous and condescending. General Koller and colonel Campbell, the two commissioners on the part of Austria and Great Britain, as well as the captain and

first lieutenant of the frigate, were daily invited to his table; and he frequently expressed his regret at the scenes which the two former had been called to witness, during the latter days of his journey, through the instigation, as he imagined, of the Bourbons.

He inquired minutely respecting the discipline of the English frigate; which he commended highly; at the same time, assuring captain Usher, that, had he retained the imperial sovereignty only five years longer, he would have had three-hundred sail of the line. The captain very naturally inquired, how so many vessels were to have been manned. Napoleon replied, that he had resolved upon a naval conscription, in all the sea-ports, and throughout all the sea-coast frontier of France, for the purpose of manning his fleet; which was to be exercised in the Zuder Zee, until fit for service on the ocean. This sort of fresh-water seamanship, caused no small degree of amusement to the veteran sailor. He scarcely suppressed a smile, as he replied, that the marine conscripts would make a sorry figure in a gale of wind.—He conversed on a variety of subjects, with great apparent frankness; and seemed desirous in every respect to make himself agreeable to his companions on board. Even the seamen, who at first regarded him with wonder, mixed with surprise, did not escape the charm of his affability, by which they were soon won over; all except the boatswain, Hinton, a tar of the old school; who could never hear the emperor's praises, without muttering a vulgar but expressive phrase,* to indicate his dissent. The honest boatswain, however, was at length induced to think that Napoleon was not wholly without merit. When returning thanks, in the name of the ship's company, for two-hundred louis, with which the emperor presented them, he wished "his honour good health, and better luck the next time."

With the same good humour, Napoleon admitted any slight jest that might be passed, even at his own expense. When off Corsica, he proposed, that captain Usher should fire a gun, to bring-to a fishing boat, from which he hoped to hear some news. Captain Usher excused himself, saying, that, such an act of hostility, towards a neutral, would denationalize her, in direct contradiction of Napoleon's doctrine concerning the rights of nations. The emperor shook his sides with laughter. At another time, he amused himself by supposing what admirable caricatures his voyage would produce, in London; a spe-

* Humbug!

cies of graphic satire, with which he seemed wonderfully familiar, though so peculiarly English.

On the third of May, the Undaunted arrived off the coast of Elba; and, on the following day, the bee-studded flag of the Elbese empire floated over the watch-towers of Porto-Ferraio. —The island was found to be in some confusion. The inhabitants had recently been in a state of insurrection against the French, which had been quieted by the governor, and by the troops giving in their adherence to the Bourbons. This state of things naturally increased Napoleon's apprehension; which had never entirely subsided since the dangers undergone by him in Provence. Even on board the English frigate, where he was so much respected, he had requested that a sergeant of marines might sleep, every night, on the outside of his cabin-door, a trusty domestic also mounting guard within. He now showed some unwillingness, when they reached the island, to the ship running close under the batteries; and, when he first landed, in the morning, it was at an early hour, and in disguise, having previously obtained, from captain Usher, a sergeant's party of marines, to attend him.

Having returned on board, to breakfast, Napoleon, about two o'clock, debarked, in form, upon this little speck of sovereignty—this mark, as it were, or memorial of his former greatness—which seemed designed only to rest, for a while, his weary foot, and remind him of his sudden fall. On the beach, he was received by the governor, the prefect, and other official persons, with such means of honour as they possessed, and conducted in procession, under a canopy of old scarlet cloth, and preceded by a band of fiddlers; the people welcoming their illustrious sovereign with shouts.

In answer to a congratulatory oration from the municipal body of his new capital, the emperor assured them, that the mildness of the climate, and the gentle manners of the inhabitants of Elba, had induced him to select this alone, of all his extensive possessions; in the hope that the people would know how to estimate the distinction, and to love him as obedient children, while he should ever conduct himself towards them, as a provident father and sovereign.

Elba is an island opposite the coast of Tuscany; its population being about twelve-thousand, and its circumference about sixty miles. The air is healthy, except in the neighbourhood of the salt-marshes. The country is mountainous, the vegetation florid; its general appearance resembling Italy, and beautifully romantic. It produces little grain, but exports a con-

siderable quantity of wines, and its iron-ore has been famous since the days of Virgil, who describes Elba as

*"Insula inexhaustis chalybum generosa metallis."**

Accompanied by sir Neil Campbell, Napoleon frequently rode around the shores of his little state. In one of these exploring excursions, one or two of the poorer class of inhabitants, knelt, and even prostrated themselves, when they met him. He seemed disgusted, and imputed this humiliating degree of abasement, to the wretchedness of their education, under the auspices of the monks. On these excursions, he betrayed the same apprehension of being assassinated, that had marked his journey to Frejus. Two couriers, well armed, rode before him, and examined every suspicious spot. But, as he climbed a mountain, above Ferrajo, and saw the ocean, in almost every direction, approach its foot, a good-humoured smile diffused itself over his expressive features, when he exclaimed,—“It must be confessed, my isle is very small!”

Small, however, as was now the territorial possession of Napoleon, yet did he think it worthy of his most serious attention. The energies of his ever-active mind, were immediately applied to complete the fortifications of his capital, improve the public roads, and add to the agricultural and mineralogical resources of the island. “His days,” says one of his attendants, “passed in the most pleasing occupations. All his hours were employed. That indefatigable activity which, in other times, he applied to execute the vast conceptions of genius, he employed, in the isle of Elba, in studying the embellishment of his retreat. In the morning, he shut himself up in his library. He often rose before the sun, and applied himself, for several hours, to study. About eight o’clock, he indulged in some relaxation, visited the works which he had projected, and spent a considerable time with his workmen, amongst whom were many soldiers of his guards. One of his first, and perhaps most characteristic proposals, was, to aggrandize and extend his little dominions, by the occupation of an uninhabited island, called Rinosa, which had been left desolate on account of the frequent descents of the Moorish corsairs. He sent thirty soldiers on this expedition, sketched out a plan of fortifications, and remarked, with complacency, ‘Europe will say that I have already made a conquest.’ Whatever might be the state of the weather, he repaired daily to the chateau, at St. Martin; and there, as in the city, he was occupied with the internal

* “An island yielding an inexhaustible supply of the hardest iron.”

management of his house, required an exact account of every thing, and entered into the smallest details of domestic and rural economy. Often, after breakfast, he reviewed his little army, consisting of about nine-hundred men, required the greatest regularity in their manœuvres, and caused them to observe the strictest discipline. After the review, he mounted his horse, for his morning ride, generally attended by marshal Bertrand and general Drouet, and in his excursion, frequently gave audience to those who met him. At dinner, all who were admitted to his table, were treated with cordiality and kindness; and he seemed to have discovered the secret of enjoying the most intimate and familiar society, without surrendering any part of his dignity.

“Napoleon’s household, though reduced to thirty-five persons, still held the titles, and affected the rank, proper to an imperial court. He displayed a national flag, having a red bend dexter, in a white field, the bend bearing three bees; and, to dignify his capital, having discovered that the ancient name of Porto-Ferrajo was Comopoli—the city of Como—he commanded it to be called Cosmopoli, or the city of the world.”

When the emperor received the visits of strangers, which often happened, he entered freely into conversation. He frequently spoke of the last campaign—of his views and hopes—of the defection of his marshals—of the capture of Paris—and of his abdication:—on these topics, he would descant, with great earnestness, exhibiting, in rapid succession, traits of eloquence—for in impassioned eloquence he was never surpassed, in any age—of military genius, of indignation, and of inordinate self-estimation. The chief-violence of his rage, was directed against Marmont, for the surrender of Paris, and against Augereau, for the surrender of Lyons. “Had it not been,” said he, on one occasion, “for that stupid beast of a general, who made me believe that it was Schwartzemberg who followed me to St. Dizier, while it was only Winzingerode; and that other ass, who caused me to march afterwards upon Troyes, where I expected to meet forty-thousand Austrians, and did not find a cat; I should have marched upon Paris, should have arrived there before the allies, and should not have been where I am now: but I have always been badly surrounded; and then, those pick-thanks of prefects, who assured me that the *levée en masse* was organizing, with the greatest success; lastly, that traitor Marmont finished the business; but there were other marshals equally evil disposed—amongst the rest Suchet, who, as well as his wife, I have always known to be intriguers.”

For the allied continental troops, as compared with his own, he expressed the most profound contempt: the Prussians he considered the best; but he would beat even them, he said, with one-third their number. In the vexation of his heart, however, he did justice to Blucher; "*Ce vieux diable*"—"That old devil," said he, "never gave me any rest. I beat him to-day—he attacked me to-morrow. I beat him in the morning, he was ready to fight again in the evening. He suffered enormous losses, and, according to all calculation, ought to have thought himself too happy, to be allowed to remain unmolested; instead of which, he immediately advanced upon me again;—*ah! le vieux diable!*"

About the middle of summer, Napoleon was visited by his mother, and his sister, the princess Pauline. At this time, he seems to have expected to be rejoined also by the empress Maria Louisa; who, it was said, was coming to take possession of her Italian dominions. Their separation, with the incidents which occurred before Paris, was the only subject on which he seemed to lose his temper. On these topics, he used strong and violent language. He said, that the interdicting him from the society of his wife and son, excited universal reprobation, at Vienna; that no such instance of inhumanity and injustice, could be pointed out, in modern times; that the empress was detained a prisoner, an orderly officer constantly attending her:—finally, that she had been informed, before she left Orleans, that she was to obtain permission to join him at the island of Elba, though it was now denied her. It was possible, he proceeded, to perceive, in this separation, a shade of policy, though none of justice. Austria had meant to unite the child of her sovereign with the emperor of France, but desired to break off the intercourse with the emperor of Elba; as it might be apprehended, that the respect due to the daughter of the house of Hapsburg, had she resided with her husband, would have reflected too much lustre on the abdicated sovereign.

About the middle of May, baron Koller bid farewell to Napoleon, and returned to the Austrian court. Sir Neil Campbell, was now the only one of the four commissioners who continued to remain at Elba. It was difficult to say, what his office was, or what were his instructions. He had no authority to interfere with Napoleon's motions: the emperor had been recognised, by a treaty, as an independent sovereign. It was therefore only as envoy, that colonel Campbell could be permitted to reside at his court; and as an envoy also not of the usual character for settling affairs, concerning the court

from which he was deputed, but in a capacity most invidious—not generally avowed—of observing the conduct of the court at which he was sent to remain.

On the thirtieth of May, treaties of peace were signed, at Paris, between France and the confederated powers of Europe. The same limits were assigned to France, that had formed her boundary, in the year 1792, before the revolutionary war. She also recovered all her colonies, except the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, which were ceded to Great Britain. Belgium and Holland were united, and the whole was erected into a monarchy, called the kingdom of the Netherlands, under the sovereignty of the prince of Orange; to which, Great Britain restored all the Dutch colonies, except the Cape of Good Hope, the island of Ceylon, Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice. The emperor Francis, recovered all his dominions, with the cities and territories of Venice. The pope was reinstated in his spiritual and temporal authority; and—amazing as it may appear—Murat was confirmed in the sovereignty of Naples. Spain and Portugal were restored to their ancient masters; part of Saxony was annexed to Prussia; while Norway was taken from Denmark, and assigned to Sweden. In a distinct article, between France and England, Louis engaged to join his efforts, to the latter, to procure a total abolition of the slave-trade; and to abolish it, with regard to France, at the end of five years; a humane stipulation, which he most shamefully evaded.

Millions of human beings had bled in the revolutionary contest, but their blood was not shed in vain. The lives of a whole generation, are not too high a price, with which to purchase the liberties of their posterity. France was not now subject to the nod of despotism; nor were Frenchmen any longer treated, by the monarch, as born only to obey his will. They had risen, in their might, against oppression, and had broken the iron sceptre of the tyrant, to be repaired no more. Henceforth, France was ruled by a limited monarchy, upon the model of that of England; from which, have been framed the unrivalled constitution of the United States, and that of every other free country, throughout the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS.

LOUIS XVIII.

RETURN OF NAPOLEON, FROM ELBA—BATTLE OF WATERLOO—
NAPOLEON EXILED TO ST. HELENA.

1814. THE restoration of the family of the Capets, after a lapse of so many years since their dethronement, is an event unparalleled in the history of kings. The generation which, from their infancy, had been taught to utter the accents of adulation to the Bourbons, had passed away; and a new race of Frenchmen, at first reared in the principles of a republic, and afterwards trained to offer incense at the foot of an imperial throne, became the subjects of a monarch, who, in penury and hopeless exile, had subsisted on the precarious bounty of foreign states.

In the eye of reason, Louis XVIII. ascended his ancestral throne, by the right of conquest. The instability of such a title, could not be overlooked, even by a less sagacious monarch:—to identify, therefore, the officers and institutions of Napoleon, with his own dynasty, was a policy demanded to insure its safety. The French marshals had all sent in their adherence to the new government; but, to place it upon a still firmer ground of security, marshal Soult, whose military talents had ranked him amongst the most distinguished generals of the age, was appointed minister of war; and Talleyrand, the early counsellor of Napoleon, one of the most consummate statesmen that ever lived, was elevated to the office of prime-minister; while, at the same time, the king published a royal ordonnance, confirming the establishment of the legion of honour; and declared that it was his desire, that the sales of all property, made by the revolutionary tribunals, should remain undisturbed; and that the emigrants should be restored to that portion of their estates, which had not been sold.

These resolutions displayed no less the justice, than the wisdom of the new king. But his general deportment, afterwards, was inconsistent with the moderation developed in the first days of his elevation; and displayed a leaven of those erroneous notions, with respect to the divine right and natural legitimacy of monarchs, which had caused the head of his brother to be laid upon the block.

1815. The state of parties, in France, at the beginning of the present year, indicated a wide difference of opinions, entertained by large classes of the community; and there was sufficient reason to apprehend, that these secret dissensions could not long subsist, without bursting into a flame. In the military class, in particular, who deeply felt the humiliation of the French arms, the hostility to the reigning family was not long disguised. A spirit of military enterprise, still predominated in the nation. A recent order, for the reduction, to half-pay, of all officers not actually employed, combined with the recall of the Swiss guards, to Paris, swelled the accumulating mass of discontent. Suspicions had long been entertained, of a design to restore the principles of the ancient monarchy; and the exhumation and re-interment of the nearly consumed remains of Louis XVI., and his queen, together with the introduction, into the French liturgy, of a service to commemorate the death of the royal martyr, served to encourage the apprehension.

The discontents of his former subjects, were not unknown to Napoleon, in his place of exile. They awoke his slumbering ambition; a communication was promptly opened, with his most devoted friends, amongst whom, marshal Soult, commander-in-chief of the army, was his most active partisan; and the crouching lion prepared to rouse himself from his short repose.

When the first impressions of novelty were effaced, Napoleon's mind seems to have subsided into a state bordering upon *ennui*. He grew corpulent, took less exercise, and slept more. But the discussions in the congress at Vienna, regarding his future destiny, and the arrangement of the Italian states, particularly of those which had been assigned, by the treaty of Fontainebleau, to the empress and his son, soon roused him from this state of torpor. Hitherto, he had evinced a decided predilection for the society of sir Neil Campbell, the British accredited agent at Elba: he seemed to have nothing to conceal, and courted the strictest scrutiny:—he thought of nothing, he declared to colonel Campbell, beyond the verge of his little isles: he could have supported the war for twenty years, if he had chosen: he was now a deceased person, occupied with nothing but his family, his retreat, his house, his poultry, and his cows. But, having received a visit from some of his relations and friends, who had recently left Paris, and by whom the proceedings of the congress were reported, he became restless and dissatisfied. He shunned the company of the

British officer, and almost excluded himself from society. Often, he would spend seven or eight hours in his closet, no one daring to intrude upon his retirement; and, at other times, he would wander, on the shore, with folded arms, and frequently with an unequal and agitated step. The embellishment of his capital, and the improvement of the island, were neglected, and almost forgotten; the discontents of the French people, which had now come to his knowledge, had awakened his slumbering ambition, and the incipient conspiracy to effect his restoration, absorbed all his thoughts.

The striking alteration in the conduct of Napoleon, and the frequent intercourse now opened by him, with his friends in Leghorn, Florence, and other parts of Italy, were not concealed from the principal governments of Europe; and there is no doubt that sir Neil Campbell reported all that appeared to him deserving of notice, as well in the island of Elba, as on the neighbouring peninsula. It is impossible to conceive any situation, in Europe, less calculated for a place of security, or more favourable for conducting a conspiracy, than the island of Elba. That it was the place of Napoleon's selection, as he informed the inhabitants, on his first arrival amongst them, may easily be imagined; but that the allies should have acceded to such a choice, is not so easily discovered. Situated in the vicinity of France, Spain, Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia, it afforded a centre of unrestricted communication, with the principal scenes of his former usurpations; and, that nothing might be wanting, to give to Napoleon's genius for intrigue the most unbounded scope, a corvette was assigned him, to hold communication with the ports of the Mediterranean; and no cruiser, of any nation, had a right to violate his flag.

Under circumstances so auspicious to his designs, the ramifications of the conspiracy soon became widely extended. On the banks of the Seine, as well as on the shores of the lake of Geneva, the *violet* was the secret symbol, by which the conspirators denoted their chief, and recognised each other. Rings of a violet colour, with the device, "*Elle reparaitra au printemps*"—(It will re-appear in the spring)—became fashionable. The ladies were dressed in violet-coloured silks; and the men displayed violet-coloured watch-ribbons. When they asked, "*Aimez vous la violette?*"—(Are you fond of the violet?)—if the answer was simply "*Oui*"—(yes)—it was inferred that the respondent was not a confederate; but, if he exclaimed "*Eh Bien,*"—(Ah! Well!)—they recognised a brother, initi-

ated in the secrets of the conspiracy; and completed the sentence, by remarking, "*Elle reparaitra au printemps.*"

Napoleon determined to return to France, to drive the Bourbon from his inglorious throne, and again to place upon his head the imperial crown. At nine o'clock, in the evening of Sunday, the twenty-sixth of February, he sailed from Porto-Ferrajo, with a fleet of seven small vessels, accompanied by general Bertrand, and the other officers of his staff, and about eleven-hundred soldiers, chiefly of the old guard. Short, as was the voyage, it was attended with no inconsiderable risk. It was found expedient, on the night of his departure, to change the painting of the *Inconstant*—a brig of twenty-six guns, in which Napoleon sailed—to avoid the observation of those who might otherwise have recognised the vessel. The next day, two French frigates, and an armed brig, bore down upon them; and it required the exercise of no small ingenuity, to conceal their destination.—“We are bound from Elba, to Genoa,” said the lieutenant of the *Inconstant*, to the commander of the royal squadron; “and shall be happy to execute any commission for you, at that place.”—This civility the captain declined, and, at parting, cried—“How’s the emperor?” to which, Napoleon himself replied, “Wonderfully well!” and the ships then pursued an opposite course. Fortune was with Napoleon; and, on the first of March, at five o’clock, in the evening, the troops were disembarked, near Cannes, a small sea-port, in the gulf of St. Juan, not far from Frejus.

Placing himself at the head of his little army, about midnight, Napoleon advanced to Cannes; and, in the evening of the second, he arrived at Sernon, having already traversed a distance of twenty leagues. His appearance produced, in the inhabitants, a mingled sensation of astonishment, fear, and joy. His march was rather a triumph, than an invasion. On the fourth, he dined at Digne, and on the fifth, he entered Gap; at which place, he issued two proclamations, written, by him, on his voyage from Elba.

One of these proclamations was addressed to the French people, the other to the army.

“Soldiers!” says Napoleon, in the latter, “We were not conquered:—two men, raised from our ranks, betrayed our laurels, their country, their prince, their benefactor.

“Those whom, during twenty-five years, we have seen traversing all Europe, to raise up enemies against us; who have passed their lives in fighting against us, in the ranks of foreign armies, cursing our fine France; shall they pretend to control

our eagles, on which they have not dared ever to look? Shall we endure, that they shall inherit the fruits of our glorious labours—that they shall clothe themselves with our honours and our goods—that they shall calumniate our glory? If their reign would continue, all would be lost, even the memory of those immortal days. With what fury, do they pervert their very nature! they seek to poison what the world admires; and, if there still remain any defenders of our glory, it is amongst those very enemies whom we have fought in the field of battle.

“Soldiers! in my exile, I heard your voice: I have arrived through all obstacles, and all perils; your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and educated under your banners, is restored to you:—come and join him.

“Tear down those colours, which the nation has proscribed, and which, for twenty-five years, served as a rallying signal for all the enemies of France: mount the tri-coloured cockade: you bore it in the days of your greatness.

“We must forget that we have been masters of nations; but we must not suffer any to intermeddle with our affairs.

“Who shall presume to be master over us? Who would have the power? Recover those eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmuhl, at Esling, at Wagram, at Smolensko, at Moscow, at Lutzen, at Vurken, at Montmirail. Do you think that the handful of Frenchmen who are now so arrogant, will endure to look on them? They shall return whence they came; and there, if they please, they shall reign, as they pretend to have reigned during nineteen years. Your possessions, your rank, your glory—the possessions, the rank, the glory, of your children, have no greater enemies than those princes whom foreigners have imposed upon us:—they are the enemies of our glory, because the recital of so many heroic actions, which have glorified the people of France, fighting against them, to withdraw themselves from their yoke, is their condemnation.

“The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, of the grand army, are all humiliated: their honourable wounds are disgraced:—their successes were crimes; those heroes were rebels, if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sovereigns were in the midst of the foreign armies.

“Honours, rewards, affection, are given to those who have served against their country, and us.

“Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the standards of your chief:—his existence is composed only of yours; his

rights are those only of the people and yours:—his interest, his honour, his glory, are only your interest, your honour, and your glory. Victory shall march at the charge-step: the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, even to the towers of Notre-Dame. Then, you will be able to show your scars, with honour; then, you will be able to glory in what you have done; you will be the deliverers of the country. In your old age, surrounded and esteemed by your fellow-citizens, they will hear, with respect, while you recount your high deeds:—you will be able to say, with pride,—‘And I, too, was part of that grand army, which entered twice the walls of Vienna, those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Moscow; and which delivered Paris from the foul blot, imprinted on it by treason and the presence of the enemy.’

“Honoured be those brave soldiers, the glory of the country; and eternal shame to those guilty Frenchmen, in whatever rank fortune caused them to be born, who fought, for twenty-five years, with the foreigner, to tear the bosom of the country.”

Five days after his debarkation, he met the advanced guard of the garrison of Grenoble, at Mure, coming to arrest his progress. Undismayed, by the threatened resistance of a force amounting to eight-hundred men, Napoleon proceeded, to meet them, followed by about fifty grenadiers, with their arms reversed. Advancing to the right of the battalion, he threw open his outer coat, and, presenting his breast, exclaimed:—“Soldiers, you have been told that I fear death;—if there be amongst you one man who would kill his emperor, let him plunge his bayonet into my bosom.”—The effect was instantaneous; the arms of the soldiers were hurled to the ground, the guard and the soldiers embraced each other, and the air resounded with the cries of “*Vive l’Empereur!*”

The next day, the garrison of Grenoble, consisting of six-thousand men, with Napoleon at their head, marched towards Lyons, having hoisted their tri-coloured cockades, which were found sewed in the bottom of their knapsacks; and which they presented to the emperor, exclaiming, “They are the same that we wore at Austerlitz and Marengo.”

Marshal Soult, whose attachment to his old master, began now to be suspected, resigned his office, on the eleventh; and Ney, who had been despatched against Napoleon, about the same time, went over to the imperial standard, with twelve-thousand men. The decisive moment was now approaching. On the part of the Bourbons, the rencontre was expected, on

the declining plains of Melun; where, on the twentieth of March, (the-birth day of Napoleon's son,) the national guard, of one-hundred-thousand men, under the Duke of Berri, with marshal Macdonald as his lieutenant, was drawn up, in three lines. All was anxious expectation. On the side of Fontainebleau, no sound, as of an army rushing to battle, was heard. At length, a light tramp of horses met the ear. An open carriage, attended by a few hussars, was seen, on the skirts of the forest. It drove down the hill, with the rapidity of lightning, and reached the advanced posts, before the surprise, occasioned, by its appearance, had subsided—"Vive l'Empereur," burst from the astonished soldiery.—"*Napoléon—Napoléon, le grand!*" spread from rank to rank; while, bare-headed—Bertrand seated on his right, and Drouet on his left—Napoleon continued his course; and, passing through the ranks of the royal army, reached Paris, at eight o'clock in the evening, without a shot having been fired, on either side, and, after an exile of about ten months, reascended the imperial throne.

The following day, the small army of Elba arrived, having, in twenty days, performed a march of two-hundred-and-forty leagues.

"The journey of Napoleon," it has been well observed, "from Cannes to Paris, is without a parallel in history, and much beyond the limits of probable fiction. Every soldier sent against him, joined his force. Where resistance seemed, for a moment, to be threatened, it was disarmed by the sound of his voice. The ascendance of a victorious leader over soldiers; the talent of moving armed multitudes by a word; the inextinguishable attachment of an army, to him in whom glory is concentrated and embodied; were never before so brilliantly and tremendously exemplified. Civilized society was never before so terribly warned of the force of those military virtues which are the greatest of civil vices. In twenty days he found himself quietly seated on the throne of France, without having spilled a drop of blood. The change had no resemblance to a European revolution, in a European country, where great bodies of men are interested in the preservation of authority, and where every one takes some interest for or against political mutation. It had nothing of the violence of popular revolt. It was a bloodless and orderly military sedition. In the levity with which authority was transferred, it bore some resemblance to an oriental revolution; but the total absence of those great characteristic features, the murder or imprisonment of princes, destroy the likeness. It is, in short, an event of which the

scene could have been laid, by a romance writer bold enough to have imagined it, in no other time and country than France; in the year 1815."*

Happily for Louis, he had not waited the near approach of the unwelcome intruder. At ten o'clock, in the morning of the night in which Napoleon entered Paris, the Bourbon king, with about two-hundred of his household troops—the only portion of his army which had adhered to the royal cause—had left Paris, on his way to Ghent; to which place, the duke of Ragusa and duke of Belluno had repaired. Marshal Berthier, also, had followed the fortunes of the Bourbons; but the conflict of feeling, arising out of his attachment to his former master, and his sense of loyalty towards his present sovereign, had subdued his once vigorous mind; and, on the first of June, he threw himself from a window, in the palace of Bamberg, and was killed, by the fall.

It was not to be expected, that those powers who had united in the dethronement of Napoleon, would acquiesce in his resumption of the imperial crown. Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Great Britain, determined, each, to keep in the field, one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand men, until he should be again expelled; while the troops to be furnished by Bavaria, Baden, Saxony, Hanover, the Hanse Towns, and the smaller states of the Rhine, amounted to two-hundred-thousand more.

Aware of the approaching storm, Napoleon sought to diminish its violence, by pacific overtures; and, one of his first acts, on reascending the throne of France, was to address a letter, in his own hand-writing, to each of the sovereigns of Europe, announcing his restoration, and expressing his sincere desire to maintain the repose of the world. But the couriers, charged with his declaration, were not allowed to proceed to many of the courts, and returned to France, with their despatches unopened.

The letter of Napoleon was speedily followed by a justificatory manifesto; in which, were enumerated the several articles of the treaty of Fontainebleau, which had been violated, by the allied sovereigns. This exposition contained many truths; and must, in a great measure, if not entirely, justify the emperor's return from Elba. The empress and his son, were to have obtained passports, to repair to the emperor; but, instead of a compliance with this stipulation, the wife had been forcibly separated from her husband, and the child from its father: she

had been deprived of her three dutchies: the private property of Napoleon and his family, had been sequestered: the payment of their stipulated pensions, had been withheld, from which cause, Napoleon was suffering extreme pecuniary distress; and there was much reason to suppose, that it was contemplated to remove him from Elba, to a more distant isle.

The attempts made, in different parts of France, by the Bourbon princes, to excite the people against Napoleon, had all been unsuccessful. On the twenty-seventh of April, in little more than one month after the arrival of the emperor, at Paris, the news of the whole French territory being restored to tranquillity, was announced, by a salute of artillery, fired, at one o'clock, from the batteries, in every part of the empire.

Already, had the French army marched to the frontier. The combined armies, also, were in motion. A million of warriors were advancing, from the north, to prostrate, by their united efforts, the barrier of France, spread over a frontier of one-thousand miles. Murat, the only prince who tendered his service to the emperor, had been expelled from Naples; and Napoleon had to contend, single-handed, against all the sovereigns of Europe.

The decisive blow was to be struck in Belgium. Quitting Paris, early in the morning of the twelfth of June, attended by marshals Soult and Ney, his lieutenant-generals, on the fourteenth he presented himself, at the head of a formidable army, on the battle-field. The French troops were in the highest order. The marches and combinations of the various corps, were marked, in a distinguished manner, by that unrivalled military talent, which planned Napoleon's most fortunate campaigns. In the same day, and almost at the same hour, the three grand divisions of his army, attained, by a simultaneous movement, a united alignment, upon the frontiers of Belgium.

On the night of the fifteenth, the news arrived, at Brussels, that hostilities had commenced. The duke of Wellington, in some degree, taken by surprise, was sitting, after dinner, with a party of officers, when he received the despatches from marshal Blucher. On the same night, the duchess of Richmond gave a ball, at Brussels, at which, the duke of Brunswick, and many of the British officers, were present; and the duke of Wellington, considering the first intimation as merely relating to an affair of posts, after giving orders, that the troops should hold themselves in readiness, had joined the dance. At midnight, a second messenger arrived, with intelligence that Charleroi was taken, that the French had advanced to Fleurus,

and that there was every prospect of a general engagement, on the following day. - In the midst of the festivities, the bugle sounded, and the drums beat to arms. The officers hastened to place themselves at the head of their troops; and many of them received their death-wounds, on the approaching day, in their ball-room dresses. In less than an hour, the troops began to assemble, in the park; and, at sunrise, the march began. Pursuing his usual mode of tactics, the French emperor determined to assail the British and Prussian armies, while the Austrians and Russians were yet too distant to afford them succour. On the fifteenth, he drove in the Prussian posts, upon the Sambre; and the next day, defeated their commander-in-chief, marshal Blucher, on the heights of Ligny, between Brie and Sombref; where the Prussians lost, in killed and wounded, fifteen-thousand men. Lord Wellington had directed his whole force to advance upon Quatre Bras; where the first division of Picton had arrived, followed by a corps, under the command of the duke of Brunswick, and by the troops of Nassau. It was the duke of Wellington's desire, to afford assistance to marshal Blucher; but he was, himself, attacked, at Quatre Bras, by marshal Ney, before his own cavalry had arrived. A warm action ensued. But the repeated charges of the French, were steadily repulsed; yet not without considerable loss, including the duke of Brunswick; who, with his corps of cavalry, in mourning, had sought to revenge his father's death.

Blucher retreated, during the night, to Wavre, and lord Wellington made a corresponding movement, towards the village of Waterloo; his left communicating, slightly, with marshal Blucher. Napoleon seemed to have accomplished his design, of separating the British and Prussian armies. The French troops glowed with the most sanguine expectations; no one suffered himself to believe, that the English would halt, until they reached their vessels; and Napoleon himself, having despatched marshal Grouchy, to follow the Prussians, calculated confidently upon holding one of his grand Sunday reviews, in the Place Royale, at Brussels.

The night of the seventeenth was dreadful: the rain fell in torrents; the soldiers, in their open bivouacs, were almost up to their knees, in mud; and numbers, particularly the officers who had come from Brussels, in their ball-room dresses, worn out by fatigue, stretched themselves, on this cheerless bed, to rise no more.—It was generally apprehended, in the French army, that the English would disappear, in the night; and, when

the gloomy dawn of the morning of the eighteenth, exhibited them still in possession of the opposing heights, Napoleon could not suppress his satisfaction ; but exclaimed, while he extended his arm towards their position, "*Ah! je les tiens, donc, ces Anglais!*"—"Ah, these English, I have them, at last!"

The adverse armies were now preparing for battle. For the first time, the two generals, the most renowned of their age and respective nations, were opposed to each other ; and they were most powerfully excited, to call into exercise all the genius of their inexhaustible minds. Since the battle of Pharsalia, no engagement was pregnant with consequences so momentous, as the battle of Waterloo. [The ground occupied by the two armies, was the smallest, in extent of front, compared with the numbers engaged, of any field of battle in the recollection of military men. The English line did not exceed a mile and a half, in length ; the French, not more than two miles. The ground in front of the British army, formed a gentle declivity, inclining into a valley, nearly half a mile in breadth ; which lay between the two armies, and, at that time, bore a tall and luxuriant crop of grain. The French position extended along an eminence, parallel to the British lines, at a distance of about twelve-hundred yards ; and the opposing hills were each lined with three-hundred pieces of artillery. At nine o'clock, the rain had, in some degree, abated ; and the first corps of the French army was placed opposite the centre of the British position, with the left on the road to Brussels.

The force of the two armies, has been variously stated ; but, we are not far from the truth, when we rate them at about eighty-thousand men, each ; Napoleon's consisting of the flower of the French soldiers ; lord Wellington's, of thirty-eight thousand British,—the remainder being chiefly Belgian and Hanoverian troops. Jerome Buonaparte commanded on the left ; counts Reille and d'Erlon, the centre ; count Lobau, on the right.

The emperor rode along the ranks. This was the fiftieth engagement in which he had commanded. It would be difficult to express the enthusiasm which animated his soldiers. The victory appeared certain. The infantry raised their caps on the points of their bayonets ; the cavalry, their caps and helmets on the points of their swords ; while shouts of "Live the Emperor," ascended to the skies.

A little before noon, the battle commenced, by the almost simultaneous advance of three entire French corps, on the right, centre, and left, of the British lines. The attack on the

right, was made by a division under the command of Jerome Buonaparte; and so great was its fury and impetuosity, that the Belgian troops abandoned their posts, at Hougoumont, in dismay. Here, as in the other parts of the field, the British force was drawn up in squares; each regiment forming a separate square, by itself, not quite solid, but nearly so; the men standing several files deep. The distance between the masses, afforded space to draw up the battalion in line, when ordered to deploy; and the regiments were posted, with reference to each other, like the alternate squares upon a chess-board. It was, of course, impossible for a squadron of cavalry to penetrate between two of these squares, without exposing it to the danger of being assailed, at once, by a fire in front, from that square which was in the rear; and on both flanks, from those between which it had moved forward. The attack upon Hougoumont, was accompanied by a heavy fire, from more than two-hundred pieces of cannon, upon the whole British line. In vain, the French artillery mowed down whole ranks of their enemies. The chasms were instantly filled, and not a foot of ground was lost.—“What brave troops!” exclaimed Napoleon, to his staff: “it is a pity to destroy them; but I shall beat them, after all.”—Nothing could be more tremendous, than the mode of attack; it was headed by artillery, which discharged showers of iron grape-shot, each larger than a walnut. It was a battle, on the part of the French, of cavalry and cannon; and, at the head of their columns, were the iron-cased cuirassiers, in complete mail; upon which, the musket-balls were heard to ring, as they glanced from the polished surface, without injuring the wearer. At this period of the battle, two gallant generals of the British army, Picton and Ponsonby, were killed, while leading on their divisions to the charge.—“These English fight admirably;” said Napoleon, to Soult; “but they must give way.”—“No, sire,” was the reply; “they prefer being cut to pieces.” He was particularly struck with the Scotch Greys; and he often repeated, “*Regardez ces chevaux gris!*”—Observe those grey horses! In another part of the field, the Hanoverian hussars of Cumberland, as they were called, a corps distinguished for their high plumes, and the other embellishments of continental foppery, were ordered to avail themselves of an opportunity that presented, to charge the French cavalry; but, instead of making the proposed advance, they retreated, and took up a position behind the hamlet of St. Jean. The colonel of this regiment, when ordered to advance, urged the enemy’s

strength—their cuirasses—and, the consideration, which had, unaccountably, escaped the commander-in-chief, that his regiment “were all gentlemen.” This diverting apology, was carried back to the duke of Wellington; who despatched the messenger, again, to say, that, if the *gentlemen* would take post upon an eminence, which he pointed out, in the rear, they would have an excellent view of the battle; and he would leave the choice of a proper time, entirely to their own sagacity and discretion, in which he had the fullest confidence!—The colonel, not perceiving the sarcasm conveyed by the messenger, actually thanked the aid-de-camp, for this distinguished post of honour; and, followed by his gallant train, was out of danger, in a moment.

It was now five o'clock, and still the Prussians, so long expected, by lord Wellington, had not yet arrived. Marshal Grouchy was, with no less impatience, expected by Napoleon. The British reserves were all in action; their loss was already severe, in the extreme. The success of the French seemed, to their commander, no longer doubtful; and he despatched a courier, to Paris, to announce that he had gained the day. At this juncture, an aid-de-camp came to lord Wellington, with the information, that the fifth division was almost destroyed; and that it was impossible that they could longer maintain their ground, against so continued a series of murderous attacks. “I cannot help it,” said the duke; “they must keep their ground. They and I, and every Englishman in the field, must die, on the spot, rather than give way. Would to God, that night or Blucher were come!”

The frequency and impetuosity of Napoleon's attacks, were now redoubled. At seven o'clock, in the evening, an officer, at length, appeared, with intelligence, that the Prussians were advancing, in the rear of his right wing. But Napoleon appeared incredulous: he affirmed, that it was the corps of Grouchy, and that the success of the day was now certain and complete. It was not marshal Grouchy, however, that was approaching:—that officer never reached the field of Waterloo:—it was general Bulow, with the advanced guard of fifty-thousand Prussians. Napoleon had still, in reserve, four regiments of the middle guard; who, remaining on the heights of La Belle Alliance, or covered by the hill, had not yet come into battle. They were ordered to make a charge, and were led by the dauntless Ney. But, the emperor, in failing to take the personal command of these guards, disappointed both his friends and his enemies. A body of Brunswickers, at first attempted

to oppose them; but, after an ineffectual resistance, they were defeated, with immense slaughter. The French troops had now penetrated within the British lines; and it seemed impossible for the duke to rally a sufficient force, to arrest their progress. They bore down every thing before them; and, once more, in this eventful conflict, victory inclined to the side of Napoleon. "But the English," it seems, "did not know that they were beaten." Immediately in the rear, was the duke of Wellington, riding backwards and forwards, and using every expedient, to avert the fury of the storm; and, on the brow of the hill, immediately in front of the French advancing column, a regiment of English guards had been ordered to lie down, to shelter themselves from their enemy's fire. The imperial guards still advanced, and had approached within a hundred yards, when the duke suddenly exclaimed, "Up, guards, and at them." In an instant, the guards sprung upon their feet, and assumed the offensive. The unexpected appearance of this fine body of men, startled the French battalions; but, immediately recovering themselves, they advanced still more rapidly, and were in the act of dashing upon their opponents, with the bayonet, when a volley was poured upon them, by the British, which literally threw the assailants back, with the shock. A second volley heightened their confusion; and, being charged, in their turn, by the British guards, they were put to flight.—The main body of the Prussians, had now arrived. The countenance of the duke of Wellington brightened into a smile: his watch, so long held in his hand, to mark the progress of time, while he wished for the arrival of night or the Prussians, was restored to his pocket; and he exultingly exclaimed, "There, goes old Blucher, at last; we shall beat them yet."

The critical moment had now arrived. The duke ordered the whole line to move forward. The centre of the advancing army, led on by the duke of Wellington, in person, proceeded to the decisive charge, while the flank regiments were formed into hollow squares. Nothing could resist the impetuosity of the attack. The French fought with desperation; but their first line was speedily broken; the second afforded little more resistance; and complete confusion and rout ensued. Cries of "All is lost," issued from every part of the French army; and they were thus forced from their position, upon the heights.

While these events were passing, in the centre, the Prussian columns continued to advance. General Zeithen charged upon the right flank of the French army. Their wing was broken,

in three places: they abandoned their position, and the Prussian troops, rushing forward, at the *pas de charge*, completed their overthrow. The whole French army, was now nothing but a mass of confusion: all the soldiers, of every description, were mixed, pell-mell, and it was impossible to rally a single corps. Perceiving that all was lost, Napoleon exclaimed, to Bertrand, "We must save ourselves—we must decamp—we must decamp,"—and the emperor and his suite galloped off the field.

The pursuit of the retreating army, was assigned to the Prussians. The tremendous scenes of the day, were surpassed by the horrors of the night. The last stand, made by the wreck of the French army, was at Gemappe. The progress of the Prussian troops, was, for a moment, arrested, by a fire of musketry: some cannon-shot, however, and a loud hurrah, served to renew the panic; and the same men, whose bravery, a few hours before, excited the warmest admiration of their enemies, were now incapable of the least resistance.

On the night of the eighteenth, Napoleon, surrounded by a few officers of his staff, halted about three leagues from Charleroi. In the bivouac, at this place, upon a grass-plot, a fire was kindled, and refreshments prepared, of which he partook; being the first food he had tasted for fourteen hours.

The loss sustained, by the conflicting armies, was immense. In no action, of the previous war, had so many British officers been slain. One-hundred officers were killed, and five-hundred wounded: the total loss of the British and Hanoverians, by death, or wounds, in the battle of Waterloo, was not less than twelve-thousand; and, of the whole French army, not more than about forty-thousand left the field.

At Gemappe, amongst other equipages, the carriage of Napoleon, containing his papers, but not his person, was captured; his hat, sword, and casket of treasure, well stored with Napoleons, enhancing the value of the prize. His travelling library, also, consisting of nearly eight-hundred volumes, in six chests, was taken; and amongst the books were found French translations of Homer and Ossian, the Bible, and the Pucelle of Voltaire. The imperial carriage was afterwards carried to England, and exhibited, for many months, at the London Museum. In this favourite vehicle, Napoleon travelled to Moscow, and afterwards to Dresden. After the campaign of Paris, it bore him to the shores of the Mediterranean, and was shipped with him for Elba. On his return from that island, he made in this, his moving palace, his triumphal journey to Paris, and

in it he was conveyed to the field of Waterloo. But he had never entered it after the battle. It would be impossible to imagine a more perfect specimen of elegance and convenience : — though only of the ordinary size, it is a complete bed-room, dressing-room, dining-room, kitchen, and offices. Packed in the most compact manner, are whole services of china, with knives, forks, spoons, and decanters, with a dressing-case, containing every article for the toilette. A complete wardrobe, bedstead, bed, and mattresses, afforded their respective accommodations ; and all so arranged, as to present themselves without incommoding the traveller.

Without endeavouring to rally his broken forces, Napoleon hastened back to Paris ; where he arrived on the evening of the twentieth of June ; and, assembling his council, requested to be made dictator. This desire, however, being resisted, by Carnot, La Fayette, and other leading members of the legislature ; and Napoleon, perceiving that further exertions to maintain his throne, would eventuate in a civil war ; issued a declaration, in which, “ offering himself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France,” he proclaimed his son, Emperor, by the title of Napoleon II. But the nomination of his son, seemed less acceptable to the legislature, than his own abdication ; and commissioners repaired to the allied armies, with proposals of peace. The victors, however, would treat only under the walls of Paris. They reached the capital, on the twenty-ninth of June ; and, after considerable opposition, by the forces stationed on the adjacent heights, on the third of July, the city surrendered, by capitulation ; and, on the sixth, it was entered, by the invading troops. Thus, was the French capital, a second time, in possession of the allies ; and thus, ended Napoleon’s second reign, of one-hundred days.

The white standard of the Bourbons now displaced the tricoloured flag on the towers of Paris ; and the intention of Louis XVIII. to re-enter his capital on the eighth, was officially announced. The Parisians, to whom a public spectacle has irresistible charms, hastened to behold, and to swell, the royal procession. When the king reached the barriers, which were thrown open for his admission, the acclamations of the populace became unbounded ; and the prefect of Paris, attended by the whole municipal body, addressed a congratulatory speech to his majesty, full of those protestations of inextinguishable loyalty, to his person and his house, which, only about three months before, had been lavished, with equal profusion, upon the returning emperor.

The day after his arrival, the king announced his new ministry. It consisted of prince Talleyrand, president of the council, and secretary of state for foreign affairs; baron Louis, minister of finance; the duke of Otranto, minister of police; baron Pasquier, minister of justice; marshal St. Cyr, minister of war; count Jaucour, minister of marine; and the duke of Richelieu, minister of the household. In the choice of this ministry, the object of the king was to include men of all parties, and thereby inspire universal confidence; but this was a vain effort, and a short time served to dissolve a body, in which there was no common principle of adhesion.

Louis was thus once more seated on the throne, but he reigned only in the Tuileries. To the foreign troops, by which he was surrounded, he was solely indebted for his elevation. The national will had not been consulted; and the same power, only, which placed the sceptre in his hands, could enable him to wield it. Indebted to the enemies of his country for his elevation—surrounded by a discordant ministry—compelled to impose heavy burthens upon the people, as the price of his restoration—and forced to subscribe to conditions humiliating to the glory of France; the opening of his second reign, was inauspicious in the extreme, but it was not entirely hopeless. Whatever might have been the errors of his former government, or however unpromising his present circumstances, he enjoyed personally the respect of the French nation. The people were wearied with revolutions. Their military passion, which, before the return of Napoleon, constituted the great danger of the French monarchy, was subdued; and the nation wished for peace, and a moderate share of freedom, both of which the king possessed the power and the inclination to confer.

The short but splendid campaign of the allied armies under the command of the duke of Wellington and marshal Blucher, obscured the operations of the Austrians and the Russians, and their advance from the Rhine to the French capital, though distinguished by several spirited engagements, did not fix, for a moment, the attention of Europe. Two days after the return of Louis, the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia, arrived in Paris; and lord Castlereagh, with several others of the most distinguished statesmen and ministers attached to the principal courts of Europe, had repaired to the same city, to negotiate those treaties by which the relations of France with the other states of Europe, were to be regulated and guaranteed; and the humiliated kingdom was to be occupied, during

five years, by one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand troops, furnished by the great allied powers, and maintained at the expense of France.

Napoleon was, in the mean time, occupied with the care of his own safety; endeavouring to reach a seaport, and embark for the United States. On the third of July, accompanied by counts Montholon and Bertrand, together with the duke of Rovigo, generals L'Allemand, Gourgaud, and the count de Las Cases, he arrived at Rochefort. The port, however, being closely watched, by English cruisers, after some unsuccessful attempts to elude their vigilance, he placed himself under British protection:—to use his own words, “he came, like Themistocles, to throw himself upon the honour of the British nation; the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous, of his enemies.” On the fifteenth, he went, with his suite and baggage, on board the *Bellerophon*, a ship of war, commanded by captain Maitland. He professed his desire to pass the remainder of his days in England. But this proposal was not acceded to, by the allied powers. They determined, that he should be carried, as a state prisoner, to St. Helena; a British island, in the Southern Atlantic; there, to remain, under the strictest guard, within specified limits, for recreation. The *Bellerophon*, having sailed for Torbay, the illustrious captive was there transferred to the British ship of war, *Northumberland*, of seventy-four guns, commanded by captain Ross, and bearing the flag of rear-admiral sir George Cockburn. Count Bertrand, his wife, and three children; the count and countess Montholon, and child; count de Las Cases and general Gourgaud; with nine men and three women servants; remained with Napoleon; and, on the seventeenth of October, after a passage of seventy-two days, he who had once aspired to the dominion of Europe, found himself immured in a small volcanic island, at a distance of six-thousand miles from the scenes of his immortal exploits; and separated from the continents of Africa and America, by unfathomable seas.

Misfortune had not impaired the personal appearance of Napoleon. When chief consul of France, his figure was slender, his visage thin, and rather haggard; when he assumed the imperial purple, he was more robust; but, since adversity first hurled him from his giddy eminence, he had become actually corpulent. His person is thus described by an officer of the *Bellerophon*:—“Napoleon is about five feet seven inches in height, very strongly made, and well-proportioned; his chest is very broad and deep; his legs and thighs are proportioned,

with symmetry and strength; he has a round and handsome foot. His countenance is sallow, and, as it were, deeply tinged by hot climates; but he has the most commanding air I ever saw. His hair is dark brown, his eyes are grey, and the most piercing that you can imagine. His glance, you fancy, searches into your inmost thoughts. His features are handsome now, and when younger, he must have been a very handsome man. He is rather fat, and his body protuberant, but, notwithstanding, he appears active. His step and demeanour, are altogether commanding: he looks about forty-five or forty-six years of age."

St. Helena, so far from being desolate and barren, as is generally imagined, is, in many parts, pre-eminently fertile, and capable of the highest improvement. The land, of which between two and three thousand acres might be ploughed, and even much more brought into cultivation, is not inferior, in the production of wheat, and every other grain, as well as of potatoes, and all other kinds of esculents, to the very best land of Europe. The annual produce is indeed much greater, on account of the certainty of two seasons of rain, and two harvests, in the year. The plain of Longwood and Deadwood comprises fifteen-hundred acres, elevated two-thousand feet above the sea, with a beautiful verdure, covering a deep and fertile soil, and is become the first place of pasture in the island; but, with all these advantages, the greater part of St. Helena exhibits the appearance of a barren and reluctant waste. The climate is represented as the mildest and most salubrious in the world, and as remarkably congenial to human feelings. Neither too hot nor too cold, it presents, throughout the year, that medium temperature which is always agreeable. From thunder and lightning this climate may be said to be wholly exempt. In the course of sixty years, only two flashes of lightning are recollected; and even these are said not to have been accompanied by thunder. Neither is this settlement subject to those storms and hurricanes, which occasionally afflict and desolate many other tropical islands. The population of the island, in 1812, was five-hundred-and-eighty-two white persons, and one-thousand-one-hundred-and-fifty black. Provisions are always plentiful; and the supply of fish is so ample, that more than seventy species are enumerated, as frequenting the coast.

As a military station, this settlement is impregnable. The principal landing-places, which consist of Rupert's Bay, James-Town, and Lemon Valley, are all well fortified with batteries, provided with furnaces for heating shot, and flanked by cannon,

placed upon the cliffs, far above the reach of ship-guns. Mortars and howitzers also are provided, for showering grape-shot upon the decks of ships, or upon boats attempting to land. Two or three men, provided with iron crows, and stationed on the heights, just above the entrance to any of the ravines, would render it impossible for any number of troops, however great, to advance ten yards within the landing-places. A stone of moderate size, which may be easily displaced, thrown down from one of the ridges, collects so many myriads in its train, before it reaches the bottom of the hill, that, if a whole battalion of troops were drawn up in the ravine, not a single man could escape alive.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEFEAT AND EXECUTION OF MURAT.

THE affairs of Europe were now rapidly tending towards the system of political restoration. Napoleon, the founder of the new dynasties, had fallen, and none of the monarchs indebted for their elevation to that most extraordinary man, the king of Sweden alone excepted, had retained their crowns. In Holland, Spain, and Germany, the Napoleon race had, in succession, disappeared from the list of sovereign princes; and in Italy, the sceptre of Joachim Murat was, within the period of the second reign of his imperial relation, wrested from his grasp. During the exile of Napoleon, in the isle of Elba, there had been an active correspondence between Porto-Ferrajo and the king of Naples. At this time, two contending parties existed in the latter court—the French and the Neapolitans. The attachment of the king was manifestly to the former; and, on the return of Napoleon to the French capital, little difficulty was found, by this party, in fixing the sovereign in alliance with the prince to whom he owed his crown; and to whose friendship alone he began to suspect that he must be indebted for its preservation. The policy of Murat was to preserve his kingdom; and the same motives which induced him to join the allies, in 1814, now led him to espouse the cause of the French emperor. No sooner had the intelligence of the triumphal entry of Napoleon into Lyons, arrived at Naples, than Joachim quitted his capital, to place himself at the head of his army. On the nineteenth of March, he arrived at Ancona, with fifty-

thousand men; and, forcing a passage through the papal dominions, without explaining his intentions, he occupied Rome, the pope and the cardinals flying before him:—and thence, proceeding to the north, on the thirtieth of the same month, he commenced hostilities with Austria, by attacking an imperial army posted at Casena.

The grand object of Murat was to unite Lombardy and the other states of Italy, against the house of Austria; and one of his first acts, on the breaking out of the war, was to issue a proclamation, dated from Rimini, on the thirty-first of March, invoking the Italians to repair to his standard, and to drive from amongst them all foreign power.—“One cry,” says this proclamation, “echoes from the Alps to the straits of Scylla—‘The independence of Italy!’—What right have strangers to rob you of independence, the first right and blessing of all people? It is in vain, that nature has given you the Alps for a bulwark, and the invincible discrepancy of your character, as a barrier still more insurmountable. No! let every foreign domination disappear from the soil of Italy. Formerly masters of the world, you have expiated that fatal glory, by a servitude of two-thousand years. Let it now be your glory to have masters no longer. Eighty-thousand Italians, at Naples, hasten to you, under the command of the king: they swear never to rest, till Italy be free; and they have proved, more than once, that they know how to keep their oaths. Arise, Italians, and march in the closest union; and, at the same time that your courage shall assert your internal independence, let a government of your choice, a truly national representation, a constitution worthy of you and of the age, guarantee your internal liberty, and protect your property. I invite all brave men to join my standard; I invite all enlightened men, who have reflected on the wants of their country, to prepare, in the silence of the passions, the constitution and laws, which must, in future, govern happy and independent Italy.”

At first, Murat seemed rapidly advancing to the completion of his object. The imperial general, Bianchi, retired before the Neapolitan army, the grand-duke of Tuscany quitted his capital, and on the sixth of April the invading army entered Florence. But, notwithstanding this success, the Italians did not repair to the standard of independence, in any considerable numbers; or display any portion of that zeal, which was indispensable, in order to resist, with success, the imperial arms.

In the mean time, the Austrian forces were collected under marshal Bellegarde; who, in a proclamation, dated the fifth

of April, reminded the people of Italy, that Murat, the denouncer of foreign influence, was himself a foreigner! Murat's character as a tactician was far inferior to that which he deservedly bore as a soldier in the field of battle; and he was still a worse politician, than a general. He seemed to acknowledge, by his military movements, that he had attempted a scheme far beyond his strength and understanding. No sooner had the main body of the Austrian armies come in contact with the Neapolitan troops, than the latter fell back to Ancona, pursued by the Austrian generals, Bianchi and Frimont. He now made overtures of peace; but, they were rejected, and, finding himself in danger of being cut off from the Roman and Neapolitan states, he abandoned Ancona, and marched in the direction of Macerata, to Tolentino. At this place, a series of bloody engagements was fought, on the second and third of May, and for some time victory seemed to hover between the contending armies, but at length she fixed her standard on the side of the imperialists; and the disorderly retreat of the panic-struck Neapolitans rendered it evident that the term of the "handsome swordsman's" royalty had ended.

The defeated prince now learned that the Calabrians were in insurrection, and that an English fleet, escorting an invading army from Sicily, had appeared in the bay of Naples. His army, reduced to an inconsiderable number, by repeated skirmishes, in which he had behaved with so much temerity, as to induce his followers to suppose that he courted death, was directed to seek refuge in Capua. He himself, who had left Naples splendidly apparelled, according to his usual custom, and at the head of a gallant army, now entered its gates attended only by four lancers, alighted at the palace, and appeared before the queen, pale, and haggard, with his clothes almost in rags, and with all the signs of extreme dejection and fatigue. His salutation was affecting:—"Madam, I have not been able to find death."—He presently found that remaining at Naples, which was about to fall into other hands, would endanger his liberty, perhaps his life; he took leave, therefore, of his queen, cut off his luxuriant hair, and, having disguised himself in a grey frock, escaped to the little island of Ischia, situated near the entrance to the bay of Naples, on the twenty-fifth of May reached Cannes, which had received Napoleon a few weeks before, on his return from Elba, and soon afterwards went to reside at Toulon; while madame Murat and her family found an asylum in the Austrian states.

The events attendant on the battle of Waterloo, having com-

pelled Murat to quit France, in the month of September he appeared in the island of Corsica. Here, he assembled a number of partisans, as a parody on the great and successful enterprise of Napoleon in the early part of the same year; determined to invade the kingdom of Naples, for the purpose of driving out the Bourbon sovereign, Ferdinand IV., who, after an absence of nine years, had made his public entry into Naples, on the seventeenth of June; and to reascend the throne from which he had been so recently expelled. At mid-day, on the eighth of October, Murat arrived on the Calabrian coast, with two small vessels, and disembarked near Pizzo, with a suite of thirty persons. From the coast, the invaders marched, without interruption, to the first village; where Murat, hoping to excite a rising of the people, in his favour, exclaimed, "I am Joachim, your king; it is your duty to acknowledge me." These words served to rouse the people to arms—not to aid, but to crush, a desperate enterprise, which threatened to involve their country in the horrors of a civil war. Perceiving, when it was too late, that popular feeling, in this part of Italy, was against him, Murat and his suite sought refuge in the mountains, whence they attempted to open to themselves a way to the coast, for the purpose of reembarking; but, overcome by the number of their pursuers, after a most gallant resistance, they were made prisoners, and conducted to the fort of Pizzo. Brief, is the interval between the deposition and the death of a sovereign. Immediately after his capture, Murat was tried before a military commission; by whom, he was condemned to be shot, in company with his followers; and, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the thirteenth of October, the apprehensions of the reigning family were extinguished, in their rival's blood.

Murat met his fate as became a soldier, and a man. Having fastened his wife's picture to his breast, he refused to have his eyes bandaged, or to use a seat, and received six balls through his heart.

Joachim Murat was born in the year 1767,—about two years before Napoleon Buonaparte—in the department of Lot, in France. His father was an innkeeper, by whom he was sent to Toulouse, with a design to have him educated for holy orders. But he soon returned, and employed himself as an assistant at the inn, until the commencement of the revolution; when he entered the army, as a private soldier, and, having joined the Jacobins, was soon advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Shortly afterwards, he was cashiered, with Buonaparte; and it was at that time that their intimacy commenced. He

first distinguished himself in the campaign of Italy, under Buonaparte, where his merits procured him the rank of general; and, in 1799, he married Caroline, the youngest sister of the first consul.

As a soldier, Murat may be ranked, for bravery and enterprise, amongst the first military characters of the age; and as a prince, his endeavours were assiduously directed to correct the vices, and to ameliorate the condition, of his subjects; but, as a statesman, he was weak and irresolute, and, although the desertion of the cause of the allies, after his brother-in-law's return from Elba, cost him his life, his treachery to Napoleon, (to whom he was indebted for every thing,) after his discomfiture at Leipsic, will be esteemed, by an impartial posterity, as the vital error of a career, short, splendid, and tragical.

CHAPTER XV.

CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION—ASCENDANCY OF THE ULTRA-ROYALISTS—PROSCRIPTIONS—EXECUTION OF LABEDOYÈRE AND NEY—ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE.

ON the thirteenth of July, the king of France published an ordinance, announcing the dissolution of the chamber of deputies, and convoking a new assembly, to meet on the fourteenth of August. In order that the people might enjoy a more numerous representation, than at that time existed, the number of members was increased, by this edict, from two-hundred-and-sixty-two, to three-hundred-and-ninety-five; but the mode of election was exposed to great objections. During the whole period of Napoleon's imperial sway, no vacancies whatever had been supplied, in the electoral colleges; and, from death and other causes, the numbers, on the second restoration of the Bourbons, were reduced to nearly one-half their original amount. Instead of referring to the primary electors, to supply these vacancies, the king judged it proper to direct that the prefects of the departments, all of them newly appointed, and men of highly royal principles, should complete the number, by nominating twenty members for each college. As might have been expected, these supplementary members, with very few exceptions, proved to be of the same character as the prefects; and the deputies, chosen under such auspices, instead

of being the independent representatives of the people, became the devoted servants of the court; or rather of that ultra-royalist party, whose views of the omnipotence of the royal prerogatives, far exceeded those either of the king or his ministry.

The edict for dissolving the chamber of deputies, was followed by two other ordinances; by one of which, a number of peers, who had accepted seats in the *soi-disant* chamber of peers, named and established by Napoleon, since the twentieth of March, were declared to have acted in a manner incompatible with their dignity, and to have forfeited their right to the peerage of France. By the other ordinance, it was directed, that a number of general and other officers, who had betrayed the king, before the twenty-third of March, or who had attacked France and the government, with arms in their hands, and those who had, by violence, obtained possession of power, should be arrested, and carried before the competent councils of war, in their respective divisions; also, that a number of other individuals should quit the city of Paris in three days, and should retire into the interior of France, to places pointed out by the minister of police; where they should remain, under his superintendence, until the chambers had decided upon those who should be banished from the country, or delivered for trial, to the tribunals.*

The freedom of the press, from which a royal ordinance had,

* PROSCRIPTION LISTS.

PEERS EXPELLED. Counts—Clement de Ris, Colchen, Cornudet, d'Aboville. Marshal Lefebvre, duke of Dantzic. Counts—De Croix, Dedeley d'Agier, Dejean, Fabre de l'Aude, Gassendi, Lacedepede, Latour Maubourg. Dukes of Prasline, Plaisance, Le Brun. Marshals—Duke of Elchingen, (Ney); Albufuera, (Suchet); Conegliana, (Moncey); Treviso, (Mortier). Counts—De Barral, archbishop of Tours; Boissy d'Anglas. Duke de Cadore, (Champagny.) Counts—De Canclaux, Cassabianca, De Montesquiou, Ponte-coulant, Rampon, Segur, Valence, and Belliard.

PROSCRIBED OFFICERS AND PUBLIC FUNCTIONARIES.—*To be arrested, and brought to trial.*—Ney, Labedoyere, the two Lallemands, Dronet d'Esilon, Lefebvre Desnouettes, Ameilh, Braver, Gilly, Mouton Duvernet, Grouchy, Clausel, Laborde, Debelle, Bertrand, Drouet, Cambronne, Lavalette, and Rovigo.

To quit Paris, and await the decision of the Chambers.—Soult, Alix, Exelmans, Bassano, Marbot, Felix Lepellitier, Boulay de la Meurthe, Mehée, Fressinet, Thibaudeau, Carnot, Vandamme, Lamarque, Lobau, Harnel, Pere, Barrere, Arnault, Pommereuil, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Arrighi (Padua); Dejean, (the son); Garnau, Real, Bouvier, Dumoulard, Merlin de Douay, Durbach, Dirat, Defermont, Bory St. Vincent, Felix Desportes, Garnier de Saintes, Mellinet, Hullin, Cluys, Courtin, Forbin Janson (the eldest son,) and Lorgne Dideville.

soon after the return of the king from Ghent, removed all restrictions, was soon deemed too potent an instrument in the hands of the disaffected; and, on the eighth of August, a second ordinance was issued, revoking all the licenses given to public journals, of every kind; and suspending their further appearance, until fresh authority was received, by each, from the minister of general police:—and, that not a vestige of freedom might be enjoyed, by any branch of the periodical press, it was further directed, that all periodical writings should be submitted to the examination of a commission of censorship, the members of which should be appointed by the king.

The first officer brought before the tribunals, was colonel Labedoyere, on a charge of treason, rebellion, and the seduction of his troops from their allegiance. On the twelfth of August, Labedoyere was arraigned before a military tribunal, held at Paris; when, after a long deliberation, the president, with visible expression of grief, pronounced the prisoner guilty of treason and rebellion, and condemned him to suffer death.

When his family learned that the council of revision had confirmed the sentence passed upon Labedoyere, his wife, clad in mourning, appeared before the king, as he was entering his carriage, and, falling at his feet, exclaimed,—“Pardon, Sire! Pardon!”—“Madame,” said Louis, “I know your sentiments, and those of your family, and never was it more painful to me to pronounce a refusal. If your husband had offended only against me, his pardon should have been granted; but all France demands the punishment of a man, who has brought upon her all the scourges of war. I promise my protection to yourself and your child.”

Execution followed soon after the sentence of the court, and colonel Labedoyere displayed, in his last moments, the most heroic fortitude. In the evening of the nineteenth of August, he was led to the plain of Grenelle. After receiving, on his knees, the benediction of the confessor, he stood erect, and, without waiting for his eyes to be bandaged, laid open his breast to his military executioners, saying,—“*Sur tout, ne me manquez pas,*” (above all, do not miss me.) The veterans levelled, and, in an instant he was no more.

The day after the execution of Labedoyere, marshal Ney, who had been apprehended in the department of Lot, and brought to Paris, underwent his first examination, at the Concergerie; but the final proceedings, in the marshal’s case, did not occur until near the end of the year.

In the same month, another of the French marshals, and one

of the generals of Napoleon, marshal Brune, finding himself exposed to the indignation of a royalist mob, at Avignon, took refuge in a tavern, in that city, and, at the moment when he conceived that the door of his asylum was about to be forced, terminated his life, with a pistol. This act of desperation was not sufficient to rescue him from the fury of his persecutors. After placing his body upon a hurdle, they promenaded it ignominiously through the streets, and concluded the savage procession, by casting the remains of their victim into the Rhone.

The pride of the French nation had been greatly humbled by the second conquest of their country; but the humiliation was not so complete, as to cause the inhabitants of the metropolis to submit to the degradation that awaited them, without the most bitter complaints, against what they termed the injustice and rapacity of their conquerors. Like the bird imagined in the fables of Esop, the galleries of the arts, in Paris, were now stripped of their borrowed plumes. Soon after the allied armies had entered the city, marshal Blucher visited that vast depository, called the Louvre, and insisted upon sending back, to his country, all the pictures and other works of art, which had been seized by the French, not only in Prussia, but all those also which had been taken from Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, cities on the left bank of the Rhine. This example was some time afterwards followed, by the other states of Europe:—the emperor Francis, on behalf of Florence, Modena, Milan, Parma, Verona, and Venice, claimed every painting of value, of which they had been deprived. The duke of Wellington, in support of the rights of the king of the Netherlands, demanded the pictures stripped from the catholic churches in Belgium; while the Spaniards, claiming their share in the general distribution, seized upon an exhibition consisting of those of the Spanish school.

In the midst of the irritation produced, in Paris, by the dismantling of the Louvre, the conflicts of parties raged with considerable violence. In the cabinet, the contest lay principally between the friends and the enemies of proscription—between those who recommended measures of conciliation, and those who preferred the influence of rigorous retribution. The former wished to throw a mantle of clemency and a veil of oblivion, over the past, and to retain whatever was valuable in the institutions of the country, although of a date subsequent to the period of the revolution; while the younger branches of the royal family, ranging themselves at the head of the latter party, called for justice upon the heads of the regicides, and wished

to bring back France to the ancient *regime*. The princes and their party—more zealous than the king—laboured incessantly to effect the removal of the existing administration; and the influence of these ultra-royalists at length prevailed over the advice of the duke of Wellington and other ministers of the allied sovereigns. A total change in the ministry was the consequence; Talleyrand and the duke of Otranto resigned their situations, and on the twenty-fifth of September, the following list of the new cabinet appeared in the official gazette:—

The duke of Richelieu, for Foreign Affairs.

The duke of Feltré, for the Department of War.

Viscount Doubouchage, for the Marine and Colonies.

Count de Vaublanc, for the Interior.

The Sieur de Casas, for General Police.

Count Barbe de Marbois, Keeper of the Seals.

Count Corvetto, for the Finances.

One of the principal benefits of the French revolution, was the suppression of religious intolerance; and one of the first acts of the revolutionary government, was the admission of protestants to a participation in the religious privileges, and the political rights, of their catholic countrymen. The distinguished merit of redressing many of the grievances under which the protestants had laboured, before the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, belonged to that monarch; the republican government advanced still further, in the work of amelioration; and Napoleon, by the provisions of the *concordat*, placed their religion precisely upon the same footing as the catholic faith, both in establishment and privilege. The protestants, with feelings natural to men, could not but admire and applaud measures by which they were raised, from being outcasts of society, and from a state of degradation and infamy, to that of citizens, with equal rights. Unfortunately, after the restoration of the Bourbons, a very unfavourable change occurred: the royal charter declared the catholic faith to be the established religion of France; and the protestants again became only a tolerated sect; persons who had long been absent, returned, with all their former prejudices; the distinction of catholic and protestant was revived, in a hostile sense; and evident indications were exhibited of a wish to restore the ancient *regime*. During this period, the protestants, in the south of France, were insulted, by the populace, on the ground of their religion; and their ears became familiarized with songs and exclamations, menacing them with a repetition of the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day.

For several months, the protestant population of Nismes was exposed to outrages of every kind. The cries of "down with the Hugonots! *Vive le St. Barthelemi!*" resounded through the streets; their houses were plundered or pulled down; the rich were laid under ruinous contributions; the looms of the poor manufacturers were destroyed; and women were stripped and scourged in the streets. No fewer than thirty females were subjected to these atrocities, eight of whom died, either under the hands of their persecutors, or in consequence of their stripes. Two-hundred-and-forty persons were murdered, in cold blood; and upwards of two-thousand more, became the subjects of this persecution, either in their persons or in their property. A wretch, of the name of Trestailon, was the chief leader in the atrocities at Nismes; but this man, though twice taken into custody, was never brought to trial. At this place, indeed, the murderers were exempted from the punishment of the most numerous of their crimes, by an official order, directing that no examinations should be made into the disorders at Nismes, previous to the first of September. Besides Trestailon, there was another notorious murderer, named Graffan, otherwise Quatre Taillon, the scene of whose bloody exploits was at Uzes, sixteen miles from Nismes; and, although this wretch is said to have killed fourteen persons, with his own hands, he, like Trestailon, escaped unpunished.

The rage of bigotry at length rose to a height calculated to arouse the indignation of the surrounding states, and compelled the French government to interfere, with a strong hand. The duke of Angouleme, who had repeatedly visited Nismes, during the murders, and whose devoted attachment to the catholic religion had rendered him suspected of conniving at the persecution of the protestants, issued an order for the re-opening of their places of worship, which, ever since the month of July, they had been under the necessity of keeping shut. On quitting the place, orders were left, by the duke, with general La Garde, a member of the reformed church, to afford protection to the persons and property of the protestants, and to guard their temples against outrage. Under this guarantee, public worship was resumed; but, on Sunday, the twelfth of November, at the moment when the general was performing the duty confided to him, a furious mob assembled, to resist the opening of the protestant churches, and a ruffian levelled a pistol at the general, and shot him through the breast. The wound was severe, but not mortal; and the assassin was seized by the military, but was afterwards suffered to escape. On receiving intelligence

of this atrocity, the king issued an ordinance, which, after recognizing the liberty of worship, granted by the royal constitutional charter, directed that proceedings should be instituted against the authors of the assassination; and, on the twenty-fifth of December, the protestant churches were re-opened.

The enslaved state of the French press, prevented the voice of the persecuted protestants from being heard, in their own country. The police would not suffer a single document, nor even a paragraph, to appear, in any of the public papers, respecting their sufferings; while the conductors of those shackled mediums of public information, were permitted, and even solicited, to publish sentiments calculated to palliate the enormities of their oppressors, and to swell the tide of popular fury which had begun to rush with so much violence against the oppressed; and even in the chamber of deputies, if any member of liberal sentiments attempted to invite the attention of the legislature to the subject, a great part of the assembly arose, in a tumultuous manner, and, in the coarsest terms, insisted that he should be called to order.

In England, however, where the press, as in the United States, is as free as the air we breathe, the situation of the French protestants, as depicted in the public journals, excited a lively interest. Meetings were held in London, and other parts of the kingdom, the interference of the British government, in favour of the sufferers, was implored, and subscriptions, to a considerable amount, were raised, for the purpose of ameliorating their condition.

We have already mentioned the apprehension and examination of marshal Ney. The first indication of that system of vigour, so loudly demanded by the ultra-royalists of France, and so confidently anticipated from the new ministry, was displayed in the trial and execution of that distinguished soldier. The crime with which the marshal stood charged, was high treason; and, on the fourth of December, the peers, having erected themselves into a criminal tribunal, he was impeached at the bar. It appeared, from the evidence, that, until the seventh of March, he was ignorant of the landing of Napoleon, in the south of France; and that on the ninth, he received instructions, from the minister of Louis XVIII., to repair to the head of his government, at Besançon, for the purpose of arresting the progress of the invader. Before his departure from the capital, he obtained an audience of the king, and, during the conference, he observed, "that should Buonaparte be taken, he would deserve to be conducted to Paris in an iron

cage," and, on taking leave, kissed the king's hand. For some days, he remained faithful to the royal cause; but his subsequent conduct proved, that he soon began to imbibe the general spirit of disaffection, which pervaded the army. On his arriving at Lons-le-Saulnier, four days after his audience with his sovereign, he addressed a proclamation to his troops, beginning with these words,—“The cause of the Bourbons is for ever lost;” and soon afterwards he himself and his whole corps joined the invading army.

Finding it impossible to resist the proofs of marshal Ney's treasonable disaffection, his counsel rested his defence chiefly on the impunity granted to the marshal, as a resident in Paris, by the twelfth article of the capitulation of that city, which provided—*that no person in the capital should be disturbed, or called to account, for his political conduct*; and subsequently, that, should any doubt arise as to the interpretation of any article of the capitulation, the interpretation should be made in favour of the besieged. No plea, however, would have been availing. It seemed determined, by the court, that the duke of Elchingen should die. Instead of fairly meeting that objection, which was indeed unanswerable, the attorney-general interrupted the defendant's counsel, and required that the advocates of the accused should be interdicted, by the court, from availing themselves of the convention of the third of July; on the ground, that this military convention was the work of foreigners, and was neither signed nor ratified by the king! Marshal Ney, indignant at an injustice which showed a determination to sacrifice him, declared that he would rather not be defended, at all, than have only the shadow of a defence.—“I am accused,” exclaimed he, “contrary to the faith of treaties, and they will not suffer me to justify myself. I will act like Moreau—I will appeal to Europe, and to posterity. I forbid my counsel to utter another word.”—There now reigned, in the chamber, for some time, a profound silence; which was at length broken by the attorney-general's expressing his determination to waive the right of reply, since the marshal had declined all further defence.

The trial terminated in a unanimous award of guilty. Of the one-hundred-and-sixty peers, who voted, one-hundred-and-thirty-nine doomed the marshal to suffer death, while seventeen voted for banishment, and four declined giving any opinion on the sentence. The fortitude and bravery of marshal Ney, never forsook him, in any stage of the proceedings; and when the proper officer repaired to his apartments to announce to him

his sentence, the marshal begged that he would, without apology or circumlocution, proceed directly to the fact. When, in reading the fatal judgment, his titles were detailed, he said,—“What good can this do now?—Michel Ney—then a heap of dust—that is all.”—The day of execution immediately followed that of the conviction; and at four o’clock in the morning of the seventh, the marshal took his last farewell of his wife and children.

At nine o’clock, accompanied by his confessor, he was conducted, in a carriage, to the grand alley, leading to the observatory, the place appointed for his execution. A picquet of veterans, sixty in number, awaited his arrival. Having alighted from the carriage, the marshal faced his executioners; and, after taking off his hat with his left hand, and placing his right upon his breast, he exclaimed, with a loud, and unfaltering voice—“Comrades, straight at the heart—fire.” The officer gave the signal, at the same moment, with his sword, and he fell dead, without a struggle; twelve balls having taken effect; three of them in the head.

The execution of marshal Ney deeply affected the public feelings. History affords no example, that we recollect, of a judicial murder, so horribly atrocious. When the trial was pending, the marshal had written a letter to the duke of Wellington, claiming the indemnity stipulated in the convention of Paris. The duke replied, that “the convention of the third of July, was clearly and expressly a military convention; and that it could not, and did not, promise pardon for political offences, on the part of the French government.” But to this, a very short and conclusive answer may be given,—that “it was by the operation of that convention, that the Bourbon sovereign obtained possession of the person of marshal Ney, and consequently the power of bringing him to trial for the treason of which we reluctantly acknowledge he had previously been guilty.”

General Count Lavalette, related, by marriage, to the family of Buonaparte, was the next person of importance, brought to trial by the French court. In his case, also, the convention of Paris was violated. Having held the office of director of the posts, under the imperial government, Lavalette took forcible possession of the post-office of Paris, in March, when Napoleon was at Fontainebleau, on his way from Elba; and thus, by suppressing the king’s proclamation, and circulating the intelligence of the invader’s progress, contributed essentially to re-establish him upon the throne. Of this crime, he was con-

victed, and was sentenced to death, as a traitor. The generous interference of marshal Marmont, procured for madame Lavalette an opportunity of imploring, in person, the royal clemency; but the king could not be softened, either by the power of this amiable woman's language, or the mute eloquence of her tears; and her husband was ordered for execution. Yet, what could not be effected by her prayers, was accomplished by her skill and courage; and her husband was indebted for his life, to the same stratagem, which, in the year 1621, had rescued Grotius from perpetual imprisonment, in the fortress of Louvestien, and, in 1716, snatched lord Nitthesdale from the fate that awaited him in the Tower of London. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the twentieth of December, the day immediately preceding that of Lavalette's intended execution, his wife, accompanied by her daughter and her governess, repaired to the Conciergerie, in a sedan-chair, for the purpose of dining with her husband. The countess, who had recently been confined, and was still in a delicate state of health, came to the prison, wrapped in a large mantle, and the sedan-chair was permitted to be brought into the room, adjoining her husband's apartment. About seven o'clock, she prepared to depart; but, while the gaoler was despatched, on some errand, into an adjoining room, she threw her dress, in a moment, over her husband, and, receiving his cloak, in exchange, sunk back into his chair; while Lavalette, arrayed in his disguise, quitted the prison, and, supported by his daughter and one of the turnkeys, descended to the sedan. No sooner had the chair reached the quay, beyond the gates of the prison, than Lavalette stepped into a cabriolet, prepared for the purpose, and, after driving about Paris, for two hours, to prevent all traces by the police, took refuge in the house of one of his friends.

In the mean time, madame Lavalette personated her husband, and, with a book before her face, appeared absorbed in meditation. After the lapse of nearly an hour, the gaoler spoke to his prisoner, but, receiving no answer, he advanced nearer to the chair, when the lady, with a smile, succeeded by strong convulsions, exclaimed,—*Il est parti*—He is gone.—The alarm was instantly given, but no trace of the fugitive could be discovered. The keeper of the Conciergerie, and the turnkey, were immediately ordered into custody, by the police; and madame Lavalette was for some time detained in prison, exulting, there is no doubt, in the success of her enterprise, but still agitated with apprehension, with regard to its final result.

For several days, the search after Lavalette was continued;

with most unremitting assiduity, but without success; and the enraged ministry, conceiving that he had completely escaped, directed that the criminal should be executed in effigy!

Twelve days had now elapsed, and Lavalette was still in Paris. To effect his escape from the French territory, became an affair of extreme difficulty and hazard. His friends, placing their hope and confidence in a young Englishman, whose noble mind and chivalrous character presented him to them, as the only person capable of completing that design which madame Lavalette had so auspiciously begun, addressed a letter, on the 1816. second of January, to Mr. Crawford Bruce; confiding to him the secret, that Lavalette was still in Paris, and imploring his friendship and assistance. Moved solely by the commiseration which the fate of the unfortunate man excited, after some deliberation he embarked in the enterprise. To effect his escape without assistance, was impossible; Mr. Bruce, therefore, pressed into this hazardous service, captain Hutchinson, a young Irish gentleman, of noble family, an officer in the guards, and sir Robert Wilson, an officer well known in Europe, not only for his military, but his literary services, against Napoleon. Through the agency of these three, aided by another military officer, named Ellister, Lavalette, disguised in a British uniform, and accompanied by sir Robert Wilson, left Paris, in an open carriage, at half past seven o'clock, in the morning of Monday, the eighth of January; and, taking the route of Compeigne, Cambrai, and Valenciennes, passed the French frontier, at Mons, in the afternoon of the following day. After receiving the assurance of eternal gratitude from Lavalette, sir Robert Wilson returned to Paris, in the evening of the tenth. The vigilance of the police, though unable to prevent the escape of Lavalette, succeeded in discovering his benefactors. On the thirteenth of January, sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Bruce, and captain Hutchinson, were all arrested; and, having been put upon their trial, were pronounced guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment—the most lenient punishment inflicted by the French laws.

General Lallemand, Lefebvre Desnouettes, marshal Grouchy, captain Sari, and several more of the proscribed officers; also, Joseph Buonaparte, with one of his daughters, (followed, some years afterwards, by Charles Buonaparte, a son of Lucien, and by two sons of the unfortunate Murat,) found an asylum in the United States; while Lucien Buonaparte, as well as his brothers Louis and Jerome, were allowed to fix their residence in different parts of Europe. For his gentlemanly, yet unostenta-

tious deportment, in his American abode, Joseph, who assumed the title of count de Surveilliers, is universally esteemed. Very different, are the sentiments entertained towards his brother Jerome. His desertion, in obedience to Napoleon's mandate, of his beautiful and accomplished American bride, and his subsequent marriage with a daughter of the king of Wirtemberg, have stamped his character with indelible disgrace and detestation; and for ever deprived him of an asylum amongst a people by whom his brother is so much beloved.

On the thirteenth of February, (1820) a horrible assassination was perpetrated, upon a member of the royal family of France. At ten o'clock, in the night, the duke of Berri, only son of the count d'Artois, and presumptive heir to the crown, having been at the opera-house, was attending the duchess to her carriage:—she was already seated, when a person, passing quickly by his royal highness, encircled him with his left arm, and thrust a poniard into his left breast. On feeling the wound, he uttered a cry, and fell senseless into the arms of his servants. The duchess herself sprang out of the carriage, and drew the dagger from the duke's breast, whose only exclamation was "*Je me meurs*,"—"I am dying;" soon after which, he expired, in the forty-third year of his age.

The assassin, named Pierre Joseph Louvel, was employed in the saddlery of the king. On being interrogated, he boldly declared, that he had meditated the murder ever since 1814; and that he had quitted Metz, for Calais, with the intention of assassinating the king, on his re-entry, but had arrived too late; that he had at length determined on the extermination of the duke of Berri, as the youngest of the family, knowing that nature would soon relieve him from the necessity of abridging the days of the king.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAPOLEON IN ST. HELENA.

HIS DEATH.

During the voyage from Torbay to St. Helena, Napoleon did not suffer much from sea-sickness, after the first week. He rarely appeared on deck, until after dinner. He breakfasted in his own cabin, at ten or eleven o'clock, and spent a considerable portion of the day in writing and reading. Be-

fore he sat down to dinner, he generally played a game at chess, and remained at that meal, in compliment to the admiral, about an hour ; at which time, coffee was brought to him, and he left the table, to take a walk on the deck, accompanied by count Bertrand or Las Cases ; the admiral and the officers who had dined with him, continuing at table an hour or two longer.

While walking on the quarter-deck, he freely spoke to all the officers who could understand and converse with him ; and often asked Mr. Warden, the surgeon of the Northumberland, questions in regard to the prevailing complaints, and mode of treating the sick. He occasionally played a game at whist, and generally retired to his cabin about nine ; this being his uniform course of passing the time, throughout the whole voyage.

The little Bertrands were interesting children : the youngest was between three and four years old ; the eldest is a native of Trieste, and was born when his father was governor of the Illyrian provinces ; the second was a girl of an animated disposition, that betrayed occasional symptoms of violence. The military character seemed to have almost exclusively seized upon the minds of these sprightly little voyagers ; from morning till night, they were employed in fencing, marching, and charging at a half-canter, in imitation of cavalry ; in which, the girl joined, with a true Amazonian spirit, under the direction of a little French boy, who appeared to have been born in a camp.

Frequent attempts were made upon the loyalty of the little Bertrands, by courting them, in very seducing ways, to say, *Vive le Roi*, and *Vive Louis dix-huit*. But the two eldest never failed to reply with, *Vive l'Empereur*. The youngest of the three was, however, at length, bribed, by irresistible sweetmeats, to say, *Vive Louis dix-huit*. But this defection was invariably followed by the reproaches of his incorruptible brother and sister. That charming boy is said to bear a strong resemblance to the young Napoleon, and acquired, on board the Northumberland, the title of *John Bull*, which he triumphantly retained ; and, if asked who he was, appeared pleased to exclaim, *Jean Booll*.

Whenever an opportunity offered, the zealous attendants of Napoleon never failed to represent him in a manner that might lessen any unfavourable impressions, which they supposed the English entertained respecting him. The impetuosity of his temper being mentioned, it was not denied ; but his frequent

and even habitual correction of it, was illustrated by several anecdotes, related by Las Cases :

“The emperor,” said this warmly attached follower, “had a confidential secretary, a man of superior talents, who was blessed with a disposition so mild, and a temper so smooth, that it was almost impossible to trouble the one, or to ruffle the other. The impetuosity of his imperial master, with the uncertain hours at which he was frequently summoned to his duty, and the calm preparation in which he was ever found to perform it, sufficiently proves the character that has been given of him. Napoleon seldom took a pen into his hand : his general practice was to dictate to others, which he did with the rapidity of thought ; and, if an idea struck him in the middle of the night, the secretary in waiting was instantly summoned, to transmit it to paper. This officer had happened, on one of these hasty occasions, to mistake an expression, as it was dictated to him ; and, for this accidental mistake, was dismissed from the emperor’s presence, in terms of the severest displeasure. The next morning, the emperor sent for his secretary ; and, when the latter entered the saloon, with his usual placid and undisturbed countenance, the emperor, with rather an angry look, demanded of him, if he had slept, the preceding night ; and, on being informed that he had enjoyed his usual hours of comfortable repose, this reply was given : ‘Then, you have been more fortunate than myself ; so take your pen ;’—and a decree for a very liberal pension to the secretary, was instantly dictated.”

The empress Josephine became the subject of conversation, between Mr. Warden the surgeon of the Northumberland, and Las Cases. The sudden death of this excellent woman, was universally lamented, and is attributed to a very extraordinary circumstance, and a very exalted personage. Josephine had so far won the admiration and high esteem of the emperor Alexander, that he used to dedicate many of his leisure hours to the pleasure of her fascinating conversation. His visits were not only frequent, but continual, during his stay at Paris. Her state of health was precarious, and, on some particular occasion, her physician had prescribed medicines of a nature that required the utmost care and precaution, and an absolute confinement to her chamber : but, at this time, the emperor paid one of his visits ; when her respect for him rendered her incautious, and she received the imperial guest in the usual manner. They walked, during the time of his stay, in the gardens of Mal-Maison, and the consequence of this

promenade was fatal:—she was seized with a violent inflammation in the lungs, which defied all medical assistance, and, in a few days, she was no more.

From the same authority,* we have an account of her marriage with Napoleon. An order, issued by the convention, to disarm the citizens, occasioned the introduction of Buonaparte, then a general, and high in military command, to Josephine. Her husband, count Beauharnois, had been guillotined about eighteen months. He had left a son, Eugene Beauharnois, at this time a most interesting youth, who took an opportunity of addressing the general on parade, and soliciting his father's sword; which, according to a late order, had been removed from his mother's residence. Charmed by the request, and the animated modesty with which it was made, Buonaparte instantly granted the petition. The mother wrote a letter the next day, to thank the general for his kindness to her son. This grateful attention produced a visit, on his part; and the lady not being at home, on her return she sent a note of apology and particular invitation. An interview of course followed: he was instantly captivated, and in six weeks she became his wife.

On the twenty-second of August, the Northumberland reached Madeira, and one of her consorts, the Havanna frigate, was sent into the port of Funchal, for refreshments. During this time, there prevailed a tempest, called a *scirocco levante*, which did much injury to the grapes; a visitation attributed, by the ignorant and superstitious inhabitants, to the presence of Napoleon.

With regard to phenomena, chance produced one of a much more extraordinary kind, on the twenty-third of September; when the Northumberland crossed the line in 0° latitude, 0° longitude, and 0° declination. This is a circumstance which chance alone may perhaps repeat only once in a century; since it is necessary to arrive precisely at the first meridian about noon, in order to pass the line at that same hour, or to arrive there at the same time with the sun.

The crossing of the equator caused great merriment and disorder amongst the crew, and the ceremony which the English sailors call *the christening*. They dress themselves up in a most grotesque fashion: one is disguised as Neptune, and all persons on board the ship, who have not previously crossed the line, are formally presented to him; an immense razor,

* Las Cases.

formed generally out of an old rusty hoop, is passed over their chins, previously smeared with a lather made of pitch; buckets of water are thrown over them, and the loud bursts of laughter which accompany their retreat, complete their initiation into the mystic rite. No one is spared; the officers being generally more roughly used than the lowest of the sailors.

The French party submitted, with perfect good humour, to the novel freedoms of the marine saturnalia. Nor had the Neptune and Amphitrite of the day, any cause of complaint. They were seated in a boat filled with water—the throne, a match-tub, the sceptre, a painter's brush. They were surrounded by their tritons, consisting of fifty or sixty of the most athletic men in the ship, naked to the waist, and bedaubed with various colours, each bearing a pail of salt water, to drench the subjects of the briny god. The license of the pastime may be imagined, when captain Ross, the commander, received the contents of one with the utmost pleasantry.

Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and Las Cases, with all the domestics, presented themselves to the temporary, but potent Neptune, and received, with the necessary cheerfulness, their share of his ablutions. The first two led forward their children; each of them presenting, from their extended little hands, a double Napoleon, to the presiding deity of the deep. A sea-boy sang the song of "The snug little Island;" some of the lines of which were not very complimentary to the enemies of Great Britain; yet the sentiments did not produce even an unpleasant look. The ladies viewed the scene from an elevated position, and seemed equally amused and astonished at the festivities; but Neptune was rather disappointed that Napoleon did not make his appearance, though he acknowledged the sovereign dignity, by sending his tribute.

One afternoon, the sailors caught an enormous shark. The emperor inquired the cause of the great noise and confusion which he suddenly heard overhead, and being informed of what had occurred, he expressed a wish to have a sight of the sea-monster. He accordingly went up to the poop, and incautiously approached too near the animal, which, by a sudden movement, knocked down four or five of the sailors, and had nearly broken Napoleon's legs. He descended the gangway, covered with blood; the spectators thinking him severely hurt, but it proved to be only the blood of the shark.

On the evening of the seventeenth of October, Napoleon landed at Jamestown, in the island of St. Helena. He was conducted to a house belonging to a gentleman named Porte-

ous, which had been rented, for his accommodation, by the admiral, and was one of the best habitations in the town. It was not, however, free from inconvenience. Napoleon, could not make his appearance at the windows, or even descend from his bed-chamber, without being exposed to the rude and ardent gaze of those who wished to gratify their curiosity with a sight of the imperial captive. Counts Bertrand and Montholon, also, with their ladies and children; count Las Cases and his son; general Gourgaud and Mr. O'Meara, (a surgeon of the British navy, whom Napoleon had invited to attend him as physician) were accommodated in the same house.

At an early hour, on the morning of the eighteenth, Napoleon, accompanied by the admiral and Las Cases, proceeded up to Longwood, a country-seat of the lieutenant-governor, about two leagues from Jamestown, which he was informed was the place deemed the most proper for his future residence. He was mounted on a spirited little black horse, lent to him, for the occasion, by the governor, colonel Wilkes. On his way, he observed a neat little spot, called the Briars, about two-hundred yards from the road, belonging to a gentleman named Balcombe, who, Napoleon was informed, was to be his purveyor; with the romantic situation of which, Napoleon seemed much pleased.

Longwood is situated on a plain, formed on the summit of a mountain, about eighteen-hundred feet above the level of the sea; and, including Deadwood, comprises about fifteen-hundred acres, planted with an indigenous tree, called gumwood. Its appearance is sombre and unpromising. Napoleon, however, said that he would be more contented to fix his residence there, than to remain in the town, as a mark for the prying curiosity of importunate spectators. The house consisted of only five rooms, on a ground floor, built one after another, according to the wants of the family, without any regard either to order or convenience, and totally inadequate to the accommodation of himself and his suite. Several additions were consequently required; which it was evident could not be completed for some weeks, even under the superintendence of so active an officer as sir George Cockburn.

On his return from Longwood, Napoleon proceeded to the Briars, and intimated to the admiral that he would rather remain there until the necessary additions were made to Longwood, than return to Jamestown, provided that he could obtain the proprietor's consent; a request which was immediately granted.

The Briars is the name of an estate, situated about a mile and a half from Jamestown. It comprises a few acres of highly cultivated land, with extensive kitchen-gardens and excellent fruit, plentifully supplied with water, adorned with many delightful shady walks, and long celebrated for the hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe. On an elevated mound, about fifty yards from the dwelling-house, stood a little pavilion of the gothic form, consisting of one good room on the ground-floor, and two garrets; which Napoleon, not wishing to cause any inconvenience to the family of his host, selected for his abode. In the lower room, was his camp-bed, and in this room he eat, drank, slept, and dictated a portion of his eventful life. Las Cases and his son were accommodated in one of the garrets above, and Napoleon's first valet-de-chambre, Marchand, and a few more members of his household, slept in the other, and on the floor in a little hall, opposite the entrance of the lower room. At first, his dinner was sent ready cooked from the town; but afterwards Mr. Balcombe had a kitchen prepared for his use. The accommodations were so insufficient, that Napoleon frequently walked out, after he had finished his dinner, in order to allow his domestics an opportunity of eating theirs in the room which he had just left.

Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, one about twelve, and the other fifteen years of age, and two boys of five or six. Napoleon and Las Cases had no sooner entered the garden, one morning, than they were met by the young ladies—the younger, sprightly, giddy, and caring for nothing—the elder more sedate, but, at the same time, possessing great *naïveté* of manner; and both speaking a little French. They had ranged through the garden, and put all the flowers in contribution, to present them to the emperor, whom they overwhelmed with the most whimsical and ridiculous questions. Napoleon was much amused by this familiarity, to which he was so little accustomed.—“We have been at a masked ball,” said he, when the young ladies had retired.

In the evening, Napoleon went to visit his neighbours. Mr. Balcombe, who was suffering under a fit of the gout, lay stretched on a sofa: his wife and the two young ladies, were beside him. The “masked ball” was resumed, with great spirit. The conversation turned on novels. One of the young ladies had read Madame Cottin's *Mathilde*, and was delighted to find that the emperor was acquainted with the work. An Englishman, with a great round face, who had been listening

earnestly, in order to turn his little knowledge of French to the best account, modestly ventured to ask the emperor, whether the princess, the friend of Matilda, whose character he particularly admired, was still living. The emperor, with a very solemn air, replied, "No, sir, she is dead and buried:" and he was almost tempted to believe he was himself hoaxed, until he found that the melancholy tidings drew tears from the great staring eyes of the Englishman.

The young ladies evinced no less simplicity, though in them it was more pardonable; however, their visitors were led to believe that they had not studied chronology very deeply. One of them, turning over Florian's "Estelle," to show that she could read French, happened to light upon the name of Gaston de Foix, and finding him distinguished by the title of general, she asked the emperor, whether he had been satisfied with his conduct in the army, whether he had escaped the dangers of war, and whether he was still alive.

Napoleon frequently dropped in to Mr. Balcombe's, to play a rubber of whist, or hold a little *conversazione*. On one occasion, he indulged the children by joining in a game of blind-man's-buff, affording much amusement to the young ladies. Nothing was omitted, by this worthy family, that could lessen the inconveniences of his situation. A captain of artillery resided at the Briars, together with an orderly officer, and at first an officer and some privates, also, were stationed there, as an additional security against the escape of the imperial captive; but, on a remonstrance being made to sir George Cockburn, he ordered them to be removed.

Mr. Balcombe's little garden, in which Napoleon so often walked, was superintended by a Malay Indian. The first time the emperor saw him, he desired Las Cases, according to his usual custom, to question him respecting his history; and his answers strongly excited Napoleon's interest. He had been forced, he said, from his home, by the crew of an English vessel, and sold at St. Helena; where he had continued, ever since, a slave. His story bore every mark of truth. His countenance had a frank and benevolent expression; his eyes were animated and sparkling; his appearance was by no means abject; but, on the contrary, truly prepossessing.

The history of the poor fellow's misfortune filled the emperor with indignation; and, a few days afterwards, he expressed a wish to purchase him, and send him back to his own country. He mentioned the subject to the admiral. The latter at first defended his countrymen, and declared that old Toby (which

was the name of the unhappy slave) must be an impostor, for the thing was impossible. He, however, inquired into the matter, and finding the story true, he participated in the indignation expressed by the emperor, and promised to exert his best endeavours for the fulfilment of his humane design.

When Napoleon and Las Cases were in the garden, the former generally stopped near Toby's hut, and made the latter question him respecting his country, the days of his youth, his family, and his present situation. One would have supposed, that he wished to study the feelings of the old slave; and he always closed the conversation by giving him a Napoleon. Toby was much attached to the illustrious stranger and his companion: their presence seemed always to fill him with joy. When they entered the garden, he immediately suspended his work, and, resting on his spade, gazed on them with an air of satisfaction. He called the emperor the *good gentleman*: this was the only name he ever applied to him, and he knew him by no other.

"Poor Toby," said the emperor, one day, "has been torn from his family, from his native land, and sold to slavery: could any thing be more miserable to himself, or more criminal in others? If this crime be the act of the English captain alone, he is doubtless one of the vilest of men; but, if it be that of the whole crew, it may have been committed by men perhaps not so base as might be imagined; for vice is always individual, and scarcely ever collective. Joseph's brethren could not bring themselves to slay him; while Judas, a cool, hypocritical, calculating villain, betrayed his master. A philosopher has affirmed, that men are born wicked: it would be both difficult and idle to attempt discovering whether the assertion be true. This, at least, is certain, that the great mass of society is not wicked; for if the majority were determined to be criminal, and violate the laws, who would have the power to restrain or prevent them? This is the triumph of civilization; this happy result springs from its bosom, and arises out of its nature. Sentiments are, for the most part, traditionary: we feel them, because they were felt by others who preceded us: thus, we must look to the developement of human reason and faculties, for the only key to social order, the only secret of the legislator. Only those who wish to deceive the people, and rule them for their own personal advantage, would desire to keep them in ignorance. The more they are enlightened, the more will they be convinced of the utility of laws, and of the necessity of defending them; and the

more steady, happy, and prosperous, will society become. If, however, knowledge should ever be dangerous to the multitude, it can be only when the government, in opposition to the interests of the people, drives them into an unnatural situation, or dooms the lower classes to perish for want. In such a case, knowledge would inspire them with a spirit to defend themselves, or to become criminal.

“Look at the United States, where, without any apparent force or effort, every thing goes on prosperously; every one is happy and contented: and this is because the public wishes and interests are in fact the ruling power.

“When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington, and I should have had little merit in so being; for I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But, had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within, and invasion from without, I would have defied him to be what he was in America; at least, he would have been a fool to attempt it, and would only have prolonged the existence of evil.”

On another occasion, pausing before Toby, he said,—“What, after all, is this poor human machine? There is not one whose exterior form is like another, or whose internal organization exactly resembles the rest! It is by-disregarding this truth, that we are led into so many errors! Had Toby been a Brutus, he would have put himself to death; if an Esop, he would now, perhaps, be the governor’s adviser; if an ardent and zealous Christian, he would have borne his chains in the sight of God, and blessed them. As for poor Toby, he endures his misfortunes very quietly; he stoops to his work, and spends his days in innocent tranquillity.”—Then, after looking at him, a few moments, in silence, he turned away, and said, “Certainly, there is a wide step, from poor Toby to a king Richard!—and yet,” continued he, as he walked along, “the crime is not the less atrocious; for this man, after all, had his family, his happiness, and his liberty; and it was a horrible act of cruelty to bring him here, to languish in the fetters of his slavery.”—Then, suddenly stopping short, he added, “But I read in your eyes, that you think *he* is not the only example of the sort, at St. Helena!”

Napoleon used to relate, that, after one of his great actions

in Italy, he passed over the field of battle, before the bodies were interred. "In the deep silence of a beautiful moonlight night," said the emperor, "a dog leaped suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand, and ran towards us, at once soliciting aid, and seeking revenge. Whether owing to my own particular turn of mind, at the moment," continued the emperor, "the time, the place, or the action itself, I know not; but certainly no incident, on any field of battle, ever produced upon me, so deep an impression. I involuntarily stopped, to contemplate the scene. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp, or in his company; and here he lies, forsaken by all, except his dog! What a lesson Nature here presents, through the medium of an animal! What a strange being is man! and how mysterious are his impressions! I had, without emotion, ordered battles which were to decide the fate of an army; I had beheld, with tearless eyes, the execution of those operations, by which numbers of my countrymen were sacrificed; and here my feelings were aroused, by the mournful howling of a dog! Certainly, at that moment, I should have been easily moved by a suppliant enemy: I could very well imagine Achilles surrendering the body of Hector, at the sight of Priam's tears."

Counts Bertrand and Montholon, with their ladies and children, and also general Gourgaud and Dr. O'Meara, lived together, at the house of Mr. Porteous. When any of them desired to visit the Briars, or to go out of the town elsewhere, no other restriction was imposed upon them, than causing them to be accompanied by Mr. O'Meara, or some other British officer, or to be followed by a soldier. In this manner, they were permitted to visit any part of the island, except the batteries and forts. They were visited by colonel and Mrs. Wilkes, lieutenant-colonel and Mrs. Skelton, the members of the council, and most of the respectable inhabitants, as well as the officers belonging to the garrison and squadron, and their families. Little evening parties were, occasionally, given by the French; matters being so conducted that there was little appearance of constraint; and sir George Cockburn gave several well-attended balls, to all of which they were invited, and, with the exception of Napoleon, they frequently went.

In the mean time, no exertions were spared, by the admiral, to enlarge and improve the old building of Longwood, so as to render it capable of containing so great an increase of in-

mates. For this purpose, all the workmen, not only in the squadron, but in the island also, were employed ; and Longwood, for nearly two months, presented as busy a scene as ever had been witnessed, during the war, in any of the English dock-yards, while a fleet was preparing for sea, under the personal directions of some of the first naval commanders. Indefatigable in his exertions, the admiral frequently arrived at Longwood shortly after sunrise, stimulating, by his presence, the St. Helena workmen, who, lazy and indolent, in general, beheld, with astonishment, the activity and despatch of a man of war, succeeding the characteristic idleness which, till then, they had been accustomed both to witness and to practise. Every day, bodies of two or three-hundred seamen were employed, in carrying up, from Jamestown, timber and other materials for building, together with furniture ; which, though the best was purchased, at an enormous expense, wherever it could be procured, was paltry and old-fashioned. So deficient was the island in the means of transportation, that almost every thing, even the very stones for building, were carried up the steep side-path on the heads and shoulders of the seamen, occasionally assisted by fatigue-parties of the fifty-third regiment. By means of incessant labour, Longwood-House was enlarged, so as to admit, on the ninth of December, Napoleon and part of his household, count and countess Montholon and children, together with count and young Las Cases.

Napoleon rode to Longwood on a horse which had been brought for him from the Cape. He had not seen him before : he was a small, sprightly, and rather a handsome animal. The emperor wore his uniform of the chasseurs of the guard ; his graceful figure and handsome countenance being particularly remarkable. His appearance attracted general notice ; many persons had collected on the road, to see him pass ; the admiral was very attentive to him, and several other English officers, together with those of his own household, formed his escort.

At the entrance of Longwood, a guard was under arms, who rendered the prescribed honours to the august captive. The emperor's horse, which was spirited and untractable, being unused to this kind of parade, was startled at the sound of the drum : he refused to pass the gate ; and it was only by the help of the spur, that his rider succeeded in forcing him to advance.

The admiral took great pains to point out to its new residents, even the minutest details at Longwood. He had superintended all the arrangements, and some things were the work

even of his own hands. The emperor was satisfied with every thing, and the admiral seemed highly pleased: he had anticipated petulance and disdain; but Napoleon manifested perfect good humour.

He retired at six o'clock, and beckoned Las Cases to follow him to his chamber. Here, he examined various articles of furniture, and inquired whether his friend were similarly provided. On Las Cases replying in the negative, he insisted on his accepting of them; saying, in the most engaging manner, "Take them, I shall want for nothing; I shall be taken better care of than you."

Napoleon himself had a small narrow bed-room, on the ground-floor; a writing-room of the same dimensions; and a sort of small ante-chamber, in which there was a bath. The writing-room opened into a dark and low apartment, which was converted into a dining-room. The opposite wing consisted of a bed-room, larger than Napoleon's, which, with an ante-chamber and a closet, formed the accommodations for the count and countess Montholon, and son. From the dining-room, a door led to a small drawing-room. To extend the latter, one longer, much higher, and more airy, was built, of wood, by sir George Cockburn, with three windows on each side, and a veranda, leading to the garden. This was the only good room in the building. Las Cases had, at this time, a room next the kitchen, through the ceiling of which an aperture was cut, so as to admit a very narrow stair, which led to a sort of cock-loft, above, where his son reposed; but, some time afterwards, an apartment was built for the count and his son, in the rear of the house. The garrets over the old building were floored, and converted into apartments for the servants; and subsequently additional rooms were constructed, for the latter, as well as for general Gourgaud, the orderly officer, and Dr. O'Meara, who, in the mean time, were lodged in tents. Count and countess Bertrand and family, were lodged in a small house at Hut's Gate, about a mile from Longwood; which, though uncomfortable, was nevertheless hired at their own request, and was the only habitation that could be procured, at a moderate rent, in the neighbourhood; as it was found impossible to accommodate them at Longwood, until a new house, the foundation of which was immediately laid, could be finished.

A space of about twelve miles in circumference was allowed to Napoleon, within which he might ride or walk, without being accompanied by a British officer. Within this space,

was the camp of the fifty-third regiment; one division at Deadwood, about a mile from Longwood-House, another at Hut's Gate, opposite to Bertrand's, close to whose door there was an officer's guard. An arrangement was made with Bertrand, by the means of which persons furnished with a pass from him, had permission to enter Longwood grounds. A subaltern's guard was placed at the entrance to Longwood, about six-hundred paces from the house, and a cordon of sentinels and picquets was stationed around the house. At nine o'clock at night, the sentinels were drawn in, and stationed in communication with each other; surrounding the house, in such positions, that no persons could enter or depart, without being seen and examined by them. At the entrance of the house, double sentinels were placed, and patrols were continually traversing the grounds. After nine, Napoleon was not permitted to leave the house, unless in company with a field-officer; and no person whatever was allowed to pass without the countersign. These regulations continued until daylight. Every landing-place in the island, and indeed every place which bore the semblance of one, was furnished with a picquet; and sentinels were placed even upon every goat-path leading to the sea, although the obstacles presented by nature, in nearly all the paths in that direction, would, of themselves, have proved insurmountable, to a person so corpulent as Napoleon.

From the various signal-posts on the island, ships are frequently discovered at twenty-four leagues' distance, and always a long time before they can approach the shore. Every vessel, except a British ship of war, was accompanied, on her approach, by one of the cruisers; which remained with her until she was either allowed to anchor, or was ordered to depart. No foreign vessel was suffered to anchor, except under circumstances of great distress; in which case, no person from her was permitted to land, and an officer and party were sent on board, to take charge of her, as long as she remained. Every fishing-boat belonging to the island, was numbered, and anchored every evening, at sunset, under the superintendence of a captain of the navy; after which, no boat, except guard-boats from the ships of war, which rowed about the island all night, were allowed to be at sea. The orderly officer was also instructed to ascertain the actual presence of Napoleon, twice in the course of twenty-four hours; which was done with as much delicacy as possible; and every human precaution, to prevent escape, except imprisoning or chaining him, was adopted, by sir George Cockburn.

The officers of the fifty-third regiment, and of the St. Helena corps, and several of the most respectable inhabitants, with their wives, were introduced to Napoleon; at whose table, some of them were weekly invited to dine. Officers and other respectable passengers from India and China, went, in great numbers, to Longwood, to request a presentation to the fallen chief; in which expectation, they were rarely disappointed. Many ladies and gentlemen, who went up at an inconvenient time, have remained, in Dr. O'Meara's room, long after the topsail of the ship which was to waft them to England, was loosed, in the hope that Napoleon would present himself at one of the windows. "I have frequently," says Dr. O'Meara, "been unable to withstand the solicitude of more than one fair expectant, to place some of the servants of the house in a situation where they might be enabled to apprise them of his approach to the windows or door of the drawing-room, where they might be afforded an opportunity of stealing a glance at the renowned captive."

Napoleon's hours of rising were uncertain; much depending upon the quantity of rest enjoyed by him during the night. He was, in general, a bad sleeper, and frequently rose at three or four o'clock; in which case, he read or wrote until six or seven; when, if the weather were fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or lay down again, to rest, for about two hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep, unless a perfect state of darkness were obtained, by the closing of every cranny through which there might pass a ray of light; although he sometimes fell asleep on the sofa, and remained so, for a few minutes, in the middle of the day. When ill, his first valet-de-chambre occasionally read to him, until he fell asleep. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, between nine and ten; when in company with his suite, at eleven. After breakfast, he mostly dictated to some of his officers, for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock, received such visitors, as, by previous appointment, had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five in the afternoon, he rode out for an hour or two, on horseback, or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite; then returned, and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game of chess; when dinner was announced, he eat heartily, and did not appear partial to highly seasoned or rich foods. One of his most favourite dishes, was a roasted leg of mutton, and he was partial also to mutton chops. He rarely drank, at his dinner, as much as a

pint of claret, which was much diluted with water. When the servants had withdrawn, and there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess, or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud, for half an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the officers of his suite. He never eat more than two meals each day, and usually retired to rest between ten and eleven o'clock.

Napoleon was not inattentive to the duties of the toilette. He usually appeared, in the morning, in a white night-gown, with loose trowsers and stockings joined in one, a chequered red Madras handkerchief round his head, and his shirt collar open. When dressed, he wore a green uniform, very plainly made, and without ornament, similar to that, which, by its simplicity, used to mark the sovereign, amongst the splendid dresses at the Tuileries,—white waistcoat, and white or nan-keen small-clothes, with silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles; a black stock, a triangular cocked hat, with a very small tri-coloured cockade.

On the thirtieth of December, Napoleon rode out at random, and soon found himself in a field where some labourers were engaged in ploughing. He seemed highly interested in the operation. He alighted from his horse, seized the plough, and, to the great astonishment of the man who was holding it, he himself traced a furrow of considerable length.

Before evening, the little colony at Longwood was increased by the arrival of captain Piontkowsky, a native of Poland. He was one of those individuals whom the emperor had left behind him, at Plymouth; but his devotedness to the emperor, and his grief at being separated from him, had subdued the severity of the English ministers, and he received permission to proceed to St. Helena.

“In our customary rides,” narrates the pleasingly garrulous Las Cases, “we had, for some days, fixed on a regular resting-place, in the middle of the valley. There, surrounded by desert rocks, an unexpected flower displayed itself: under an humble roof, we discovered a charming young girl, of about sixteen years of age. We had surprised her, the first day, in her usual costume: it announced any thing but affluence. The following morning, we found she had bestowed the greatest pains upon her toilette; but our pretty blossom of the fields now appeared to us nothing more than a very ordinary garden-flower. Nevertheless, we henceforth stopped at her dwelling, a few moments, every day; she always approached, a few

paces, to catch the two or three sentences which the emperor either addressed, or caused to be translated to her, as he passed by, and we continued our route, discoursing on her charms. From that time, she formed an addition to the particular nomenclature of Longwood : she became our *nymph*.—Amongst those who were intimate with him, the emperor used, without premeditation, to invent new names, for every person and object that attracted his notice. Thus, the pass through which we were proceeding at the moment of which we are now writing, received the name of the Valley of Silence ; our host at the Briars was our Amphytrion ; his neighbour, the major, who was five feet high, was our Hercules ; sir George Cockburn was my Lord Admiral, as long as we were in good spirits, but, when ill-humour prevailed, there was no title for him but such as the *shark*.

“ Our nymph is the identical heroine of the little pastoral, with which Dr. Warden has been pleased to embellish his letters. I am told that Napoleon brought her great good fortune. The celebrity which she acquired through him, attracted the curiosity of travellers, and her own charms effected the rest : she is become the wife of a very rich merchant, or captain, in the service of the East India Company of England.”

When making another excursion, through the valley, the confined tourist determined to snatch a probable amusement, by paying a visit to a farmer. Fortunately for Napoleon, the family were taken by surprise ; as the apprehension of receiving such a guest, would have emptied the house of its inhabitants. The tenant of the mansion, named Legg, a plain honest countryman, met him at the door ; when the extraordinary visiter, on the invitation given to him, dismounted from his horse, and, accompanied by the count de las Cases, entered the house, familiarly took his seat, and began his interrogatories :—

“ Have you a wife ?”

“ Yes, an’t please you, sir emperor.”

“ Have you any children ?”

“ Six.”

“ How much land have you got ?”

“ A hundred acres.”

“ All capable of being cultivated ?”

“ No ; not one half.”

“ What profit does it bring you ?”

“ Not a great deal : but it is much improved, since you, Mr. Emperor, came amongst us.”

“ Ay ! how do you make that out ? ”

“ Why, you must know, sir emperor, we do not raise grain in this here island ; and our green truck requires a ready market. We have mostly had to wait for the arrival of a fleet ; and then, rat 'em, our things would sometimes all spoil : but now, sir general, we have a prime sale for every article.”

“ Where is your wife ? ”

“ Dang it, an't please you, I believe she is scared ; for I see my children have all run out ! ”

“ Send for them, and let me be introduced. Pray, have you any good water ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; and wine too, such as is to be had from the Cape.”

The good woman's alarm had, by this time, subsided ; she was persuaded, by her husband, to make her appearance, and entered with every mark of respect, and some astonishment. Napoleon, Las Cases, the farmer, and his wife, sat down to four glasses of Cape wine ; and when they were emptied, the visit was concluded.

The honest farmer and his family had been placed so much at their ease, by the courteous demeanour of their unexpected guests, that the subsequent visits laid them under no restraint ; and even the little children used frequently to express their wishes, by inquiring of their mother, “ When will *Boney* come and see us again ? ”

1816. On the fourteenth of April, the *Phaeton* frigate, commanded by captain Stanfell, arrived from England ; having on board lieutenant-general sir Hudson Lowe, and lady Lowe ; sir Thomas Read, deputy adjutant general ; major Gorrequer, aid-de-camp to sir Hudson Lowe ; lieutenant colonel Lyster, inspector of militia ; major Emmett, of the engineers ; Mr. Baxter, deputy inspector of hospitals ; together with lieutenants Wortham and Jackson, of the engineers and staff corps ; and other officers in the employment of the British government.

On the following day, sir Hudson Lowe landed, and was installed as governor, with the customary forms. A message was then sent to Longwood, announcing that the new governor would visit Napoleon, at nine o'clock, on the succeeding morning. A little before that time, sir Hudson Lowe arrived, accompanied by sir George Cockburn, and a numerous staff. As the appointed hour was rather unseasonable, and one at which Napoleon had never received any person, intimation was given to the governor, that Napoleon was indisposed, and could

not see any visitors, that morning. This appeared to disconcert sir Hudson ; who, after pacing up and down, for a few minutes, before the windows of the drawing-room, demanded at what time, on the following day, he could be introduced. Two o'clock was appointed, for the interview ; at which time, he arrived, accompanied, as before, by the admiral, and followed by his staff. They were, at first, ushered into the dining-room, behind which was the saloon, where they were to be received. A proposition was made, by sir George Cockburn, to sir Hudson Lowe, that the latter should be introduced by him, as being, in his opinion, the most official and proper manner of resigning to him the charge of the prisoner ; for which purpose, sir George suggested that they should enter the room together. To this arrangement, sir Hudson Lowe acceded. At the door of the drawing-room, stood Novarri, one of the French valets, whose business it was to announce the names of the persons introduced. After waiting a few minutes, the door was opened, and the governor called. As soon as the word governor was announced, sir Hudson Lowe started up, and stepped forward so hastily, that he entered the room before sir George Cockburn was well aware of his departure. The door was then closed, and when the admiral presented himself, the valet, not having heard his name called, told him that he could not enter. Sir Hudson Lowe remained about a quarter of an hour with Napoleon, during which time, the conversation was carried on chiefly in Italian ; and subsequently the officers of his staff were introduced.

A few days afterwards, Dr. O'Meara brought to Longwood some newspapers, which had been sent to him by admiral Cockburn. Napoleon said he believed that sir George had been rather ill-treated, the day on which he came up with the new governor ; and inquired what observation the admiral had made. His physician replied, that he considered it an insult offered to him, and felt much offended. Napoleon said, " He should have sent me word that he wanted to see me, by Bertrand ; but," continued he, " he wished to embroil me with the new governor ; and, for that purpose, persuaded him to come up here at nine o'clock in the morning, though he well knew that I never had received any person, and never would, at that hour. It is a pity that a man who appears to have talents, for I believe him to be a very good officer in his own service, should have behaved in the manner he has done to me. It shows the greatest want of generosity, to insult the unfortunate ; because insulting those who are in your power,

and consequently cannot make any opposition, is a certain sign of an ignoble mind." Dr. O'Meara said, that he was convinced the whole was a mistake, and that the admiral never had the smallest intention of insulting or embroiling him with the governor. The emperor resumed :—" In my misfortune, I sought an asylum, and instead of that have found contempt, ill-treatment, and insult. Shortly after I went on board of his ship, as I did not wish to sit after dinner, for two or three hours, guzzling down wine, to make myself drunk, I got up from table, and walked out upon deck. While I was going out, he said, in a contemptuous manner, " I believe the *general* has never read lord Chesterfield ; meaning that I was deficient in politeness, and did not know how to conduct myself at table."

The emperor and Las Cases were walking one afternoon in the garden, when a sailor, about twenty-three years of age, with a frank and open countenance, approached them, with gestures expressive of eagerness and joy, mingled with apprehension of being perceived from without. He spoke nothing but English, and told Las Cases, in a hurried manner, that he had twice braved the obstacle of sentinels, and all the dangers of severe prohibition, to get a close view of the emperor. He had obtained this good fortune, he said—looking stedfastly at Napoleon—and should die content ; that he offered up his prayers to Heaven, that Napoleon might enjoy good health, and be one day more happy. Las Cases dismissed him ; but on quitting them he hid himself amongst the trees and hedges, in order to have a longer view of them.

Napoleon frequently met similar unequivocal proofs of the good-will of the English sailors. Those of the Northumberland, especially, considered themselves as having formed a connexion with him. While he resided at the Briars, where his seclusion was not so close, they often hovered, on a Sunday, around the place, saying that they came to take another look at their shipmate. The day on which he removed from the Briars, Las Cases was with the emperor, in the garden ; when one of the sailors presented himself at the gate, and asked the former if he might step in, without offence. Las Cases inquired, of what country he was, and what religion he professed. He answered, by making various signs of the cross, in token of his having understood him, and of fraternity. Then, looking stedfastly at the emperor, before whom he was then standing, and raising his eyes to heaven, he began to hold a conversation with himself, by gestures, which his stout jovial

figure rendered partly grotesque and partly sentimental. Yet it would have been difficult to express more naturally, admiration, respect, sympathy, and kind wishes; while big tears started in his eyes.—“Tell that dear man,” said he, “that I wish him no harm, but all possible happiness. So, do most of us. Long life and health to him!”—He had a nosegay of wild flowers in his hand, which he seemed desirous to offer them; but he appeared restrained by the emperor’s presence, or his own feelings, and he stood wavering, as if contending with himself, for some time; then suddenly made a bow, and disappeared.

The emperor could not refrain from evincing some emotion at these two circumstances, so strongly did the countenances, accents, and gestures, of the two men, bear the stamp of truth.

“About four o’clock, in the morning of the tenth of January,” says Las Cases, “the emperor desired that I should be called into his room. He was dressed, and had his boots on; his intention being either to get on horseback, or take a walk in the garden; but a gentle shower of rain was falling. We walked about, in conversation, waiting for the weather to clear up. He opened the door of his room, leading to the topographical cabinet, in order that we might extend our walk the whole length of this chamber. As we approached the bed, he asked me if I always slept in it. I answered, that I had ceased to sleep in it, since the moment that I became acquainted with his wish of going out early in the morning. ‘What has that to do with it?’ said he: ‘return to it; I shall go out, when I please, by the back door.’ The drawing-room stood half open, and he entered it: Montholon and Gourgaud were there. They were endeavouring to fix a very pretty lustre, and a small glass, over the chimney-piece. The emperor desired that the latter might be set straight, as it inclined a little on one side. He was much pleased at this improvement in the drawing-room furniture; a proof that every thing is relative! What could these objects be, in the eyes of a man, who, only a few months before, had, in his palaces, furniture to the value of forty-millions!”

The emperor had, for several days, left off his excursions on horseback. The result of his attempt to resume them, was calculated neither to revive his partiality for this amusement, nor to render it again habitual to him. He had descended into the valley as usual, and was reascending it, at the back part, opposite Longwood, when a soldier, from one of the heights, where there had hitherto been no post, called out

several times, and made various signs to him and his companions. As they were in the very centre of their circuit, they paid no attention to him; upon which, he hurried down towards them, charging his musket, as he ran. General Gourgaud remained behind, to see what the pursuer wanted, while the rest of the party continued their route. After dodging the fellow many times, the general collared him, and for some time held him fast, but he at length escaped. It was found that he was a drunken corporal, who had not rightly understood the countersign. He had frequently levelled his musket at the imperial party; a circumstance which made his followers tremble for the emperor's life. Napoleon, however, looked upon it only as an affront, and a fresh obstacle to the continuance of his exercises on horseback.

On the twenty-fourth of April, colonel and Miss Wilkes, then preparing to return to England, went up to Longwood, and had a long interview with Napoleon. He was greatly pleased with Miss Wilkes, a highly accomplished and elegant young lady; and gallantly told her, that "she surpassed the description which had been given to him of her."

In the beginning of May, the weather was extremely wet and foggy, with high winds, for several days; during which time, Napoleon did not go out of doors.

Many changes relative to the treatment of the French, were made, shortly after the arrival of sir Hudson Lowe. The boundaries within which they had been allowed to exercise, were curtailed; the shop-keepers were ordered not to sell any article to them, except for ready money; and to hold no communication with them, unless by the governor's permission. Several officers of the fifty-third regiment, who were in the habit of calling to see madame Bertrand, at Hut's Gate, received hints that their visits were not pleasing to the authorities lately arrived; the officer of the guard was ordered to report the names of all persons entering Bertrand's house; and sentinels were placed, in different directions, to prevent the approach of visitors, several of whom, including some ladies, were turned back.

Messengers and letters continually arrived at Longwood, from Plantation House. The governor was apparently very anxious to see Napoleon, and seemingly distrustful, although the officer at Longwood was assured of his actual presence, by the sound of his voice. He had some communication with Bertrand, in relation to the necessity which he said there was; that some of his officers should see Napoleon daily. He also

went to Longwood frequently, himself, and finally, after some difficulty, obtained an interview with him, in his bed-chamber, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. Some days before, he had sent for Dr. O'Meara, asked a variety of questions concerning the captive, walked round the house several times, and before the windows, measuring and laying out the plan of a new ditch, which he said he would order to be made, to prevent the trespass of cattle. He observed a tree, the branches of which considerably overhung one of the old ditches. This appeared to excite considerable alarm in his excellency's breast, as he sent instantly for the superintendent of the gardens, to have it lopped.

“On the fifth of May,” says Dr. O'Meara, “Napoleon sent Marchand for me, about nine o'clock. I was introduced, by the back door, into his bed-room, a description of which I shall endeavour to give, as minutely and correctly as possible. It was about fourteen feet long, and twelve broad; and ten or eleven feet high. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green paper. Two small windows, without pulleys, looked towards the camp of the fifty-third regiment, one of which was thrown up, and fastened by a piece of notched wood. The window-curtains were of white long-cloth; there was a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantle-piece of wood, painted white, on which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantle-piece, hung the portrait of Maria Louisa, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of his mother. A little more to the right, hung also a miniature picture of the empress Josephine; and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederick the Great, obtained, by Napoleon, at Potsdam; while, in another place, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Maria Louisa, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner, was placed the little, plain, iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains; upon which, its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows, there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case, with green blinds, stood on the left of the door, leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there, about the room. Before the back door, there was a screen,

covered with nankeen ; and, between that and the fire-place, an old-fashioned sofa, covered with white long-cloth ; upon which, reclined Napoleon, in his morning dress. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him, stood a little round table, with some books ; at the foot of which, lay, in confusion, on the carpet, a heap of volumes, which he had already perused ; and at the foot of the sofa, facing him, was suspended a portrait of Maria Louisa, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place, stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence, of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-hand-stand, containing a silver basin, and a water-jug of the same material, in the left-hand corner."

"I understand," said Napoleon, "that sir Hudson Lowe proposes that an officer should enter my chamber, to see me, if I did not stir out. Any person," continued he, with much emotion, "who endeavours to force his way into my apartment, shall be a corpse, the moment he enters. If ever he eats bread or meat again, I am not Napoleon. On this, I am determined, though I know I shall be killed afterwards, as what can one man do against a camp ? I have faced death too many times, to fear it. Besides, I am convinced that this governor has been sent out by lord Castlereagh. I told him, a few days ago, that, if he wanted to put an end to me, he would have a very good opportunity, by sending somebody to force his way into my chamber, that I would instantly make a corpse of the first that entered, and then I should be, of course, despatched, and he might write home, that '*Buonaparte*' had been killed in a brawl. I told him to leave me alone, and not to torment me with his hateful presence. I have seen Prussians, Tartars, Cossacks, and Calmucks, but never before, in my life, have I beheld so ill-favoured and forbidding a countenance. He has the devil stamped upon his face.

"During the short interview that this governor had with me," continued Napoleon, "in my bed-chamber, one of his first proposals was, to send you away, and to take his own surgeon in your place. This, he repeated twice ; and, so earnest was he to gain his object, that, although I gave him a decided refusal, when he was going out he turned round, and proposed it again. I never saw so horrid a countenance. He sat on a chair, opposite to my sofa ; and, on the little table between us, there was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made so unfavourable an impression on me, that I thought his looks had poisoned it,

and I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window :—I could not have swallowed it for the world.”

On the seventeenth, Napoleon was in very good spirits. He demanded what the news was, and was told that the ladies he had received, a few days before, were highly delighted with his manners ; especially, as, from what they had read and heard, they had been prepossessed with opinions of a very different kind. “ Ah,” said he, laughing, “ I suppose they imagined I was some ferocious horned animal.”

He asked his physician, if he had not had a very large party, to dinner, on the preceding day. Mr. O’Meara replied, “ a few.”—“ How many of you were drunk ?” he inquired. The doctor replied “ none.”—“ Bah, bah, what none ? Why, they could not have done any honour to your entertainment. Was not captain Ross a little gay ?”—The reply was, “ Captain Ross is always gay.”—Napoleon laughed at this, and said, “ Ross is a very fine fellow ; and the ship’s-company are very happy in having such a captain.”

Napoleon was told that news had reached the island that the queen of Portugal was dead, and also that a French frigate had arrived, at Rio-Janeiro, to demand one of the king’s daughters in marriage for the duke of Berri. “ The queen,” said he, “ has been mad for a long time, and the daughters are all ugly.”

On the seventh of June, Dr. O’Meara breakfasted with Napoleon, in the garden. The doctor had a long medical argument with him ; in which, he maintained that *his* practice, in case of malady—that is, to eat nothing, drink plenty of barley-water, and no wine, and ride for seven or eight leagues, to promote perspiration—was much better than the doctor’s.

The conversation afterwards turned upon the manner of living in France and England.—“ Which eats the most,” said he, “ the Frenchman or the Englishman ?”—Dr. O’Meara said, “ I think the Frenchman.”—“ I don’t believe it,” said Napoleon.—The doctor replied, that the French, though they nominally make but two meals a day, really have four.—“ Only two,” said Napoleon.—The other replied, “ They take something at nine in the morning, and at eleven ; at four and at seven or eight in the evening.”—“ I,” rejoined Napoleon, “ never eat more than twice a day : you English always eat four or five times. Your cookery is more healthy than ours. Your soup is, however, very bad ; nothing but bread, pepper, and water. You drink an enormous quantity of wine. Piontowsky, who dines sometimes in camp, with the officers of the

fifty-third, says that *they drink by the hour*; that, after the cloth is removed, they pay so much an hour, drink as much as they like, and sometimes sit until four or five o'clock in the morning."—O'Meara replied, "So far from the truth, is this, that some of the officers do not drink wine more than twice a week; and that on days when they are permitted to invite strangers. There is a third of a bottle put upon the table, for each member that drinks wine; and when that is exhausted, another third is put on, and so on; members paying only in proportion to what they drink."—The emperor appeared surprised at this explanation; and observed how easily a stranger, having only an imperfect knowledge of the language, was led to give a wrong interpretation to the customs and actions of other nations.

On the seventeenth of June, three commissioners arrived, in the Newcastle frigate, from England:—count Balmaire, for Russia; baron Sturmer, for Austria, accompanied by the baroness, his wife; marquis Montchenu, for France, with his aid-de-camp, captain Gor.

Several cases of books, which had been ordered, by Bertrand, when at Madeira, and brought out in the Newcastle, by sir Pulteney Malcom, were sent to Longwood. Dr. O'Meara found Napoleon in his bed-chamber, surrounded by heaps of books; his countenance was smiling, and he was in perfect good-humour. He had been occupied in reading, nearly all the preceding night. "Ah," said he, pointing to some volumes which he had thrown upon the floor, according to his custom, after having read them, "what a pleasure I have enjoyed. What a difference! I can read forty pages of French, in the time that I would comprehend two in English."—His anxiety to see them was so great, that he had laboured hard himself, with a hammer and chisel, in opening the case that contained them.

Early in the ensuing month, sir Pulteney and lady Malcom had an interview of nearly two hours, with Napoleon; who was much pleased with both.

On the sixteenth of August, there arrived at Longwood one of Leslie's pneumatic machines for making ice. Napoleon asked several questions about the process; and it was evident that he was well acquainted with the principles upon which air-pumps are formed. He expressed great admiration for the science of chemistry, spoke of the great improvements lately made in it, and observed that he had always promoted and encouraged it, to the best of his power. A cup full of water

was frozen in about fifteen minutes; and he waited upwards of half an hour, to see if the same quantity of lemonade would freeze; but it did not succeed. Milk was then tried, but with no better success. Napoleon took in his hand the piece of ice, produced from the water, and observed what a gratification that would have been in Egypt. The first ice ever seen in St. Helena, was made by this machine, and was viewed with no small degree of surprise by the *yam-stocks*—a cant name by which the natives of the island are known; some of whom could with difficulty be persuaded, that the solid lump in their hands was really composed of water, until they had witnessed its return to a fluid state.

A few days afterwards, sir Hudson Lowe paid a visit to Napoleon. He saw his captive walking in the garden; otherwise, in consequence of the ungentlemanlike and severe manner in which he had treated Napoleon, he would not have been admitted to his presence. He wished to enter into some details about reducing the expenses of the establishment at Longwood. He had the audacity to tell Napoleon, that things were, then, just as he had found them, and that he came up to justify himself, and said that he had been there twice or three times before, but that Napoleon was in a bath. The emperor replied, “No, sir, I was not in a bath, but I ordered one, on purpose to avoid seeing you. In endeavouring to justify yourself, you make matters worse.”—Sir Hudson said, that Napoleon did not know him; that, if he knew him, he would change his mind.—“Know you, sir?” Napoleon answered, “How could I know you? People make themselves known by their actions; by commanding in battles. You have never commanded in battle. You have never commanded any but vagabond Corsican deserters, Piedmontese, and Neapolitan brigands. I know the name of every English general who has distinguished himself; but I never heard of you, except as a *scrivano* (a clerk) to Blucher, or as a commandant of brigands. You have never commanded, or been accustomed to men of honour.”—The governor said that he had not sought for the employment. Napoleon told him that such employments were not solicited; that they were given, by governments, to people who had dishonoured themselves, but that he did not think that any government would be so mean, as to give such orders as he caused to be executed; that he would go over and dine with the brave officers of the fifty-third; that he was sure there was not one of them who would not be happy to give a plate at the table, to an old soldier. “You

have power over my body," continued Napoleon, "but none over my soul. That soul is as proud, fierce, and determined, at the present moment, as when it commanded Europe: you are a *sbirro Siciliano* (a Sicilian bravo) and not an Englishman: let me not see you again, until you come with orders to despatch me, when you will find all the doors thrown open to receive you."

On the twenty-seventh, Napoleon inquired if the French commissioners and madame Sturmer had not had a quarrel. He was informed that Montchenu had said, that madame Sturmer did not know how to come into a drawing-room. Napoleon laughed at this: "I will venture to say," said he, "that the old booby says so because she is not sprung from some of those *imbeciles*, the old noblesse; because her father is a plebeian. These old emigrants hate and are jealous of all that are not hereditary asses, like themselves.—To give an instance of the general feeling in France, towards the Bourbons," continued Napoleon, "I will relate to you an anecdote. On my return from Italy, while my carriage was ascending the steep hill of Tarare, I alighted, and walked up, without any attendants, as was often my custom. My wife and my suite were at a little distance behind me. I saw an old woman, lame, and hobbling about with the help of a crutch, endeavouring to ascend the mountain. I had a great coat on, and was not recognized. I went up to her, and said, 'Well, *ma bonne*, where are you going with a haste which so little belongs to your years? What is the matter?'—'*Ma foi*,' replied the old dame, 'they tell me the emperor is here, and I want to see him, before I die.' 'Bah, bah,' said I, 'what do you want to see him for? What have you gained by him? he is a tyrant, as well as the others. You have only changed one tyrant for another.'—'*Mais monsieur*, that may be; but, after all, he is the king of the *people*, and the Bourbons were the kings of the nobles. We have chosen *him*, and if we are to have a tyrant, let him be one chosen by ourselves.'—There," said Napoleon, "you have the sentiments of the French nation, expressed by an old woman."

Napoleon showed Mr. O'Meara the marks of two wounds; one, a very deep cicatrice, above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the

toe, and had been received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell, thrown by sir Sydney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers seized and embraced me, one in front, and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole, formed by its bursting; one of the men was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes, when I left Paris. When summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg which he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress.—Many times in my life," he resumed, "have I been saved, by officers and soldiers throwing themselves before me, when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, colonel Meuron, my aide-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers, as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, forgotten me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur*."

"During the war with you," he continued, "all the intelligence I received from England, came through the smugglers. They are terrible people, and have courage and ability to do any thing for money. They had, at first, a part of Dunkirk allotted to them, to which they were restricted; but, as they latterly went out of their limits, committed riots, and insulted every one, I ordered Gravelines to be prepared for their reception, where they had a little camp for their accommodation, beyond which they were not permitted to go. At one time, there were more than five-hundred of them in Dunkirk. I had every information that I wanted through them. They brought over newspapers and despatches, from the spies that I had in London. They took over spies from France, landed and kept them in their houses for some days, then dispersed them over the country, and brought them back, when wanted. The police had in pay a number of French emigrants, who gave constant information of the acts of the Vendean party, Georges and others, at the time they were preparing to assassinate me. All their movements were made known. Besides, the police had in pay many English spies, many of high quality;

amongst whom, were several ladies. There was one lady, in particular, of very high rank, who furnished considerable information, and was sometimes paid as high as three-thousand dollars in one month. The spies came over," continued he, "in boats not larger than this bath. It was really astonishing, to see them passing your seventy-four gun ships, in defiance. They are terrible people, and did great mischief to the English government. They took from France, annually, forty or fifty millions' worth of silks and brandy. They assisted the French prisoners to escape from England. The relations of Frenchmen, prisoners in your country, were accustomed to go to Dunkirk, and bargain with them to bring over a certain prisoner. All that they wanted was the name and age, and a private token, by means of which the prisoner might repose confidence in them. Generally, in a short time afterwards, they executed their commission; as, for men like them, they had a great deal of honour in their dealings. They offered, several times, to bring over Louis and the other Bourbons, for a sum of money; but, they wanted to stipulate, that, if they met with any accident, or interruption to their designs, they might be allowed to kill them. To this, I would not consent. They also offered to bring over Dumourier, Sarazin, and others, whom they thought I hated; but I held them in too much contempt, to take any trouble about them."

On the twenty-third of November, the emperor was deprived of the society of one of the most devoted of his companions in exile. It appears, that count Las Cases had given a letter, written upon silk, to Scott, his servant, with which he was to proceed to England. Scott told this to his father; in consequence of which information, he was carried before the governor, by whom he was committed to prison. The governor ordered Las Cases to dismiss his servant, and accept of another, chosen by himself; with which injunction, Las Cases would not comply. His journal and papers, except a few of no importance, were accordingly seized, and on the twenty-ninth of December, he and his son were embarked on board the Griffon sloop of war, for the Cape of Good Hope; Las Cases having previously assigned four-thousand pounds (which he had deposited with a banker in London) for Napoleon's use.

Las Cases was one of the ancient nobility of France, and amongst the earliest who emigrated after the commencement of the revolution. He sought refuge in England. On entering London, he had only three louis in his pocket; but, like the majority of his countrymen, he soon applied himself to a means

of gaining a support : being an accomplished scholar, he commenced the profession of teacher, wrote and published, under the name of Le Sage, a geography and atlas, which obtained a very high repute ; and, when the directory was succeeded by the consular government, he returned to his native country, with a sum of money which insured him an independence, and attached himself, with ardour and fidelity, to the fortunes of Napoleon.

1817. The first incident that we think worthy of recording, in the present year, is rather of a ludicrous kind. On the twelfth of January, when Napoleon was rising from table, and in the act of taking his hat off the sideboard, a large rat sprung out of it, and ran between his legs.

On the twenty-seventh, his physician informed Napoleon, that he had received a book, containing an account of a society named "Philadelphi," which had been formed against him, and expressed his surprise that he had never fallen by the hands of some conspirators. The emperor replied, "No person knew, five minutes before I put it into execution, that I intended to go out, or whither I would go. The conspirators were thus baffled, as they knew not where to lay the scene of their enterprise. Shortly after I was made consul, there was a conspiracy formed against me, by about fifty persons ; the greater number of whom had once been much attached to me, and consisted of officers of the army, men of science, painters, and sculptors. They were all stern republicans ; their minds were heated ; each fancied himself a Brutus, and me a Cæsar. Amongst them, was Arena, a countryman of mine, a man who had been much attached to me before, but, thinking me a tyrant, he determined to get rid of me, imagining, that, by so doing, he should render a service to France. There was also one Ceracchi, another Corsican, and a famous sculptor, who, when I was at Milan, had made a statue of me. He, too, had been greatly attached to me ; but, being a fanatical republican, he determined to kill me ; for which purpose, he came to Paris, and begged to have the honour of making another statue for me, alleging that the first was not sufficiently well executed, for so great a man. Though I then knew nothing of the conspiracy, I refused my consent ; as I did not like the trouble of sitting two or three hours, in the same posture, for some days, especially as I had sat before, to the same artist. This saved my life ; his intention being to poniard me, while I was sitting. In the mean time, they had arranged their plans. Amongst them, was a captain, who had been a great admirer

of me. This man agreed with the rest, that it was necessary to overturn the tyrant ; but he would not consent that I should be killed, though he strenuously joined in every thing else. All the others, however, differed with him in opinion, and insisted that it was absolutely necessary to despatch me, as the only means of preventing France from being enslaved ; that while I lived, there would be no chance of freedom. This captain, finding that they were determined to shed my blood, gave information of their names and plans. They were to assassinate me on the first night that I went to the theatre, in the passage, as I was returning. Every thing was arranged with the police ; I went the same evening to the theatre, and actually passed through the conspirators ; some of whom I personally knew : they were armed with poniards, under their cloaks. Shortly after my arrival, the police seized them all. They were searched, and the poniards found upon them, were afterwards tried and some of them executed."

Napoleon then related the particulars of the attempt to destroy him by the infernal machine, and also to assassinate him at Schoenbrun ; incidents which we have already noticed, in the order of time in which they occurred.

"Another time," proceeded the emperor, "a letter was sent to me, by the king of Saxony, containing information that a person was to leave Stutgard, on a certain day, for Paris ; where he would probably arrive on a day that was pointed out, and stating that his intention was to murder me. A minute description of his person, was also given. The police arranged their plans, and on the appointed day, he arrived. They had him watched. He was seen to enter my chapel, to which I had gone, on the celebration of some festival. He was arrested, and examined. He confessed his intention, and said, that when the people knelt down, on the elevation of the host, he saw me gazing at the fine women : at first, he intended to advance, and fire at me (in fact, he had approached near to me, at the moment) ; but, on a little reflection, he thought that would not be sure enough, and he determined to stab me, with a knife, which he had brought with him, for that purpose. I did not like to have him executed, and ordered that he should be kept in prison. When I was no longer at the head of affairs, this man, who had been imprisoned for seven months after I left Paris, and ill-treated, I believe, got his liberty. Soon afterwards, he said that he no longer harboured the design of killing me, but that he would murder the king of Prussia, for having ill-treated the Saxons. On my return from Elba,

I was to be present at the opening of the legislative body, which was to be done with great state and ceremony. When I went to open the chamber, this same man accidentally fell down ; and a parcel, containing some chemical preparation, exploded, in his pocket, and wounded him severely. It never has been clearly ascertained, what his intentions were, at this time. The occurrence caused great alarm, amongst the legislative body : he was arrested ; and I have since learned that he threw himself into the Seine.”

On the sixteenth of March, Napoleon spoke at length, about Talleyrand. “The triumph of Talleyrand,” said he, “is the triumph of immorality. In him, we behold a priest, united to another man’s wife ; having paid her husband a large sum of money, to leave her with him ;—a man who has sold every thing, betrayed every body, and every side. I forbade madame Talleyrand the court ; first, because she was a disreputable character, and also because I discovered that some Genoese merchants had paid her four-hundred-thousand francs, in order to gain some commercial favours, by means of her husband. She was a very fine-looking woman, English or East Indian, but *sotte*, and grossly ignorant. I sometimes asked Denon to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and conversed very freely with him. All the intriguers and speculators paid their respects to Denon, with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves to me, supposing that even being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had a great esteem, might materially serve them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, ‘My dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him, about his travels, as he may be useful to us, with the emperor.’ His wife, having perhaps never read any other book of travels, than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she asked him, before a large company, divers questions about his man Friday ! Denon, astonished, did not know what to think, at first, but at length discovered, by her inquiries, that she really supposed him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment, and that of the company, cannot be described ; nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wildfire through the city, and even Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it.”

“It has been said,” continued he, “that I turned Mahometan, in Egypt. It is not true. I never followed any of the

tenets of that religion: I never prayed in the mosques: I never abstained from wine, or was circumcised; neither did I profess it. I said merely that we were the friends of the Mussulmans, and that I respected Mahomet, their prophet; which was true. I respect him now. I wanted to induce the Imans to cause prayers to be offered up in the mosques, for me; in order to make the people respect me still more than they actually did, and obey me more readily. The Imans replied, that there was a great obstacle, because their prophet had inculcated to them, in the Koran, that they were not to obey, respect, or hold faith with infidels; and that I came under that denomination. I then desired them to hold a consultation, and see what was necessary to be done, in order to become a Mussulman, as some of their tenets could not be practised by us: that, as to circumcision, God had made us unfit for that: that, with respect to drinking wine, we were poor cold people, inhabitants of the north, who could not exist without it; therefore, that we could neither circumcise, nor abstain from wine. They accordingly consulted together, and in about three weeks, issued a Fetham, declaring that circumcision might be omitted, because it was merely a profession; that, as to drinking wine, it might be drunk by Mussulmans, but, that those who drank it, would not go to paradise, but to hell. I replied, that this would not do; that we had no occasion to make ourselves Mahometans, in order to go to hell; that there were many ways of getting there, without coming to Egypt; and desired them to hold another consultation. Well, after deliberating and battling together, for I believe three months, they finally decided that a man might become a Mussulman, and neither circumcise nor abstain from wine; but, that in proportion to the wine drunk, he must do some good works. I then told him, that we were all Mussulmans, and friends of the prophet; which they readily believed, as the French soldiers never went to church, and had no priest with them. During the revolution, there was no religion at all, in the French army. Menou," continued Napoleon, "really turned Mahometan, which was the reason that I left him behind."

At a subsequent time, speaking of the royal family of France, "These Bourbons," said Napoleon, "are the most timorous race imaginable: put them in fear, and you may obtain any thing. While I was at Elba, an actress, named mademoiselle Racour, died. She was greatly beloved by the public, and an immense concourse of people went to her funeral. When

they arrived at the church of St. Roque, in order to have the funeral service celebrated over her corpse, they found the doors shut, and were refused admittance. Nor would the priests allow it to be interred in consecrated ground; as, by the old regulations of the church, people of her profession were excluded from Christian burial. The populace broke open the doors, with sledges, and, perceiving that there was no priest, to perform the funeral service, they became clamorous, and their rage knew no bounds. They cried, ‘to the castle, to the castle of the Tuileries! We will see what right these priests have, to refuse interment to a Christian corpse!’ Their fury was heightened still more, by learning that the very *coquin*, the curate of St. Roque, who had refused burial to the corpse of mademoiselle Racour, had been in the constant habit of receiving presents from her, both for himself and for the poor, (for she was extremely charitable) and had frequently dined and supped at her house. Moreover, he had actually administered the sacrament to her, a few days before her death. The populace cried out, ‘Here is a *canaille* of a priest, who administers the sacrament to a woman, and afterwards denies her body Christian burial! if she were worthy of the sacrament, she surely is worthy of burial. He receives her benefactions, eats her dinners, and refuses her body interment!’ About fifty-thousand of them went to the Tuileries, to seek redress from the king. Not being, at first, aware that the mob was so numerous, Louis said, ‘the curate is right: those players are ungodly gentry, they are excommunicated, and have no right to Christian burial:’—A few minutes afterwards, Blacas entered, in a great fright, and said that there were above seventy-thousand furious people about the palace, and that he was afraid they would pull it down about their heads. Louis, almost out of his senses, with fear, cried out, that immediate orders should be given to have the body buried according to the rites of the church; and actually hurried some persons away, to have it instantly carried into execution. He was not freed from his terror, for some days.—Those priests tried me with an experiment of a similar nature, with the body of a beautiful dancer, but, *per Dio*, (said Napoleon, with emotion) they had not Louis to deal with. I soon settled the affair. I rendered all the burying places independent of the priests. I hated friars, (*frati*,) and was the annihilation of them, and of their receptacles of crime—the monasteries—where every vice was practised, with impunity. They are a set of miscreants, who are, in general, a dishonour to the human race. Of

priests, I would have allowed a sufficient number, but no *frati*."

"I always had a high opinion of the British seamen," said Napoleon, at another time. "When I was returning from Holland, along with the empress Maria Louisa, we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night, a violent storm of wind and rain occurred; which swelled the Meuse so much, that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart, and ordered all the boatmen in the place to be assembled, that we might be enabled to cross the river. They said, that the waters were so high, it would be impossible to pass, for two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were English prisoners in the caserns; and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen amongst them should be brought before me, to the banks of the river. The waters were very high, and the current rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats, so that I might pass over. They answered, that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them instantly to begin the work. In the course of a few hours, they effected what the other *imbéciles* had pronounced impossible; and I crossed before the evening was over. I rewarded these gallant fellows. I ordered each to receive a sum of money, a suit of clothes, and his liberty; and they soon afterwards found themselves amongst their friends, in England.

"When I was at Boulogne," continued the emperor, "two English sailors arrived there, who had made their escape from Verdun, and had passed through the country, undiscovered. They had remained there for some time. Having no money, they were at a loss how to effect their escape, and there was so vigilant a watch kept upon the boats, that they despaired of being able to seize one. They made a sort of vessel, of little ribs of wood, which they formed with their knives, living as well as they could, upon roots and fruits. This bark, they covered with calico, which they stretched over the ribs: when finished, it was not more than about three feet and a half in length, and of a proportionate breadth, and so light, that one of them carried it on his shoulders. In this little toy, they resolved to attempt their passage to England. Seeing an English frigate approach very near the shore, they launched their bark, and attempted to join her; but, before they had proceeded far, they were discovered by the *douaniers*, seized, and brought back. The story spread about, in consequence of the astonishment

excited, at seeing two men venture out to sea, in so fragile a conveyance. I heard of it, and ordered them, with their little ship, to be brought before me. I was, myself, struck with astonishment, at the idea of men trusting their lives to such an article; and asked them if it were possible they could have intended to go to sea in that. They answered, that, to convince me of it, they were ready that moment to attempt it again, in the same vessel. Admiring the boldness of the enterprise, and the bluntness of the reply, I ordered that they should be set at liberty, some napoleons given to them, and that they should be provided with conveyance to the English squadron."

"When I was at Tilsit, with the emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia, *I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs*. These two sovereigns, especially the king of Prussia, were completely *au fait*, as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army, knew better than king Frederick, how many measures of cloth it took, to make a jacket. In fact," continued Napoleon, laughing, "I was nobody, in comparison with them. They continually tormented me about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant; though, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended on the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the king of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets, of various modes. Every day, he changed his fashion, and put on one of a different make. He was a tall, dry-looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon or a hussar uniform, than was required for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most showy manoeuvres possible; but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manoeuvres, and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If," added he, "the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the king of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that profession; but, as victories depend more on the skill of the general who commands the troops, than on that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently was defeated."

Mr. O'Meara informed him, that colonel Macirone, aide-de-camp to Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late

master. "What does he say of *me*?" inquired Napoleon. Mr. O'Meara replied, that he had not seen the book, but had been informed, by sir Thomas Reade, that he spoke ill of him. "Oh," said the emperor, laughing, "that is nothing; I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?" His physician replied, that it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he—Murat—had commanded them, the French would have gained the day.—"It is very probable," rejoined Napoleon; "I could not be every where, and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me; *enfoncez deux ou trois bataillons*, to break through three or four battalions, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not, I believe, two such officers in the world, as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouet for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four-and-twenty years ago, when he was a captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to what he was. He loved, I may rather say, adored me. In my presence, he was, as it were, struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong, in having separated him from me; as, without me, he was nothing; with me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men, in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself, he was an *imbecile*, without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lache*. He was nowhere brave, except before the enemy. There, he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, covered with feathers, and glittering with gold. How he escaped, is a miracle, being a distinguished mark, and fired at by every one. Even the Cossacks admired him, on account of his extraordinary courage. Every day, Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed.

"It is strange, however, that Murat, though he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world. When I left Elba, I sent a message, acquainting him with what I had done. Immediately, he must attack the Austrians. The messenger went upon his knees, to prevent him; but, in vain. He thought me already master of France, Belgium, and Hol-

land. Like a madman, he attacked the Austrians, with his *canaille*, and ruined me. At that time, there was a negotiation pending between the Austrians and me, stipulating that Francis should remain neuter; which would finally have been concluded, and I should have continued undisturbed. But, as soon as Murat attacked the Austrians, the emperor immediately conceived that he was acting according to my directions; and indeed it will be difficult to make posterity believe to the contrary. Metternich said, ‘Oh, the emperor Napoleon is the same as ever—a man of iron.’ ”

On the eleventh of June, there was sent up to Longwood, a beautiful white marble bust of young Napoleon, about the natural size; accompanied by presents from lady Holland and Mr. Manning. This image of a beloved infant, so many thousand miles distant from its imprisoned father, had been detained, for several days, by the cruel governor, sir Hudson Lowe; who contemplated its destruction, or its being thrown into the sea, to prevent his captive from enjoying the pleasure of beholding the delineated features of his absent child.

Some time after the bust arrived, Napoleon sent for his physician. It was placed on the mantle-piece, in the drawing-room. “Look at that,” said the emperor; “look at that image. Barbarous and atrocious, must be the man, who would break such an image as that. I esteem the man capable of executing, or of ordering it, to be worse than a person who administers poison to another. The latter has some object to gain; the former is instigated by nothing but the blackest malignancy, and is capable of committing any crime. That countenance must melt the heart of the most ferocious wild beast. The man who gave orders to break that image, would plunge a knife into the heart of the original, if it were in his power.”—He gazed on the statue, for several minutes, with great satisfaction and delight; his face covered with smiles, and strongly expressive of paternal love, and in the pride felt by him, in being the father of so lovely a boy.

In the following month, there arrived some further presents. These were a superb set of chessmen and a table; two magnificent carved ivory work-baskets, with a set of ivory counters and a box, all of Chinese manufacture. They were accompanied by a letter, stating that they had been made by order of the honourable Mr. Elphinstone, for the purpose of being presented to the distinguished personage whose initials they bore; as a mark of the gratitude entertained by the donor, for

the extraordinary humanity displayed by Napoleon, which had been the means of saving the life of a beloved brother.

The day before the battle of Waterloo, captain Elphinstone had been severely wounded, and made prisoner. His situation attracted the attention of Napoleon, who instantly ordered his surgeon to dress his wounds; and, perceiving that he was faint, from loss of blood, sent him a goblet of wine, from his own canteen.

Dr. O'Meara inquired of the emperor, in what engagements he considered himself to have been in the greatest personal danger. "In the commencement of my campaigns," replied Napoleon, "at Toulon, and particularly at Arcola. At Arcola, my horse was shot under me; when, rendered furious by the wound, the animal seized the bit between his teeth, and galloped on, towards the enemy. In the agonies of death, he plunged into a morass, and there expired; leaving me nearly up to my neck in the swamp, and in a situation from which I could not extricate myself. I thought, at one moment, that the Austrians would have come, and cut off my head, which was just above the surface of the morass, and which they could have done, without my being able to offer the least resistance. However, the difficulty of getting at me, and the approach of my soldiers, who rescued me, prevented them."

He was asked, whether he had not been often slightly wounded. He replied, "several times; but scarcely more than once had I occasion for surgical assistance, or any fever, in consequence of a wound. At Marengo, a cannon-shot carried away a piece of the boot of my left leg, and a little of the skin; but I used no other application to it, than a piece of linen, dipped in salt and water."—He was asked, if he had not had horses frequently killed under him; to which, he answered, eighteen or nineteen, in the course of his life.

"When I was about seventeen years of age," continued Napoleon, "I narrowly escaped being drowned in the Seine. While swimming, I was seized with cramp, and, after several ineffectual struggles, sunk. I experienced all the sensations of dying, and lost all recollection. However, after I had sunk, the current carried me on a bank of sand, and threw me on its edge; where I lay senseless, for I know not how long, and was restored to life by the aid of some of my companions, who, by accident, saw me lying there. Previous to this, they had given me up for lost; as they saw me sink, and I had been carried down, a considerable distance, by the current."

"On one occasion, at Marli," said the emperor, "at a

boar hunt, I kept my ground, with Soult and Berthier, against three enormous wild-boars, who charged us up to the bayonet's point. All the hunting party fled: it was a complete military rout. We killed the three animals; but I had a scratch from mine, and had nearly lost my finger. But the jest was, to see numbers of men, surrounded by their dogs, concealing themselves behind us, and crying aloud—'to the emperor's assistance! save the emperor! help the emperor!'—and so forth; but not one coming forward."

Dr. O'Meara had a jocular conversation with Napoleon, about patron saints. The emperor asked him who was his patron saint—what was his Christian name. Mr. O'Meara replied, that his first was a family name, that he was called after Barry Yelverton, lord Avonmore, an Irish peer.—"But," said Napoleon, laughing, "you must have some patron saint, to befriend you, and plead your cause in the next world." The doctor mentioned his second Christian name, Edward.—"Ah!" said Napoleon, "then *he* will plead for you. St. Napoleon ought to be very much obliged to me, and do every thing in his power for me, in the world to come. Poor fellow, nobody knew him before. He had not even a day in the calendar. I got him one, and persuaded the pope to give him the fifteenth of August, my birth-day. I recollect," continued he, "when I was in Italy, a priest preaching about a poor sinner who had departed this life. He was required to give an account of all his actions. The evil and the good were afterwards thrown into opposite scales, in order to see which preponderated. The scale containing the good, proved much the lightest, and instantly flew up to the beam. His poor soul was condemned to the infernal regions, conducted to the bottomless pit, consigned over to devils, and thrown into the flames. 'Already,' said the preacher, 'had the devouring element covered his feet and legs, and proceeded upwards, even unto his bowels; in his vitals, oh! brethren, he felt them. He sunk, and only his head appeared above the waves of fire, when he cried out to his patron saint!—'Oh! patron,' said he, 'look down upon me, oh! take compassion on me, and throw into the scale of my good deeds, all the lime and stone that I gave, to repair the convent of ———.' His saint instantly took the hint, gathered together all the lime and stone, and threw them into the scale of good, which immediately preponderated; the scale of evil sprung up to the beam, and the sinner's soul into paradise, at the same moment. Now, you see, by this, brethren, how useful it is to keep the convents in repair; for, had

it not been for the lime and stone, bestowed by this sinner, his poor soul would, even now, children, be consuming in hell-fire; and yet you are so blind, as to let the convent and the church, built by your forefathers, fall to ruin.'—At this time," continued Napoléon, laughing, "these *canaille* wanted to get a new convent built, and had recourse to this expedient, to procure money; which, after this, poured in upon them, from all quarters."

The conversation led to the subject of the post-office establishments of Europe. "I have heard," said Dr. O'Meara, "that, in all the states on the continent, official letters are opened."—"Certainly, they are," answered Napoléon; "but they have not the impudence to deny it, like your ministers, though it is carried to as great an extent amongst you, as any where else. In France," continued the emperor, "an arrangement was made, so that all the letters sent by the ambassadors, or other diplomatic characters, all the household, and all persons connected with foreign affairs, were sent to a secret department of the post-office, in Paris; no matter in what part of France they were put in. All letters and despatches, in like manner, for foreign courts or ministers, were sent to this office, where they were opened and deciphered. The writers often used several different ciphers, not continuing the same for more than ten lines, in order to prevent their being understood. This, however, did not avail. To enable a person to decipher the most ingenious and difficult, it was only necessary to have fifty pages of the same cipher; which, from the extent of the correspondence, was soon obtained. So clever were the agents employed, and so soon did they read the ciphers, that, latterly, only fifty louis were paid for discovering the means of deciphering a new one. By opening all the letters addressed to diplomatic persons, the post-office police became acquainted with their correspondents; and all letters subsequently addressed to them, were treated in the same manner. The ambassadors suspected that there were some infidelities practised upon their correspondence, and to prevent it, used generally to change their cipher every three months. But this only gave a little additional trouble. They sent their letters sometimes to a post-office town a few miles distant from that in which they resided, thinking that they were very cunning, and would thus escape observation; not knowing of the arrangement which I have mentioned. The ambassadors of the lesser powers, such as Denmark, Sweden, and even Prussia, used, through avarice, in order to save the

expense of couriers, to send their despatches through the post office, in cipher. How often have I laughed, within myself, to see them licking the dust from under my feet, at my levee, after having read, in the morning, the *betises* which they had written of me to their sovereigns. Through the correspondence of the lesser powers, I became acquainted with the opinions of the greater. The ability of those who conducted this machine, was astonishing. There was no species of writing, which they could not imitate; and in the post-office, were kept seals, similar to those used by the ambassadors of all the foreign powers of Europe, besides an immense number of others, belonging to families of different countries. If they met with a seal, for which they had not a facsimile, they could get one made in twenty-four hours. 'This arrangement,' continued Napoleon, "was not an invention of mine. It was first begun by Louis XIV.; and some of the grand-children of the agents originally employed by him, filled, in my time, situations which had been transmitted to them from their fathers."

"The emperor Francis," related Napoleon, "whose head is crammed with ideas of high birth, was very anxious to prove that I was descended from some of the old tyrants of Treviso; and, after my marriage with Maria Louisa, employed several persons to search into the musty records of genealogy, in which they thought they could find something to prove what they desired. He imagined that he had succeeded, at last, and wrote to me, asking my consent that he should publish the account, with all official formalities. I refused. He was so intent, however, upon this favourite object, that he again applied, and said, 'Do permit me: you need not appear to take any part in it.'—I replied, that this was impossible, as, if published, I should be constrained to notice it; that I preferred being the son of an honest man, to being descended from any mean little Italian tyrant; that I was the Rudolph* of my family."

"There was formerly," added Napoleon, "one Buonaventura Buonaparte, who lived and died a monk. The poor man lay quietly in his grave: nothing was thought about him, until I was on the throne of France. It was then discovered, that he had possessed many virtues, which never had been attributed to him before; and the pope proposed to me, to canonize him. 'Holy father,' said I, 'spare me that ridicule:—you

* Rudolph of Hapsburg; the founder of the Austrian dynasty.

being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to make one of my family a saint."

On the thirteenth of August, captain Basil Hall, of the British navy, was presented to Napoleon. The journal of this enterprising and distinguished navigator, affords a pleasing example of the extent of the emperor's memory. He instantly recognized the name of captain Hall, from having seen his father, sir James Hall, when at the military academy of Brienne; to which visit, the baronet had been led by the love of science. Napoleon explained the cause of his recollecting a private individual; after the intervention of occurrences so momentous as those in which he had been himself concerned. "It is not," said he, "surprising. Your father was the first Englishman that I ever saw; and I have recollected him, all my life, on that account."

The emperor was at length led to the very interesting subject of the newly discovered island of Loo-Choo. "Having settled," says captain Hall, "the geographical position of the island, he cross-questioned me, about the inhabitants, with a closeness—I may call it a severity, of investigation—which far exceeds every thing I have met with, in any other instance. His questions were not, by any means, put at random, but each one had a definite reference to that which preceded, or was about to follow. I felt, in a short time, so completely exposed to his view, that it would have been impossible to conceal or qualify the smallest particular. Such, indeed, was the rapidity of his apprehension of the subjects which interested him, and the astonishing ease with which he arranged and generalized the few points of information I gave him, that he sometimes outstripped my narrative, saw the conclusion I was coming to before I spoke it, and fairly robbed me of my story."

"Several circumstances, however, respecting the Loo-Choo people, surprised even him, a good deal; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him more than once completely perplexed, and unable to account for the phenomena which I related. Nothing struck him so much, as their having no arms.—'Point d'armes!' he exclaimed; '*c'est à dire, point de canons—ils ont des fusils?*'" ('that is to say, no cannon—they have muskets?')—Not even muskets, I replied.—'Well then, they have lances; or at least, bows and arrows?'—I told him they had neither the one nor the other.—'No poniards?' cried he, with increasing vehemence. No, none.—'But,' said Buonaparte, clenching his fist, and raising his voice to a loud pitch; 'But

without arms, how do they fight?"—I could only reply, that, as far as we had been able to discover, they had never any wars, but remained in a state of internal and external peace.—'No wars!' cried he, with a scornful and incredulous expression, as if the existence of any people under the sun, without wars, was a monstrous anomaly.

"In like manner, but without being so much moved, he seemed to discredit the account I gave him of their having no money, and of their setting no value on our gold or silver coins. After hearing these facts stated, he mused, for some time, muttering, to himself, in a low tone, 'Not know the use of money—are careless about gold and silver!' Then, looking up, he asked, sharply, 'How, then, did you manage to pay these strangest of all people, for the bullocks and other good things, which they seem to have sent on board, in such quantities?' When I informed him that we could not prevail upon the people of Loo-Choo to receive payment of any kind, he expressed great surprise at their liberality, and made me repeat to him, twice, the list of things with which we were supplied by these hospitable islanders."

Captain Hall illustrated the ignorance of the people of Loo-Choo, with respect to all the world, except Japan and China, by saying, that they knew nothing of France and England—nothing of Europe, at all—and never had heard even of his majesty; at which last proof of their absolute seclusion from the world, Napoleon burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Buonaparte," says that acute traveller, "struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader, and more square; larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble, than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible, on his brow; nor an approach to a furrow, on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though, at this period, it was generally believed, his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow, than otherwise, and perfectly distinct: he waited, with great patience and kindness, for my answers to his questions; and a reference to count Bertrand was necessary only once, during the whole conversation. The brilliant, and

sometimes dazzling expression of his eye, could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was remarkable only when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it, of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features, during the whole interview. If, therefore, he were, at this time, out of health, and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been more extraordinary, than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance, indicated a frame in perfect health, and a mind at ease."

1818. The time at length arrived, when Dr. O'Meara was removed, in a compulsory manner, from Napoleon. The fidelity with which this gentleman had served the emperor, who had, for a considerable time past, shown symptoms of that hereditary and incurable disease which finally removed him from this "sea of troubles"—the firmness with which he refused to disclose the confidential communications with which the illustrious prisoner had honoured his attached physician—the unyielding spirit, which could not be overcome by the many threats of the unfeeling governor—all these causes roused the vengeance of sir Hudson Lowe: he received authority from lord Bathurst, one of the British ministers, to withdraw Dr. O'Meara from his attendance on Napoleon, and, on the twenty-fifth of July, ordered him immediately to quit Longwood, and to hold no further communication with any of the persons residing there.

Humanity, the duties of his profession, and the state of Napoleon's health, alike forbade a compliance with this uncharitable mandate. He determined to disobey it. Napoleon's health required that he should prescribe for him a regimen, and prepare the medicines necessary for him to take, in the absence of a surgeon—an absence likely to be of long duration—as it was certain that Napoleon would accept of none recommended by sir Hudson Lowe. He accordingly went into the emperor's apartment, and communicated the order which he had received. "The crime will soon be consummated," said Napoleon: "I have lived too long for them. Your minister is very cruel," added he: "when the pope was detained in France, sooner would I have cut off my right arm, than have signed an order for the removal of his surgeon."

Napoleon, however, desired his physician to obey. After some further conversation, and Mr. O'Meara had given him

some hasty medical instruction, Napoleon said, "When you arrive in Europe, you will either go yourself, or send to my brother Joseph: you will inform him that I desire he will give to you the private and confidential letters written to me by the emperors Alexander and Francis, the king of Prussia, and the other sovereigns of Europe, which I delivered to his care, at Rochefort. You will publish them, to cover with shame those sovereigns, and manifest to the world the abject homage which those vassals paid to me, when asking favours, or supplicating for their thrones. When I was strong, and in power, they courted my protection and the honour of my alliance, and licked the dust from under my feet. Now, in my old age, they basely oppress and take my wife and child from me. I require of you to do this, and if you see any calumnies published of me during the time that you have been with me, and that you can say, 'I have seen with my own eyes, that this is not true,' contradict them."

Napoleon soon afterwards dictated a short letter, addressed generally to his relations, desiring that they would give credit to any thing that Dr. O'Meara should write concerning him; and added a postscript, in his own hand-writing, requesting that if the doctor should meet the empress Maria Louisa, she would permit him to kiss her hand. He then presented his departing friend with a superb snuff-box, and a statue of himself, enjoining him, on his arrival in Europe, to make inquiries about his family, and communicate to the several members of it, that he did not wish that any of them should come to St. Helena, to witness the miseries and humiliations under which he laboured.—"You will express the sentiments which I preserve for them," added he. "You will bear my affections to my good Louisa, to my excellent mother, and to Pauline. If you see my son, embrace him for me: may he never forget that he was born a French prince! Testify to lady Holland the sense I entertain of her kindness, and the esteem which I bear to her. Finally, endeavour to send me authentic intelligence of the manner in which my son is educated."—The emperor then shook him by the hand, and embraced him, saying, "*Adieu O'Meara; nous ne reverrons jamais encore. Soyez heureux.*" "Adieu O'Meara; we shall never meet again. May you be happy."

On Mr. O'Meara's return to Europe, he used every exertion to obtain the important letters from the continental sovereigns of Europe, to Napoleon; but his efforts were not attended with success. Before Joseph Buonaparte had left Rochefort,

for America, apprehensive that he might be seized by the allied powers, he judged it prudent to deposit his precious charge in the hands of a person upon whose integrity he thought he could rely; but, who, it has since appeared, basely betrayed his trust, as the letters were afterwards carried to London, for sale, and offered for thirty-thousand pounds. This was immediately communicated to some of the British ministers, and to the foreign ambassadors, and it is believed that the Russian ambassador paid ten-thousand pounds to redeem the letters of his master.

Unpleasant and discreditable disputes, such as we have often already noticed, form unhappily the most marked events of Napoleon's latter days. In the five years and seven months during which he remained in the island of St. Helena, few circumstances occurred, to vary the melancholy tenor of his life, except those which affected his temper or his health. Reports had been long current, concerning the decline of Napoleon's health, even before the battle of Waterloo; and many imputed his failure in that decisive campaign, less to the superiority of his enemies, than to the decrease of his own habits of activity. But there seems no ground for such a conclusion. The rapid manner in which he concentrated his army upon Charleroi, showed that he retained all his energies, in their pristine vigour. He was occasionally subject to short fits of drowsiness, such as are incident to most men, especially after the age of forty, who sleep ill, rise early, and work hard.

That the malady of Napoleon was produced by the climate of St. Helena, we are not disposed to believe. The island, on the contrary, has maintained a high reputation for salubrity of air. Of Napoleon's numerous family, of nearly fifty persons, Englishmen included, only one died, during their residence of more than five years; and that person—Cipriani, the maitre d'hotel—had contracted the illness which terminated his existence, being a species of consumption, before he left his native land.

About the end of September, Napoleon's health seems to have been seriously affected. He complained much of nausea, his legs swelled, and there were other symptoms which induced his physicians to inform him that he was of a temperament that required much activity, and that without exercise he must soon lose his health. He immediately declared, that, while exposed to the challenge of sentinels, he never would take exercise, however necessary to preserve his life. Mr. O'Meara had proposed to call in the assistance of Dr. Baxter, a medical

gentleman of eminence on sir Hudson Lowe's staff. "He could but say the same as you do," said Napoleon, and recommend my riding abroad; nevertheless, as long as the present system continues, I will never leave the house." When the governor sent to offer him some extension of his riding-ground, and Dr. O'Meara wished him to avail himself of the permission, he replied, that he should be insulted by the challenge of the sentinels, and that he did not choose to submit to the caprice of the governor, who, granting an indulgence one day, might recall it the next.

After the removal of Mr. O'Meara, sir Hudson Lowe again offered the assistance of Dr. Baxter: but this was construed, at Longwood, into an additional offence. It was even treated as an offer big with suspicion. The governor endeavoured, it was said, to intrude his own private physician upon the emperor, that he might have his life more effectually in his power.—Of so insidious and atrocious a design, we most unhesitatingly and positively acquit both the governor and the English ministry. Assassination is a crime which the British nation hold in the utmost abhorrence: it is, moreover, inconsistent with the morality of the present age; and in no country in Europe, do we think that any military officer of fair reputation, much less a whole cabinet of ministers, could be induced to perpetrate or encourage a deed so horrid.

Dr. Stokoe, surgeon of the Conqueror, was at length called in, to prescribe for the illustrious patient. But differences arose between him and sir Hudson Lowe, and, after a few visits, he was discharged.

Napoleon now expressed his determination, whatever might be the extremity of his case, not to permit the visits of an English physician: a commission was therefore sent to Italy, to obtain a medical man of eminence in that country. At the same time, he signified a desire to have the conversation of a catholic priest. The proposition for this purpose, came through his uncle, cardinal Fesch, to the papal government, and readily received the assent of the British ministry. 1819. Two churchmen were despatched to St. Helena, instead of one. The senior priest, father Bonavita, was an elderly, infirm man; his recommendation to the office which he now undertook, was, his having been father confessor to Napoleon's mother. His companion was a young abbé, called Vignali. Both were pious, good men, well qualified to give Napoleon the comfort held out by their church to those who

receive its tenets, but not so well skilled to cause the return of one who had strayed beyond the shepherd's fold.

Argument or controversy, however, was not required. Napoleon had declared his resolution to die in the faith of his fathers. He was neither an infidel, he said, nor a philosopher. On various occasions, he had expressed, with deep feelings of devotion, his belief in the existence of the Deity, the great truth on which the whole system of religion rests; and this at a time when the doctrines of atheism and materialism were generally current in France.

The same vessel which brought those physicians for the mind, brought also Dr. F. Antommarchi, who had been assistant professor of anatomy in a public hospital in Florence. This gentleman seems to have been acceptable to Napoleon; the more so, as he was a native of Corsica. He brought news also from his family, and particularly from the princess Pauline Borghese; who had offered her service to attend him.—“Let her remain where she is,” said Napoleon; “I would not have her witness the degraded state to which I am reduced.”

His case was mentioned, in the British parliament, on the twelfth of July, in the present year. The subject was introduced into a debate on finance; when Mr. Charles Hely Hutchinson pointed out the yearly cost of detaining Napoleon at St. Helena, as a useless expenditure of public money. The complexion of the times, it was answered, had become such as to strengthen every reason that existed for detaining him in captivity. The state of England, owing to the sufferings and discontents of the manufacturing districts, and more especially the state of Italy, convulsed by the short-lived revolutions of Naples and Savoy, rendered the safe custody of Napoleon a matter of more deep importance, than it had been at any other time since his fall.

As Napoleon's health grew weaker, his mind became proportionably depressed. In the absence of other means of amusing himself, he became interested in the construction of a pond and fountain, in the garden of Longwood, which was stocked with a variety of small fishes. A mixture of copperas in the substance used to cement the basin, had infused its poison through the water. The creatures, which had employed much of Napoleon's attention, began to sicken and die. He was deeply affected by the circumstance; and in the most feeling language, expressed his sense of the fatality which seemed to attach itself to him.—“Every thing I love—every thing that belongs to me,” he exclaimed, “is immediately

struck. Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me.”—The bed, he said, was now a place of luxury, which he would not exchange for all the thrones upon the earth. His eyes, formerly so watchful and so brilliant, could now scarcely be opened, and all their fiery lustre had passed away. He recollected that he used to dictate to four or five secretaries, at once. “But then,” he said, “I was Napoleon—now I am no longer any thing:—my strength, my faculties, forsake me—I no longer live—I only exist.”

1821. The generous feelings of the British sovereign, seemed deeply interested in the fate of the imperial exile, and prompted him, by every means in his power, and especially by expressions of his own sympathy, to extend such hope and comfort to Napoleon, as he could be supposed to receive while in the situation of a captive:—

“I am aware,” says lord Bathurst, in his despatch to sir Hudson Lowe, dated the sixteenth of February, “how difficult it is to make any communication to the general, which will not be liable to misrepresentation; and yet, if he be really ill, he may derive some consolation by knowing, that the repeated accounts which have lately been transmitted, of his declining health, have not been received with indifference. You will therefore communicate to general Buonaparte, the great interest which his majesty has taken in the recent accounts of his indisposition; and the anxiety which his majesty feels to afford him every relief of which his situation admits. You will assure general Buonaparte, that there is no alleviation which can be derived from additional medical assistance, nor any arrangement consistent with the safe custody of his person at St. Helena, (and his majesty cannot now hold out any expectation of his removal,) which his majesty is not most ready and desirous to afford. You will not only repeat the offer which has been more than once made, of such further medical assistance as the island of St. Helena affords, but you will give him the option of procuring the attendance of any of the medical gentlemen who are at the Cape, where there is one, at least, of considerable eminence in his profession: and, in case of any wish being expressed by the general, to receive such assistance, you will consider yourself authorized to make a communication to the Cape, and take such other measures as may be necessary, to secure the immediate attendance of the person whom the general may name.”

Napoleon had not the satisfaction to know the interest which the king of England took in his illness. Towards the end of

February, his disease assumed a character still more formidable; and Dr. Antommarchi, after much solicitation, obtained permission from Napoleon to consult with Dr. Arnott, surgeon of the twentieth regiment. But the united opinion of the medical gentlemen could not overcome the aversion of Napoleon to medicine, or shake the belief reposed by him in the gloomy doctrine of fatalism. "*Quod scriptum, scriptum,*" he replied, in the language of a Moslem. "All that is to happen is written down. Our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to claim a moment longer of life, than is predestined for us, by fate."

From the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of April, Napoleon was engaged, from time to time, in making his testamentary bequests.

As the strength of the patient sunk, the symptoms of his disorder became less equivocal; until, on the twenty-seventh of April, the ejection of a dark-coloured fluid, afforded further insight into the nature of his malady. On the twenty-eighth, Napoleon gave instructions to Antommarchi, that after his death, his body should be opened, but that no English medical man should touch him, unless assistance were absolutely necessary; in which case, he permitted Antommarchi to call in Dr. Arnott. He directed that his heart should be conveyed to Parma, to Maria Louisa; and that his stomach should be particularly examined, and the report transmitted to his son.

During the third of May, it was seen that the earthly tenement of Napoleon would soon be vacated by his immortal spirit. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the priest Vignali administered the sacrament of extreme unction. Some days before, Napoleon had explained to him the manner in which his body should be laid out in state, in an apartment lighted by torches, or what catholics call *un chambre ardente*. "I am neither," he said, in the same phrase which we have already quoted, "a philosopher nor an infidel. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every one that can be an atheist. I was born a catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of the catholic church, and receive the assistance which it administers." He then turned to Antommarchi, whom he seems to have suspected of heterodoxy, which the doctor, however, disowned.—"How can you carry it so far?" he said. "Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

"As if to mark a closing point of resemblance between Cromwell and Napoleon, a dreadful tempest arose on the

fourth of May, which preceded the day that was to terminate the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. A willow, which had been the exile's favourite, and under which he had often enjoyed the fresh breeze, was torn up by the hurricane ; and nearly all the trees about Longwood shared the same fate.

"The fifth of May came amidst wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words '*tête d'armée*,' the last that escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of an impetuous fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon, after a struggle which indicated the original strength of his constitution, breathed his last.

"The officers of Napoleon's household were disposed to have the body anatomized in secret. But sir Hudson Lowe had too deep a sense of the responsibility under which he and his country stood, to permit it. He declared, that even if he were reduced to make use of force, he would insure the presence of English physicians at the dissection."

Generals Bertrand and Montholon, with Marchand, the valet-de-chambre of the deceased, were present at the operation ; which was witnessed also by sir Thomas Reade, and some British staff-officers. Drs. Thomas Shortt, Archibald Arnott, Charles Mitchell, Matthew Livingstone, and Francis Burton, all medical men, were likewise present. The cause of his death was sufficiently evident. A large ulcer occupied almost the whole of the stomach. It was only the strong adhesion of the diseased parts of that organ to the concave surface of the lobe of the liver, which, being over the ulcer, had prolonged the patient's life, by preventing the escape of the contents of the stomach into the cavity of the abdomen.

The gentlemen of Napoleon's suite were desirous that his heart should be preserved, and given to their custody. But sir Hudson Lowe did not feel authorized to allow this. He agreed, however, that the heart should be placed in a silver vase, filled with spirits, and interred with the body ; so that, in case his instructions from home should so permit, it might be afterwards disinhumed, and sent to Europe.

The place of interment became the next subject of discussion. On this subject, Napoleon had been inconsistent. His testamentary disposition expressed a wish that his remains should be deposited on the banks of the Seine ; a request with which he could not have supposed the European sovereigns would have complied. A grave for the emperor within the

limits of the rocky island where he had expired, was the only alternative that remained ; and, sensible that this would be the determination, he had himself indicated the spot where he wished to lie. It was a small secluded recess, called Slane's or Haine's Valley, where a fountain arose, at which the Chinese domestics used to fill the silver vessels which they carried to Longwood for Napoleon's use. The spot was more verdant and shady than any in the neighbourhood ; and the illustrious captive often reposed under the beautiful weeping willows which overhung the spring.

The body, after lying in state, in his small bed-room, was, on the eighth of May, carried to the place of interment. The pall which covered the coffin, was the military cloak which Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo. The members of his late household attended, as mourners ; followed by the governor, the admiral, and all the civil and military authorities of the island. All the troops were under arms. As the road did not permit a near approach of the hearse to the place of sepulture, a party of British grenadiers had the honour of bearing the coffin to the grave. The funeral service was solemnized by the abbé Vignali. Minute-guns were fired from the admiral's ship ; and the coffin was let down into the grave under a discharge of three successive volleys of artillery ; fifteen pieces of cannon firing three rounds each.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, to whom it is probable that future ages will assign the character of GREAT, had lived fifty-one years, eight months, and twenty days.

"Few men," observes an impartial historian, "have done more mischief in the world, than Napoleon—and not many have done more good. In giving liberty of conscience to professors of all religions ; in finally destroying every vestige of the feudal system ; in overturning the detestable power of the inquisition ; and, lastly, in the promulgation of his edict for the abolition of the slave-trade ; whatever construction we may attach to the motives, we cannot but sincerely approve the deeds."

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